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By S. OMAR BARKER

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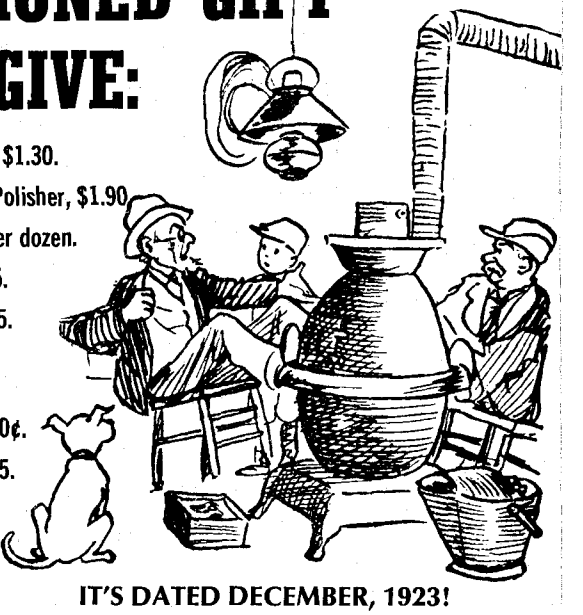

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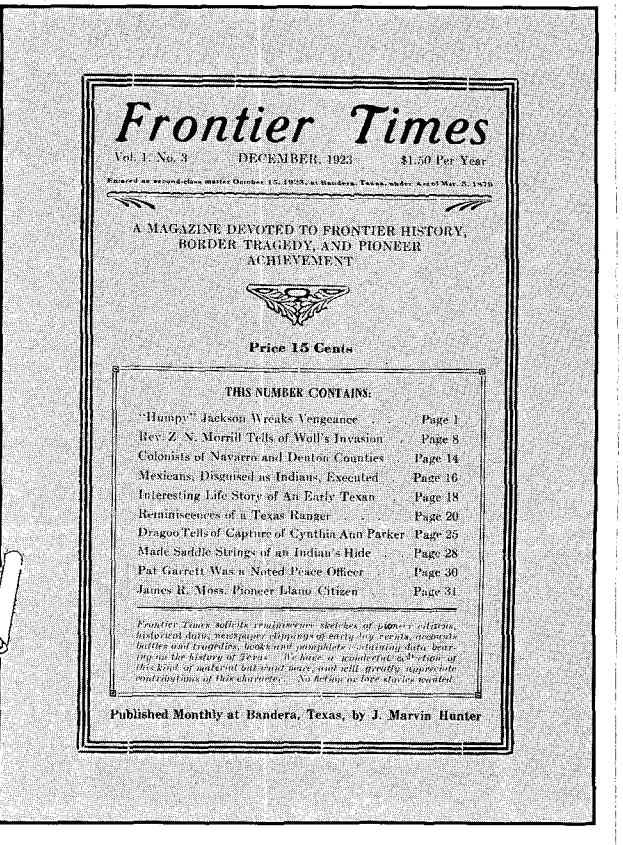
After you read a few issues, you'll get to where you even treasure the flaws—a line left out, a typo here and there—all human failings by a man who lacked the capital to hire enough help and consequently had to do most of the work himself. Hunter drew his own covers, set his own type, ran them through the press, and mailed them. At 2 a.m. in a little western town with nobody still awake but a sleepy-eyed publisher and a coyote or two up on the hill, who wouldn't pick up the wrong piece of type once in a while—or forget to number a page!

IT'S DATED DECEMBER, 1923!



Frontier Times

Vol. 1 No. 3 DECEMBER, 1923 $1.50 Per Year

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

"Humpy" Jackson Wreaks Vengeance	Page 1
Rev. Z. N. Morrill Tells of Woll's Invasion	Page 8
Colonists of Navarro and Denton Counties	Page 14
Mexicans, Disguised as Indians, Executed	Page 16
Interesting Life Story of An Early Texan	Page 18
Reminiscences of a Texas Ranger	Page 20
Dragoo Tells of Capture of Cynthia Ann Parker	Page 25
Made Saddle Strings of an Indian's Hide	Page 28
Pat Garrett Was a Noted Peace Officer	Page 30
James R. Moss, Pioneer Llano Citizen	Page 31

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—JOE "HOSSTAIL" SMALL

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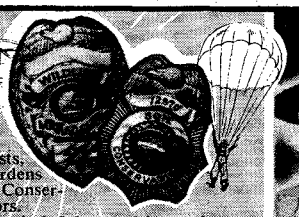

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LANDS JOB FIRST DAY AFTER GRADUATION! "I finished my last lessons and examination on Sunday and Monday I began work for the Calif. Dept. of Fish & Game. This is what I consider fast results!" C. G. Matthews, CA.

COUNTS BIG GAME FROM "CHOPPER!" "I had the experience of a lifetime! The Game Fish & Parks Dept. called me and wanted me to fly helicopter and count big game with them. We counted elk & deer. We saw quite large numbers of coyote as well as a number of fox." R. Hudgens, CO.

MEASURES FLOWS OF ARCTIC LAKES! "In my job with the Water survey, I travel all over northern Canada measuring flows & discharges of rivers & lakes, and we have recently put in two tidal gauges on the Arctic Islands north of latitude 72°. We use float planes, helicopters, boats, skidoos, snowshoes & lots of ingenuity. It's an extremely exciting life." R. Brunt, Canada.

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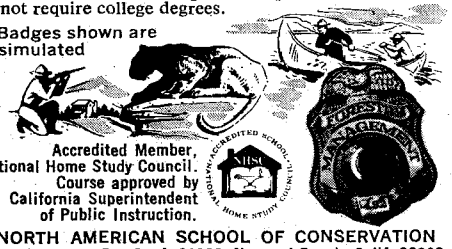

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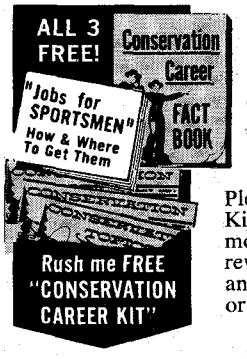

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See Page 52 RELICS
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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

January-February, 1973
Volume 20, Number 3
Whole No. 115

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Darwin Van Campen

Winter Morning in Arches National Monument, Utah

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ENGINEERING TEST REPORT

TO: Bill Mahan
D-Tex Electronics

Field trial of new models of D-TEX metal detectors developed for coin shooting.

TYPE A — On all detection the audible signal goes up (frequency increase). On ferrous material (bottle caps and etc.) the meter goes to the left. On non-ferrous (coins, rings, etc.) the meter goes to the right.

TYPE B — On ferrous material (bottle caps and etc.) as well as foil, the audible signal goes down (frequency decrease) and the meter goes to the left. On non-ferrous (coins, rings, etc.) the audible signal goes up (frequency increase) and the meter goes to the right.

W. M. Mullings *R. C. Pollan*

Both units were used continuously 2-1/2 hours, Sept. 9, 1972. The Jaycee Jubilee was held in this area one week ago, and the area has been worked extensively with various brands of detectors each day since.

The author used the Type A unit and R. C. Pollan used the Type B unit. R. C. Pollan says the Type B unit never misled him even once. The author was fooled only twice by foil, but each time the foil was folded several times until it was nearly 1/8" thick and about one square inch area.

Many aluminum can pull rings were dug up along with other non-ferrous objects. No trouble at all was caused by ferrous bottle caps nor by ordinary pieces of foil.

One 1965 quarter was found almost on edge about 4" deep. Most of the coins were from near the surface to about 2" deep.

The Type A unit is slower to use as the audible signals are all the same and it consumes time to check the meter direction on each one. The Type B unit was operated almost entirely by the audible signal alone, seldom referring to the meter.

R. C. says this type detector almost makes coin shooting a cinch. You get a signal, you dig, and almost every time you get a coin.

We returned to the same site Sept. 10 and hunted about 3 hours. We also spent about an hour checking out some old house places. Finds for both days were as listed below:

	Pollan:	*Mullings:*
Total both days:	*Odd bits of jewelry, 1 ring* *115 coins — $4.60*	*Watch fob, Brooch, odd bits of jewelry* *65 coins — $3.12*

Pollan used the Type B unit exclusively. Of course, my opinion is that this accounts for his finding the most coins.

Many coins were found while working amidst so much debris in the form of bottle caps and foil that we would have abandoned the area if we had been using conventional detectors.

I recommend the Type B unit because of the simpler and faster operation.

We both agree after this field trial that a giant step forward has been made for the coin shooters. It looks very much like another FIRST for D-TEX!

W. M. Mullings

W. M. Mullings, Professional Engineer
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*The Type B unit will be in production soon in two models—Model I with meter, Model II without meter. Write today for special folder on the "Coinshooter" or for our 1972 catalogue of all D-Tex units with folder included.

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Truly Western

Indianola Trail

In the article, "Lots of Excitement, Lots of Toil," by O. W. Nolen in the February 1971 issue, the author wrote that Tom Sullivan, the subject of the article, said he saw hundreds of dead cattle which had been killed for their hides on the prairies north of Yorktown, Texas along the old Indianola Trail.

The area he referred to is quite possibly what is today known as the Gruenan community in DeWitt County. A part of the old trail passed within a mile of my home in that neighborhood. Our house had been built near two large live oaks which were the only trees within miles when the community was established in the 1890s. After reading the article I recalled once hearing an old-timer claim that those trees had once been used to hang three men. Tom Sullivan also stated he saw the bodies of these men, killed by vigilantes and left hanging from some trees near the trail, at the same time he was talking about the dead cattle.

The route of the old Indianola-San Antonio Trail is to this day still evident in some places north of Yorktown. I recall being able to clearly trace out, on aerial photographs of the Department of Agriculture in the 1930s, that portion of the trail that passed near my home. During the years that the trail was used, there were no trees on Gruenan Prairie except widely scattered oaks. Today the county there is infested with mesquite trees and brush which old-timers say was brought to the area by seed from the droppings of animals which had eaten the mesquite seed pods elsewhere along the trail. In this manner the trail became heavily grown over with mesquite, and in some places remains that way to this day.

The trail served as major supply route for a wide area of south Texas until a railroad was built to San Antonio. For about thirty years the traffic must have been quite significant. Sizable communities grew up along the trail. Much of the support for the Texas frontier forts went over the trail, as did practically all freight and goods bound for San Antonio. The camels of Jefferson Davis' short-lived project also passed along the trail after being unloaded at Indianola. Today probably not one person along the whole trail would suspect that camels had ever been in the vicinity.

In recent years I've also learned that ice was freighted over the trail in the 1870s. The ice was cut from the frozen lakes on the Upper Mississippi region and barged to New Orleans. From there it was shipped by ocean-going vessels to the terminus of the trail at Indianola. The ice was always kept packed in sawdust which was available at that time in the booming lumber camps of the Upper Mississippi region. From Indianola the ice was then hauled by ox teams to San Antonio, where it could still be sold for five cents a pound.

It is regrettable that more information about this frontier freight route was not documented at the time.—Calvin Mueller, 10010 Strong Drive, Huntsville, Alabama 35803

Los Californianos

I represent a recently organized genealogical and historical group in California called Los Californianos. All members are descendants of the Spanish families that entered Alta, California during the Spanish Period. Many of our members in the San Francisco Bay area are descendants of those early families that came into Alta, California with the Anza Expedition in 1775-76, and were at the founding of what is now the city of San Francisco.

Our organization has a threefold purpose: (1) to preserve the heritage of those families which entered California during the Spanish Period; (2) to conduct research on the history of these families, as well as research on the history of civil, religious, and military activities during this period; and (3), to convey an accurate interpretation of activities in Alta, California during the Spanish period through oral, written or pictorial means.

Too often historians have either overlooked or only half told the story of California's history during this period. Many things after being put into print were left uncorrected so that in time they have become "fact." This is the type of thing our organization is dedicated to correct. We encourage historians as well as ourselves to be sure of the "facts" before putting them into print, so as not to mislead those reading about California history.

With this in mind, I read with interest Mr. Thryde's "Profile of Captain Juan Bautista DeAnza" in the April 1971 isue of TRUE WEST. I understand the reason for keeping the sketch brief, but I feel that one or two points are misleading to the reader.

Captain Anza's father and grandfather before him were all experienced frontiersmen on the Spanish frontier of northern Sonora. In fact his father was a renowned Indian fighter and met his death proving it. Captain Juan Bautista DeAnza was not a native of Spain, but a product of the Sonoran frontier.

Unlike most of the wagon-treks West in later years, the Anza Expedition of 1775-76 was a very well planned and executed movement of people, supplies, and animals. This expedition in the strict sense was a military one whose aims were to prevent foreign settlement and claims to the Spanish California frontier. This colony consisted mostly of soldiers and their families that were recruited in Sonora from pioneer stock.

On arriving at Monterey, Captain Anza made a short trek into the San Francisco Bay region returning via a mountain route east of the Llano de los Robles (Santa Clara Valley). On his return he took leave of his expedition leaving his second in command, Lieutenant Jose Joaquin Moraga in charge. As he left for Sonora the members of the expedition wept at seeing their beloved leader depart. Anza leaves the pages of California history at this point, as it was Moraga who eventually led the Anza Expedition to the founding of what is now the city of San Francisco. (Mr. Thryde did not stress this point in his sketch and it is a very important one.)

Captain Anza had hoped to be designated Commander of the Yuma Presidio on his return to Sonora, but was designated Governor of New Mexico instead. He held this post for almost a decade continuing to show his ability as a leader and diplomat on the frontier. He retired to Arizpe, Sonora where he died suddenly on December 19, 1788. He was buried the following day at the Church of Nuestra Senora de la Asuncion. (I believe his remains can be found there today, viewed through glass, attired in full military uniform.) His memory remains strong among the descendants of those families which treked with him from Sonora to California in 1775-76.

I have read your fine publications for almost ten years now and shall continue to do so. I do not ordinarily write to the Editor but felt compelled in this case since some facts were misleading and others omitted.—Bartolome Sepulveda, 641 Brentwood Drive, San Jose, California 95129

We've Had Our Horseshoes Blown Off by a Fanning Mill!

I've watched for years to catch a mistake in TRUE WEST that is bad. On one page of the June issue there are two, both bad.

The three upper shoes are ox shoes, and the trough was filled with linseed oil. The wheel was packed up to turn in it, and there was a fire under the trough to heat the oil. The wheel was turned as needed. The linseed oil was sticky, and so it helped to hold the tire. Mineral oil was slippery, so it was not used.

An uncle forty years dead told me that when a tire got loose in the early days when freighting from Fort Benton to Last Chance Gulch they took off the tire, put layers of canvas on the felloe,

(Continued on page 36)

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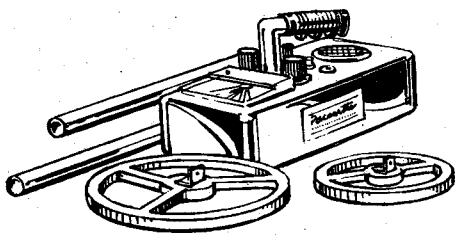

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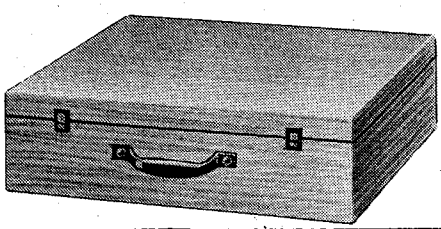

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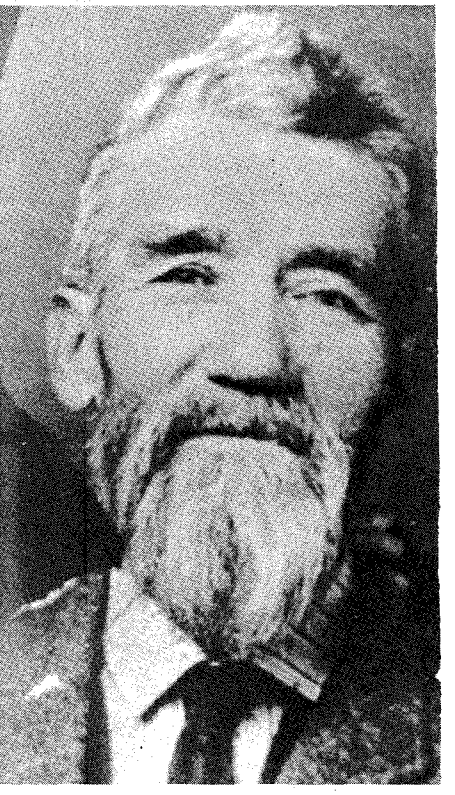
Edited by S. OMAR BARKER



THE ox wagon train of the firm of Watrous and Tipton, of which I had charge, consisted of twenty large wagons or prairie schooners, each drawn by six yoke of oxen. Two heavy canvas sheets with enough one-eighth inch rope to secure them, six yokes and bows, and five log or cable chains constituted the rigging of each wagon.

Those engaged in the freighting business across the plains between Watrous, New Mexico, twenty miles north of Las Vegas, and Kansas City often said that our train was the best, prettiest and fastest ox train on that route, which was essentially the Santa Fe Trail. This statement was correct. It was the prettiest train because among the 240 head of oxen there were very few brown, black or white ones, the predominant colors being dark and light red, red and white spotted, and roan.

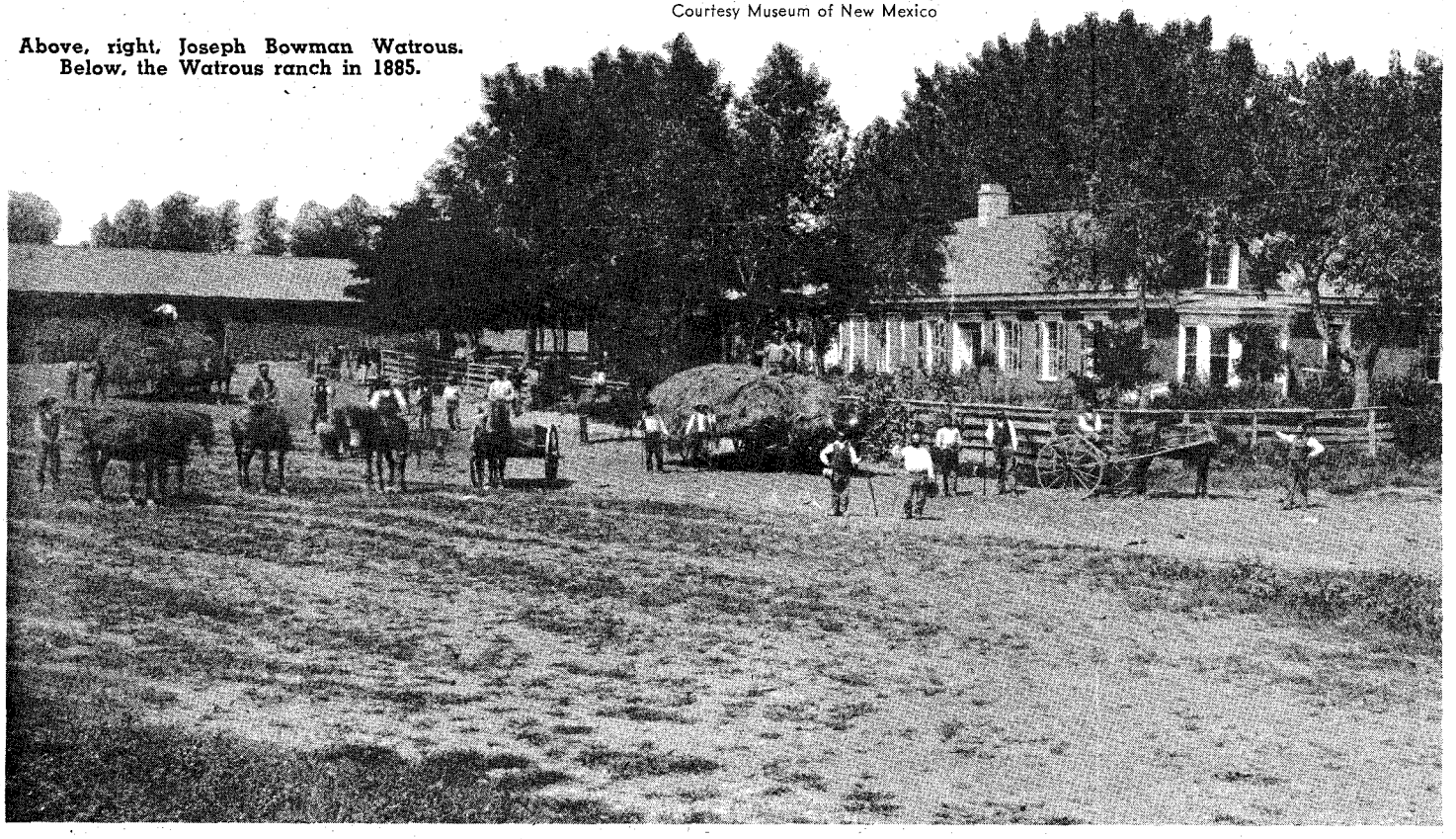
It was the best because I took great interest in behalf of the owners and gave the cattle the best care. It was my custom to ride my horse beside the train for about one third of the distance between camping places, noting the condition of the cattle as they traveled. Then, regardless of danger from Indians, I would ride ahead to look for water and the best grass near which to camp. By the time the train arrived I had selected the best pasture for the cattle and the place to corral the train.

To form the corral, half the wagons were placed on each side of the road with the front wheels of each wagon near the back wheels of the one in front of it, thus forming a circle with the road through the middle. I helped corral one side, while Manuel Garcia, my assistant, superintended the other.

As soon as the oxen were all unyoked, I, with the help of two men, slowly drove them to water. There they were allowed

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

Above, right, Joseph Bowman Watrous. Below, the Watrous ranch in 1885.



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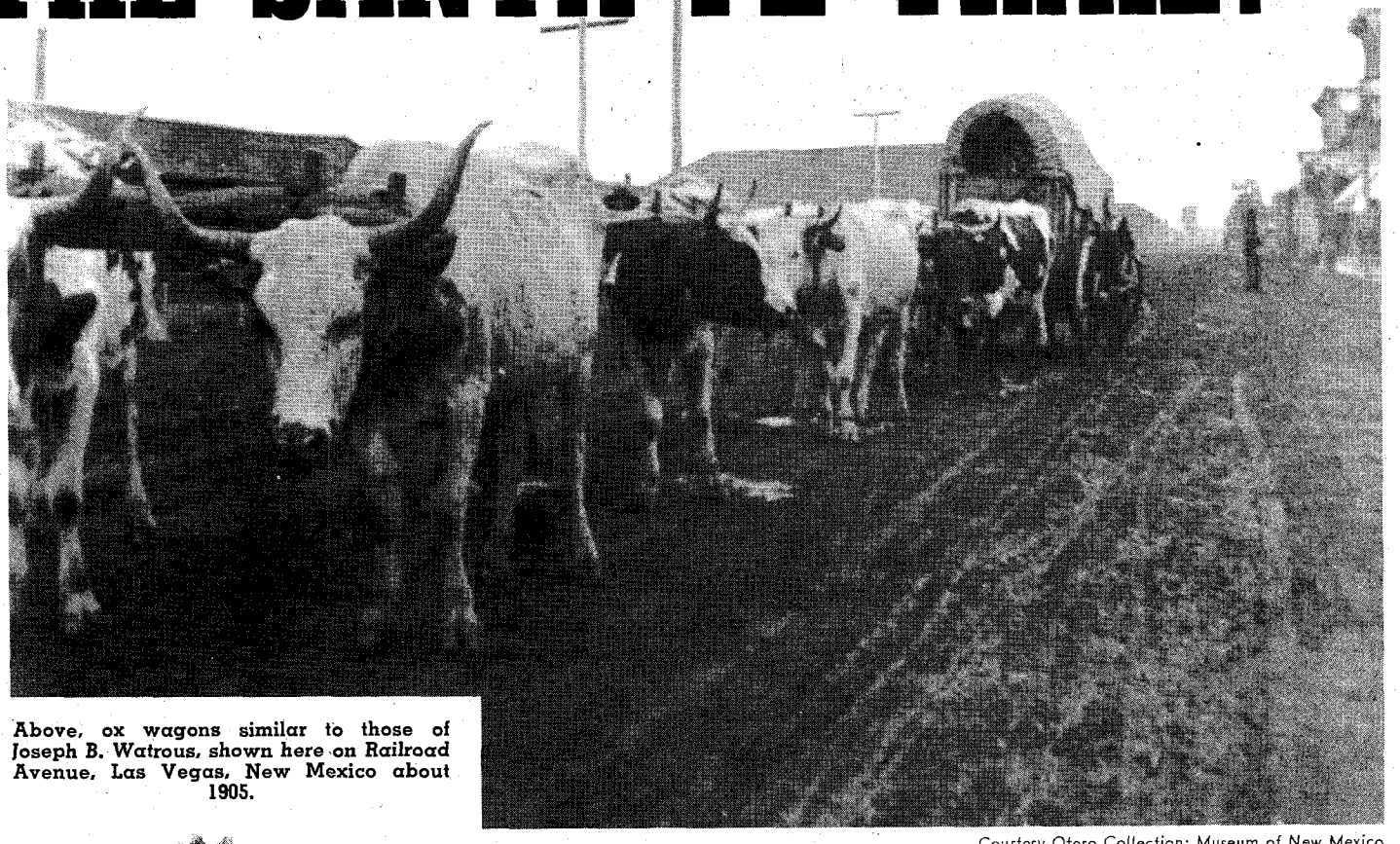
ittle bit dumb— then you need to get acquainted with the

THE SANTA FE TRAIL!



Above, ox wagons similar to those of Joseph B. Watrous, shown here on Railroad Avenue, Las Vegas, New Mexico about 1905.

Courtesy Otero Collection; Museum of New Mexico

to drink their fill, then we took them to grass. When they had eaten all they wanted, they lay down to rest. Later, after letting them graze again for a short while, we drove them slowly back to camp.

This treatment made them the best oxen on the plains, for when most trains got to camp the cattle were turned loose after watering, without the herder knowing whether there was good grass or not. On poor grass the cattle would have to graze all the time they were in camp and have no rest, then still sometimes be hungry. Being treated like this would soon wear them out.

Mine was the fastest train because, while traveling, I noticed all the oxen that were slow or lazy; then during the time between trips I would take the lazy cattle to the Watrous and Tipton ranch in La Cinta Canyon where they would be fattened for beef. There I selected others from the herd to replace them.

People have asked me how we could manage to break in new steers for such immediate use. Well, first we had been skilled in handling cattle. Second, once you yoked an unbroken ox to a well trained one, he didn't have much choice but to go along and would soon be pulling his share. Of course, for a while the new steers would give us some trouble getting them yoked, but not for long.

On account of traveling so much, we had oxen with tender feet shod. Sometimes their heels would crack in the spring, and to heal them we soaked them with turpentine and rubbed on a thick coat of axle grease. Sometimes cattle got a hoof disease called "foot evil," and if not taken care of lost their hoofs and had to be left on the plains. When our cattle took it, we put wagon grease on their hoofs and burned them with a red hot iron, thus changing the disease to a burn which soon healed.

People have also asked me how we could carry on such a freighting business with the war going on. Well, we were aware of the war, of course. Some New Mexicans had volunteered on one side or the other. But except for the Confederate defeat at the battle of Glorieta, the conflict had not touched New Mexico much nor interferred with freighting. In fact, a lot of our hauling was for Fort Union and other military posts in New Mexico.

OUR TRAIN usually started on March first in order to have ample time for two trips to Kansas City and return by the last of December. Then we did other hauling from the great Fort Union supply depot near Watrous to the other military posts whenever water and grass were adequate and the weather endurable. Otherwise the oxen were taken to

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winter quarters till spring, fed or grazed as conditions allowed.

Other trains seldom started before April first on account of possible storms. But on account of my and my faithful assistant's years of experience and knowledge of the road, we could start early, and by taking certain precautions in cold weather, go through without loss of stock.

In 1864 we took the Obre route which lay between the Cimarron and Raton routes. This route was opened by a man named Obre [F. X. Aubrey] who, on a wager, once rode from Santa Fe to Independence, Missouri in six days. The grass had grown over this route and it was not traveled until I went over it in 1861. After that some other trains used it. We chose this route in early spring on account of timber shelter and wood part of the way. The Cimarron route was the shortest but mostly across open prairie, so was used only in summer.

of Andres Dold's general merchandise store, W. B. Stapp, manager of May Hayes' store, and James Elder, a Watrous and Tipton clerk, among the passengers,.

In reply to my inquiry if he had quit Watrous and Tipton, Elder said: "No, I'm just going home to visit my folks and will return soon."

After we had camped he told me in private: "Watrous and Tipton have taken a government contract for Fort Sumner and have sent me to tell you to buy all the corn you can at Council Grove. Chapman and Stapp have also come to buy corn, but they don't know anything about our contract, so you'd better buy your corn before they get to it. I told you I was going to visit my folks so Chapman and Stapp wouldn't know my real errand."

This was an important message, because competition was plenty stiff in across-the-plains freighting.

On arrival at Council Grove, while those gentlemen were taking their ease

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

Remodeled from an old stage stop, this is the Watrous ranch home as it appeared in 1970.

The Raton Pass route was about a hundred miles longer but, being well sheltered, was traveled in winter until 1860 when the Majors, Waddell and Russell train of twenty-six wagons from Lexington, Missouri was caught in a mountain snowstorm and had to camp out most of the winter. After that most freighters were afraid of that route in winter. But I have never known of such a storm there since.

The senior partner of the firm of Watrous and Tipton was Samuel B. Watrous, my father and father-in-law of the junior partner, William Tipton. I had charge of the train, the buying of merchandise for the firm's store, and making contracts for freight to be delivered to various parts of New Mexico. I usually traveled with the train as far as what is now Dodge City. There the U.S. Mail Coach would overtake us; I would board it and go ahead to St. Louis to buy the goods, then to Kansas City to meet the freight train. On this occasion I was surprised to see Frank Chapman, manager

at the hotel, I bought all the corn in town. They had to go to Topeka for theirs. I also bought at Emporia, twenty miles below Council Grove. This corn was in cribs on the ear. I had it shelled, then returned to Council Grove where Jim Elder, Mrs. March, her son, daughter, and son-in-law Henry were waiting to come to New Mexico with our train. They would travel behind us in a large carriage which William Tipton had sent for them, though Elder and Henry would ride horseback from time to time.

AS SOON as we could get all the freight together and the wagons loaded, we rolled out for New Mexico. At Walnut Creek we found a large camp of White [White Mountain?] Apaches. Their chief, a good natured fellow whose name I forget, talked some Spanish. He and a few others came to the train to tell me the Cheyennes were on the warpath not far away and might make trouble. While talking with him I saw a Mexican who had been captured and raised by the Kiowas.

"I know that fellow," I said. "He belongs with the Kiowas."

"Sí! Sí!" the chief replied. "But he married into our tribe and lives with us now."

"He is a mean fellow," I continued. "Through his lies I came near having a fight with the Kiowas one time."

"Yes, he has been mean and we've had to punish him. We have warned him the next time anybody is troubled by him, we will drive him from the tribe." Of course, the chief spoke in Spanish.

I was ahead of the train at the Walnut Creek crossing the next morning when this Mexican accosted me.

"José," he said, "you did me an injury telling the chief of the trouble you nearly had with the Kiowas. He gave me the devil about it. That happened a long time ago, but no such trouble will ever come between you and me again. I know you now and I am your friend."

I told him I didn't believe him, but he insisted: "I will convince you this very day. We have heard that the Cheyennes are going to attack that mail station over the hill to steal horses and mules and take a Cheyenne woman living there. They'll probably kill the Americans because they are at war with them. We Apaches will be watching, and I will come quick to tell you what happens and warn you if they are likely to attack your train."

"No use for you to come," I told him, "for I wouldn't believe you on oath."

The plains were not yet free of Indian trouble by any means, and we had to keep a constant lookout. It happened that these White Apaches were friendly at the time. I think some of them had visited and been fed at my father's place at some time or other. I figured I could trust them. I was not so optimistic about the Cheyennes. The U.S. Mail Station mentioned was some little distance off our route. If the Cheyennes should attack it, they might also attack our train. It would certainly help to have at least a little advance warning so we could get ready for them.

While I was looking for a good place to camp for breakfast, here came the Mexican at a gallop with word that the Cheyennes had indeed raided the Mail Station. He said they had meant to kill the Americans there, but the Apaches had talked them out of it, claiming that Americans were their friends. I doubted the Mexican's story until here came the Apache chief to report the same thing.

Then the Mexican said: "Now, José, you will believe me hereafter. I pledge to be your friend always." And he was. Even in those days you couldn't always judge a man by his past behavior.

Because of the danger from the Cheyennes, the Apache chief offered to escort us as far as necessary. "Those Cheyennes will never dare attack us Apaches," he assured me.

Evidently he was right, or it could have been that they were too busy getting away with stolen horses and mules. At least we reached Fort Leonard without seeing hide or hair of a Cheyenne. That

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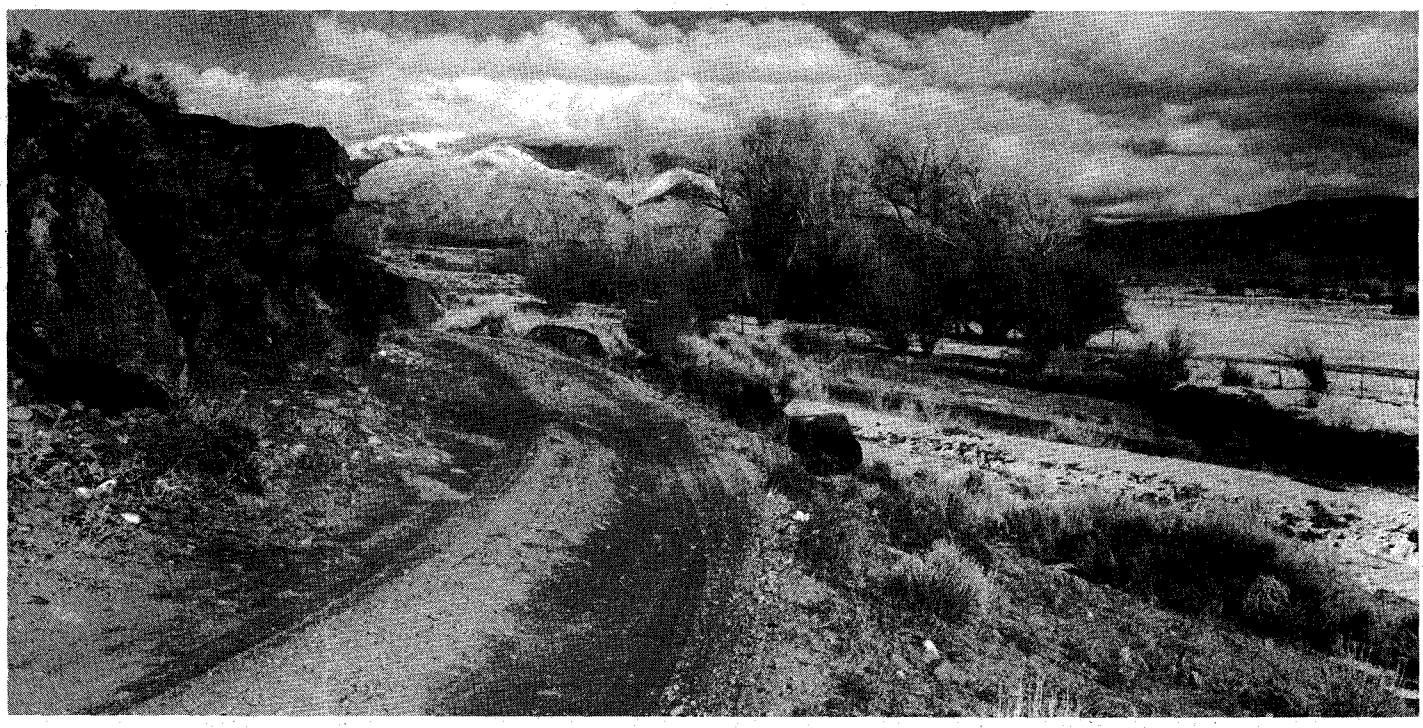

Courtesy New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

A portion of the old Santa Fe Trail along Pueblo Creek, near Taos, New Mexico.

was as far as the Apaches escorted us. We found Kiowas camped along the Arkansas River, but they seemed friendly.

FROM THERE ON we took the dry route. After about nine miles I rode ahead to look for water and grass. Half a mile from the train I got a nervous feeling that I ought to go back. I looked all around but could see nothing except some buffalo in the distance. My fear increased until I was at loss to decide what to do. Something seemed to urge me: "Go back!"

With the train now out of sight, I got off my horse to sit down and wait for the wagons; but I could not. The urge to return was too strong. I remounted and rode back a little piece to the top of a rise from where I could see the wagons. A little distance behind them rode a large band of Indians, and coming to me on a running horse was one of my crew.

"Those are Cheyennes following the wagons!" he panted. "They ordered Manuel to surrender the *Americanos* of the crew because they are at war with them but not with the Mexicans."

"Did Manuel give them up?"

"No, sir!" he said. "We got our firearms out and they fell back where you see them."

When I returned to the train, several Kiowas rode up from their camp to warn me again that the Cheyennes might make trouble. I thanked them and assured them we would be on the lookout, and they rode away. Then I gave orders to move on only as far as Coon Creek, where we would camp. I had intended to go farther on, but on second thought I decided we might be safer from the Cheyennes with the Kiowas not far away. Anyhow, by the time we camped the Cheyennes had disappeared.

Now three Kiowas rode up, each adorned with a silver medal which marked him as a chief. I sat with them in the shade of the wagons and smoked the pipe of peace. We sat in a circle and beginning with the Kiowa who seemed to be head chief, passed the pipe from one to another, each smoking a few puffs to signify friendship. After a while the head chief took me aside.

Speaking broken but fairly understandable English he said: "Look here, my friend, those were Cheyennes following your wagons, and they are at war with you Americans. Let me put several of my Indians to guard your cattle while you are here in camp and have your herders come in. I'm afraid those Cheyennes might sneak up and kill your herders, and we Kiowas would get blamed for it."

I had had no experience with such a proposition and didn't know what to say. So I asked Manuel.

"I know of such cases," Manuel said. "I believe these Kiowas can be trusted."

"Well, all right," I agreed. "We might as well do it, because if either the Cheyennes or the Kiowas or both intend to do anything to us, we'll have our hands full defending the wagons, let alone the cattle."

I thanked the chief for his offer. By that time quite a few Kiowas had showed up, so he sent several out to guard the oxen. All this was very early in the morning. I invited the chiefs to eat breakfast with us. When the fried meat was passed to them, they asked if there was any heart cooked with it. I called the cook and he assured them there wasn't. I asked the chiefs why they didn't eat heart. One of them placed his hand over his breast and said: "No good! Bad medicine!" It seems they consider the heart sacred and will not knowingly eat it.

Mrs. March, William Tipton's sister, and her daughter were now afraid to stay in the carriage with so many Indians around. So we made the back end of one of the wagons as comfortable as possible for them.

An Indian saw them peeping through the wagon-sheet, pointed at them and laughed. Other Indians came to look, and the ladies were terribly frightened. I asked the chief not to allow his Indians to scare the women, but he assured Mrs. March they were friends and were only laughing at them because they (the women) were afraid.

Immediately after the breakfast I had the Indians bring in the oxen, as I wanted to get on out of the Indian country. According to custom I gave flour, meal, bacon, coffee and sugar to the main chief who gave a portion to the head of each family. Then they wanted more sugar. I told them truthfully that I didn't have it to spare. At that they grunted "Um-m-m-m" in displeasure.

TO THIS DAY I can't imagine what induced me to get into one of the wagons as the oxen were being driven into the corral. Though most of the wagons were loaded with corn and general merchandise, this happened to be one with an unbroken sack of sugar in it. As I entered the wagon I noticed that one of the chiefs had followed me and was standing on the wagon tongue looking in. He saw all the sacks of corn and thought it was sugar. He placed his open hand to his lips and drew it straight forward, then shook his head. I understood him to mean that I was not "that way"— meaning truthful. Then he placed his hand to his lips again, moved it from side to side and nodded his head up and down, by which he meant "you are this way"—a

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J. R. Riddle photo of Watrous, New Mexico around 1886.

liar. I knew he was referring to my statement that I had no more sugar to spare.

With the same gestures and in a firm voice that could not be misunderstood, I said: "I do not lie. I speak true."

Whether he understood me or not, he climbed into the wagon and began feeling of the sacks of corn, grunting his disappointment. When he finally came to the sack of sugar, he let out a very different kind of grunt, drew a large knife from its scabbard, and poked the point of it into the sack. He caught some of the sugar that dribbled out, tasted it, gave a big grunt of satisfaction and grinned at me tauntingly.

At that moment I felt like shooting him through the head, but some inner voice cautioned me to remember that all our crew were busy yoking up the oxen and knew nothing of what was going on in this wagon. With so many Indians around, even just the sound of a shot would be enough to get us all slaughtered even before we could get fixed to fight, so I held my temper.

Just then the head chief who had been so friendly stepped up on the wagon tongue. Seeing his *compadre* with his knife stuck in the sugar sack ready to rip it open, he said something to him in such a firm tone that the Indian withdrew the knife and stuck it back in its scabbard.

The friendly chief climbed into the wagon and said to me: "Look here, friend, give him a little sugar!"

"He's already received his share," I replied firmly and not very good-humoredly.

"Don't say that!" the head chief replied, raising his hand before him in a pleading gesture. "You, with your own hands, give him a little sugar!"

His tone and gesture made his meaning clear to me and changed my mind. I opened the sugar sack and with both of my hands poured sugar into a cotton rag held by the ill-natured chief. As he started out satisfied, a third chief climbed in the wagon.

"Now," said the friendly head chief, "give him some just like you did the other."

I did so, and with a pleased grunt, the third chief departed. I then offered sugar to the head chief, but he said: "No, I don't want any. I asked you to give them sugar because they were acting mean. I wanted to satisfy them so they would not start trouble, but would leave you feeling friendly. You are my friend. You don't seem to know me, but I know you."

I had no recollection of ever having seen him before, but I thought it possible that he might have received friendly treatment some time at my father's house.

"Those Cheyennes," he continued, "came over to our camp to persuade us to go to war. Many of our braves wanted to, but I persuaded them not to. But they are apt to go to war any day and attack the next train that passes. Now, friend, I advise you to travel slow by day, but speed up when it gets cooler in the evening and travel fast all night. Put as many miles as you can between you and us.

"As you travel tonight, have one man ride well ahead and one behind the wagons, so if the Cheyennes happen to come you will have time to corral your wagons with the cattle inside. Have your men keep loaded guns beside them. You have some very fine horses. By day you can stake them on long ropes where they can graze. But any time you stop at night, tie them with short ropes close to the wagons. If you stake them with long ropes, a war whoop will scare them to run the length of the rope and likely they'll break it and get away. I tell you all this because you are my friend."

Of course, he did not tell me all this in these same words, for he spoke only broken English, but in effect that was the valuable advice he gave me. He then bade me goodbye and rode away to the Kiowa camp.

THAT NIGHT Manuel rode ahead of the train and I rode behind it. When I saw the wagons suddenly speed up, I ran my horse to find out the reason. Manuel had sent the man riding with him back with word to speed up and start

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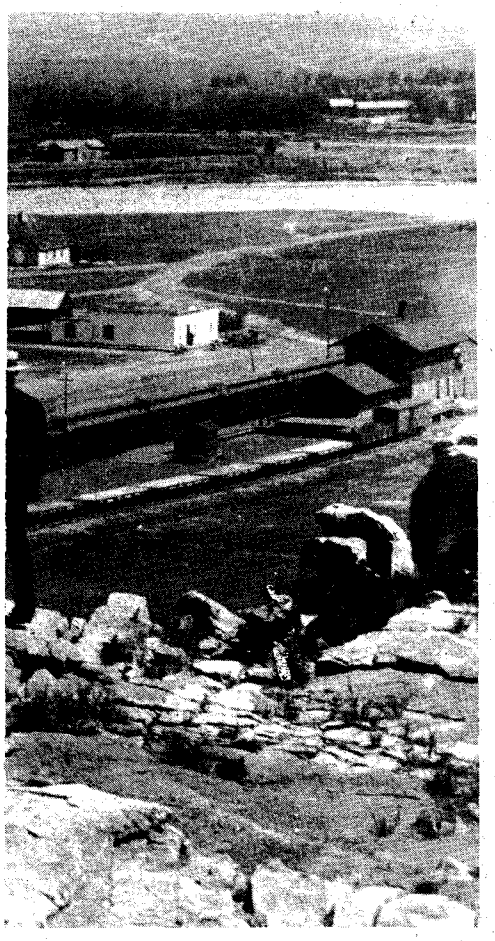


Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

corralling. I never saw a train corralled so fast before or after.

On ahead I found Manuel talking with a band of Indians. It turned out they were Kiowas returning from a hunt, loaded with buffalo meat. They wanted to know where the Kiowa camp was and if any Kiowas had been at our camp. When we told them, they bade us goodnight and rode on, to our great relief.

We camped for breakfast near the Cimarron Crossing of the Arkansas River. Manuel and I rode across to find a good crossing free of quicksand. The water was so high our horses had to swim part of the way. Finding no hard bottom ford, we concluded not to try it but to take the Obre route farther upstream, as we didn't want to loiter in the Indian country.

About the middle of the afternoon I saw a key in the bow of one of the oxen come out, so I told Luis Aragon to stop. He stopped his oxen and, according to custom, called out: "Hold on!" to the next driver behind him. While I was trying to replace the loose key, the ox lunged and knocked me down. I was unconscious for quite a spell. They tried to put me in the carriage but I fought them off and got on my horse. I must have been acting pretty dazed, for Jim Elder took pains to ride close to me. I selected the camping place as usual, and we camped early. I helped corral the train and did my usual work but in such a dazed condition that it all seemed like a dream.

Suddenly on the sandhills some distance back down the river I noticed a wagontrain headed toward the place we had left.

"Where in the dickens are those wagons headed?" I asked.

"Why, they're headed for the Cimarron Crossing," Jim Elder told me.

"The Cimarron Crossing?" I asked in surprise. "Why didn't we cross there?"

"Don't you remember?" Jim Elder gave me a puzzled look. "You and Manuel scouted the crossing and decided the water was too high."

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" I scratched my head—and found it sore. "I don't remember anything about it."

I looked around and recognized the country but couldn't understand why we were at that camp. They told me about the ox horn striking me on the head, but I didn't remember it or anything else from the last time we camped. It wasn't until several months later that it all came back to me. That's how it was sometimes on the plains—you worried about the danger of Indians, high water, maybe cyclones, then a simple little thing like an ox swinging his head knocked you out. It just as easy could have killed me.

The next morning we stopped at the Obre crossing of the Arkansas River. I told the men to hitch three teams to each wagon for the crossing, then we would eat breakfast. But the men begged me to let them eat breakfast first, so I told them: "All right, boys, turn to and help the cooks so they'll get breakfast *muy pronto*. Meanwhile Manuel and I will shove the cattle across to graze awhile. There's a heap better grass over there."

We had no trouble to speak of putting the cattle across, but as we rode back for breakfast I noticed the water was getting muddier, with brush and stuff drifting on the moderate current. Soon I could see that the river was rising rapidly. I stuck a stick in the road at the ford to mark the rise of the water. In an hour it was over my marker, clear to the tops of the banks in some places, running over them in others.

How thankful I was that the crew had asked to have breakfast before attempting the crossing! Otherwise we would have been caught with part of the wagons on each side of the river as the water rose, with no telling when it would go down and us too close to the unpredictable Indians for comfort. Now I figured we'd at least better get the cattle back on the camp side of the river if we could.

After breakfast Jim Elder and I started across. My horse, in the lead, tried to turn back but I kept him swimming on. Jim's horse outdid him and turned back anyway. Narciso Cavasos, one of my men who had often gone buffalo hunting with me, mounted Jim's horse and swam it across the river to me, now a distance of nearly three quarters of a mile. The cattle were too many for Jim and me to push into the water. After working a long time by ourselves, our two Spanish-American cooks swam across without horses. With their help we made the oxen swim back to the train.

AFTER WAITING a day and a half for the water to subside, I got uneasy about loitering so long in the Indian country and started on upstream to the Raton route. On the way, a couple of days later, we met a lone Indian. He said he was a Cheyenne and hungry. I invited him to have breakfast with us, but he replied that he would rather go on if we would just give him some bread.

I gave him some bread and meat and asked him where he was from and where he was going. He said that he was from "above," doubtless meaning north, and was looking for his people. I suspected that he might be a spy for a war party, but that was all the satisfaction I could get out of him. The last we saw of him he was headed back the way he had come. This made me all the more anxious to get out of Cheyenne country. So far we had been "Injun lucky," but you never could tell.

Late the next day we sighted a few buffalo a long distance ahead and off to our right. Henry, Narciso Cavasos, and I rode toward them. Dropping onto a wide flat, we could no longer see them and it was getting dusk. I told Henry that even if we could find the animals it would be too dangerous to try to run them in the dark, and we had just as well return to camp. However, Narciso had already ridden out of sight ahead of us and didn't return with us.

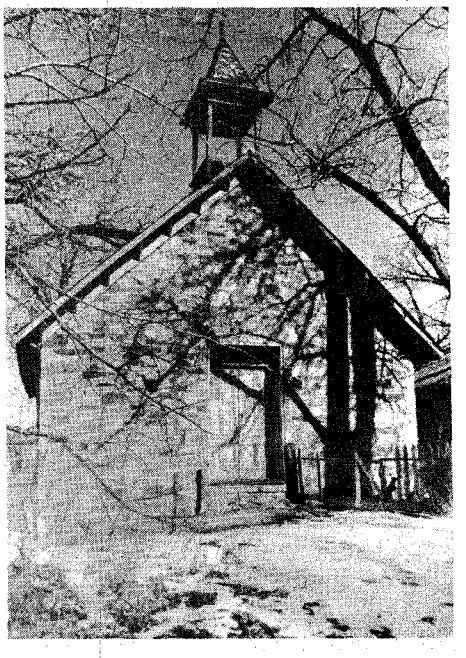
While preparing supper, I was startled by a wild, warning shout: "Look out there at that fire!" I recognized Narciso's voice and thought surely Indians were after him. I jumped up and scattered the fire so its light wouldn't make us such a good target for the Indians. But instead of Indians chasing him, it was Narciso chasing a young buffalo.

It started to dash through a gap between two wagons where we had two horses tied. No telling what would have

(Continued on page 57)

Church at Watrous, built around 1880.

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico



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PROSPECTORS were as distinct a group as mountain men, cowboys, hoboes, lumberjacks, hermits, gypsies or bee hunters. There were two kinds, always—the casual and the confirmed. We are not concerned with the once-in-awhile type, but those who—possibly through no fault of their own— fell prey to that strange disease which engulfed whole states and temporarily locoed a nation.

Gold does things to men. Yet not gold exclusively, for sometimes they sought silver, copper, mercury, or whatever. Come right down to it, they didn't always know what they looked for; to some, it made no difference. Others, it would seem, didn't want to find *anything*—it would just spoil the search.

Out in the Sierra Nevada, some years back, Seldom Seen Slim would turn up in isolated towns for a day or so, purchase grub and necessities, then strike out again. My brother Bill knew him when he worked at Trona, as well as a prospector named Shorty. Slim and Shorty sometimes would show samples to someone and if the party were interested in buying the prospect, they would go back in the hills or out on the desert and stake a claim.

Most bona fide prospectors worked alone. Many men meant many minds. Many minds meant mixed moods. Right or wrong, they made their own decisions. They operated by hunch, by-guess-and-by-gosh. Just where a prospector spent his time made no difference. Direction made no difference. An old codger might move out in the direction he faced after his morning constitutional. Or he might slap his jack on the rump and let that long-eared critter choose a direction. Why not?

With Seldom Seen Slim, there is more that we don't know about him than we do know about him, but he found a way of life that to him was second to none. Slim was no phony.

ONE DAY an old-timer came walking down the road to our farm in Winton, California. We decided he must be a hobo and we knew he would stop, for our place had surely been "marked," as they used to say.

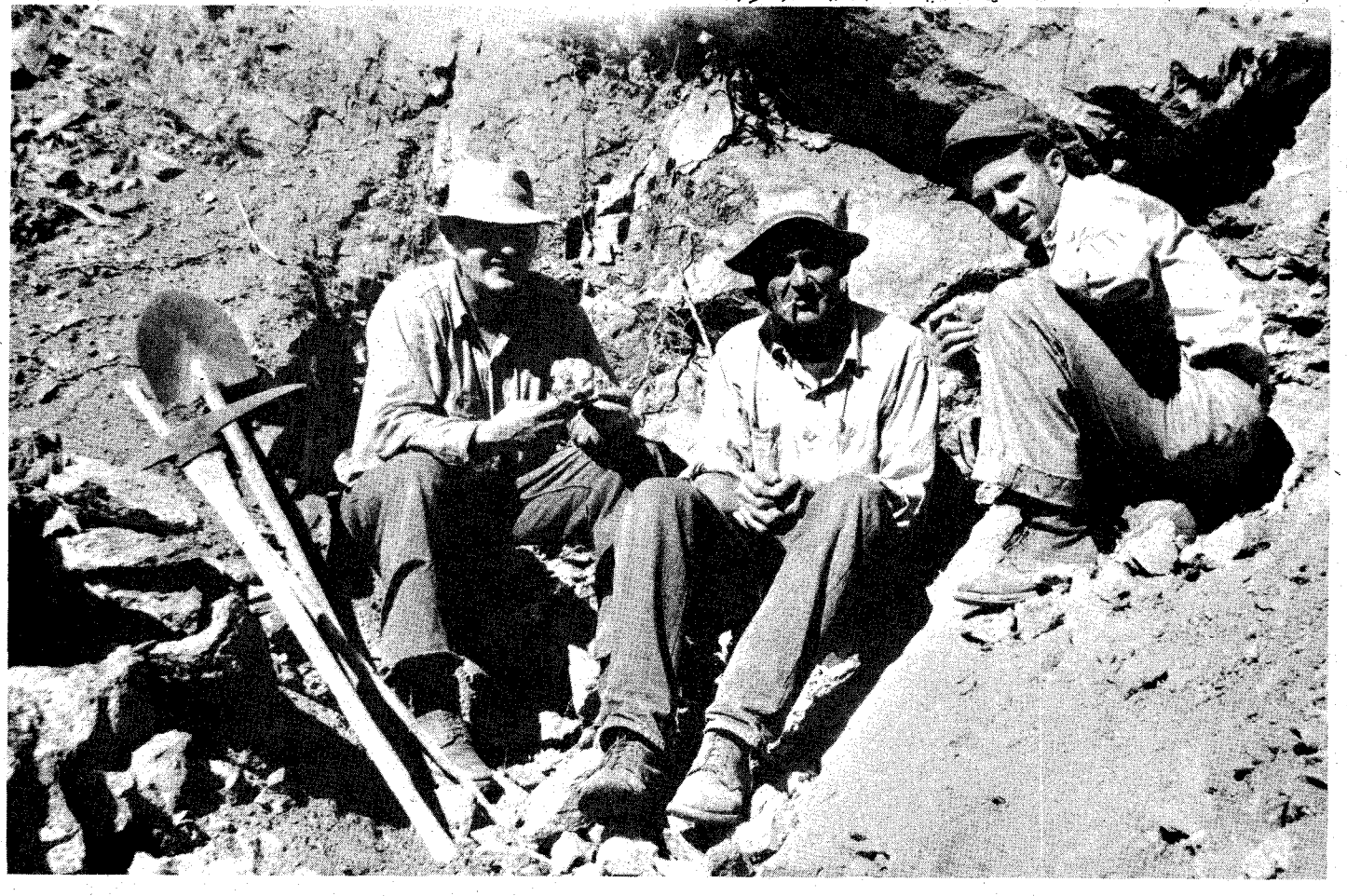
It turned out that Dad knew Gus Robinson, but we were still puzzled about his visit and the visits that followed. At first, we supposed that he was hungry, and he could stow away his share of round steak, fried potatoes, corn on the cob, and apple pie. Other times he just seemed hungry to talk. What he *really* wanted was someone to take him prospecting.

Old Gus was something else, a picture of utter relaxation, tall, raw-boned, long-faced, gruff of speech, and he talked a mile a minute, whether hunkered down in the backyard or leaning against a log corral. His clothes always looked slept-in but he didn't give a hoot or holler. He was big-hearted but he had nothing to his name except his clothes, a collection of rocks, and an old transit that he stored in our tankhouse.

He talked animatedly, arms flailing wildly, yet his eyes remained unsmiling and sometimes he stared like a face in a portrait. And he was a lousy listener; he turned you off and on as he pleased. Not even his family knew much about him.

A nephew, Ogle Robinson, who still lives near my former home in Merced County, saw quite a bit of his uncle. "Uncle Gus was a character, all right," Ogle told me. "His first name was Augustus. I can remember his first visit,

FRINGE



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when I was a kid. Whenever Uncle Gus would get a drink of water at the sink, he would throw what he didn't drink in the corner of the kitchen. At first I wanted to give him heck, but Mom always stopped me."

During much of his life, he had worked as a surveyor and engineer of sorts, mostly because he had to make a living. He liked to tell how his tunnels would be driven from both ends and when they connected in the middle of the mountain they were never off more than a fraction of an inch, "just that much," and he would illustrate with a thumb and forefinger. Some of those other dull-witted surveyors might be off five or ten feet, but not Old Gus.

"Dad and Uncle Gus did a lot of surveying in this country," Ogle said. "They surveyed Mendocino County before the turn of the century. When Uncle Gus thought he was right, no one could change his mind."

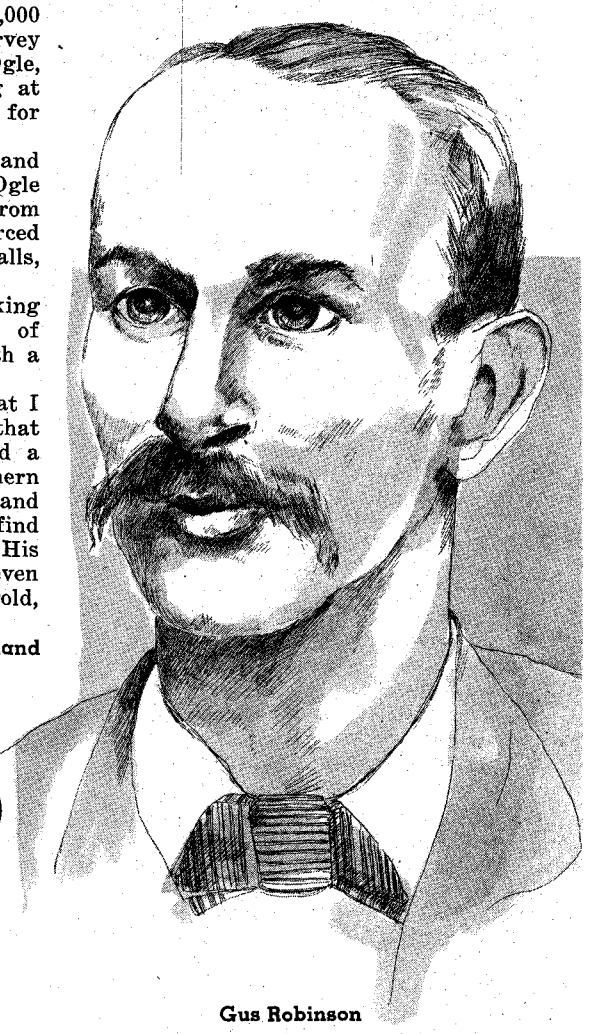
Ogle confirmed a story that his uncle had been cheated out of around $7,000 because he wouldn't change his survey to conform to another. According to Ogle, Gus Robinson learned his surveying at Stanford, where he won many awards for cross-country walking and running.

"Uncle Gus could walk faster and farther than anyone I ever knew," Ogle said. "Many times he would take off from the old Robinson place near the Merced River and walk to Snelling, Merced Falls, or even Mariposa."

Finally Gus cornered me into taking him prospecting. "You'll get half of everything I find, boy," he said, with a magnanimous wave of his hand.

Apparently he did not envision that I would find anything for myself, for that angle was never discussed. Gus had a thing about gemstones in the southern portion of the Mother Lode country, and he calculated that a person should find rubies, sapphires and opals there. His theories seemed ridiculous then and even more so now. He had notions about gold,

Illustration by Jackie McFarland



Gus Robinson

BENEFITS OF A PROSPECTOR

By DEN GALBRAITH

Photo Courtesy Author

He lives on the fringe of society, borders on the fringe of starvation, skirts the fringe of paranoia—and undoubtedly is the luckiest man in the world!

At left, looking over several tungsten and copper prospects at Dinty Moore's place are Dinty Moore (far left), Stewart F. "Mac" McClure (center), and Den Galbraith.

silver, manganese, platinum, and other minerals and metals, and he talked with the enthusiasm of a teen-ager.

Time after time we went prospecting but we always came back empty-handed. Yet I never minded those trips for I enjoyed that country around Hornitos, Mariposa, Coulterville, and Bagby, picturesque spots that added a lot of history to the Mother Lode country.

The two of us would strike out in that white oak and digger pine country with corned beef sandwiches in our pockets and high hopes in our hearts. Old Gus was old, nobody could remember how old, but he could outwalk me. And he could out-talk me, too. I tried to keep up with him, walking, but I never had a prayer on the conversation end.

Those were pleasant trips, we saw lots of country, but we never found any rubies, sapphires, or opals. We never found any gold or silver, either. We never found anything, in fact, for we mostly stalked deer, watched water ouzels, ate wild berries, pawed over old dumps, collected pine cones, and talked about where we would head the next trip.

But we did find something once and that incident sort of put our hopeless junkets into proper perspective. That day we ate lunch while straddling some downed timber and soaking up the warm sun.

"There's gold, Den!" Robinson hollered

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in an excited voice. "GOLD!" Blood racing, I looked in the direction of his outstretched arm. Sure enough, gold, a small mountain of it, a shimmering, glittering pile of gold lay bright in the hot noonday sun. But that small mountain was swarming, migrating ladybugs.

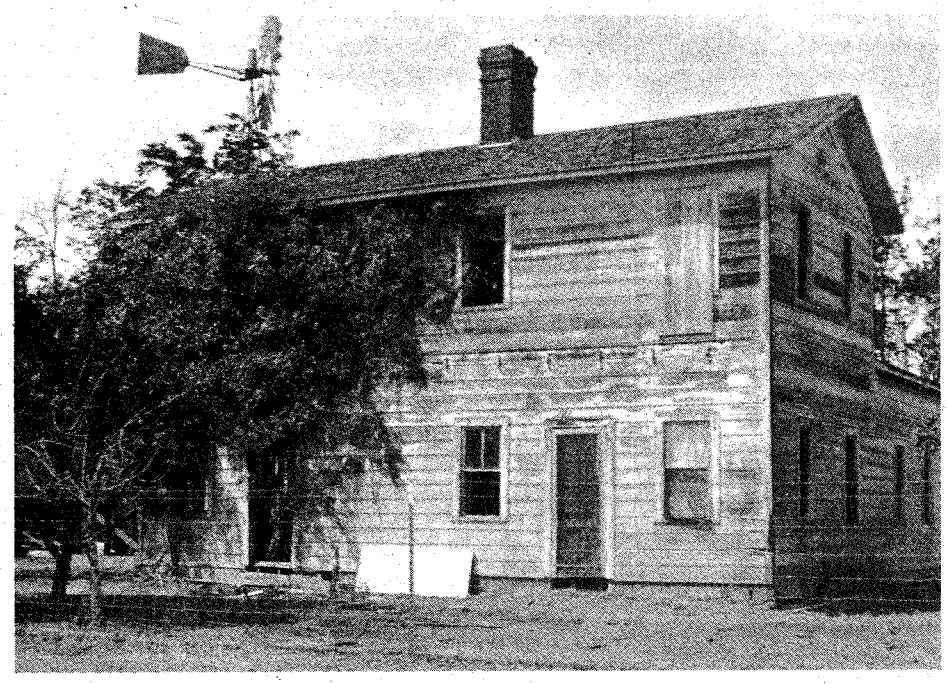
Gus and I laughed until we cried. Then we decided to go into the ladybug business, for they were worth a dollar a gunnysack to the bean growers near us. That sounded like big money to me and we headed home for a truck.

By the time we reached home, Robinson was out of the notion. "You gotta go for the jackpot, boy," he said. Later I translated that to mean that he would rather prospect than work.

As far as I know all those "gemstones and gold" are still up in that foothill country. That was our last trip together. Later, after army service, I decided to study geology at the Colorado School of Mines, and my folks wrote of his disappointment.

"Shucks!" Old Gus told my dad. "I could have taught that kid more in six months than he'll ever learn in school in four years."

I've often thought about that, for he could have been right. I liked Gus Robinson, my first bona fide prospector.



The old Robinson home near Snelling, California, a few miles from the author's boyhood home.

DURING the summer of 1948, we swore we would do nothing but fish and prospect. Big Creek, in Idaho's primitive area, was our jumping-off point. Mark Shipman, a former classmate, and I had just finished our junior year and we decided to put some of our book learning to the test. Going downstream, we cached food along Big Creek each night for our return trip.

One afternoon it rained and we quit fishing to make camp. An old-timer, trudging upstream, stopped and looked our way. Mark hello-ed him and invited him to join us for coffee. He said to call him Joe, everyone else did. During the small talk his accent gave him away as Italian.

When he learned we were mining engineers and geologists, his eyes brightened—for Joe, small, wiry, slightly stooped, tired-looking, had a sad tale. It was the story of a tunnel, thirty-five years of hard work, and a fading dream. Like the salmon, spawning below us in Big Creek, Joe had been trapped in the web of life. Thirty-five years before 1948, when he would have been thirty-five, give or take a few years, he had found a promising vein while prospecting one of the ridges on the north side of Big Creek. He sank a couple of shallow prospect pits and sampled the vein. Assays indicated good values, with the mineralization improving with depth. Certain that he had a mine, Joe made plans to exploit it.

Shafting seemed slow and expensive, and it was hard work for a man sinking all alone. Years before, an old-time mining engineer had told him that the best way to develop a mine was to get downhill, as low as possible, and drive in on the vein. By this method he could stay in ore to help pay for the development, and he would have plenty of "backs" over him, so that he could drop broken ore by gravity from possible stopes.

For some reason, Joe could not drift in on the vein, so he started a crosscut tunnel, normal to the vein. Having no transit or brunton compass, he "eyeballed" a tunnel direction and started. Occasionally he changed its course if he appeared to veer in the wrong direction. Work on the tunnel was restricted to the four or five months of good weather before the snows fell. Where he went or what he did during the winter months did not come out in our conversation.

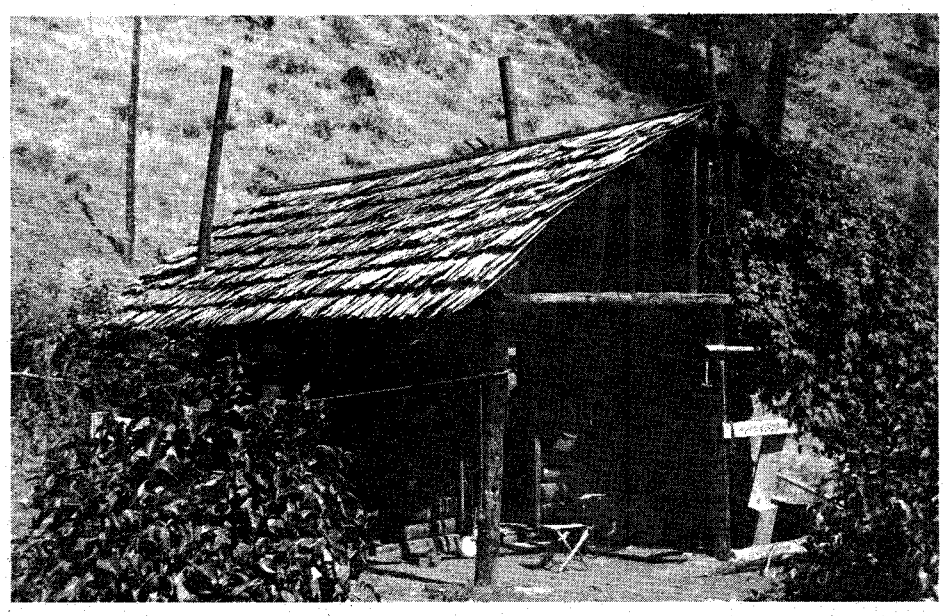
For thirty-five years he lived like a hermit. Although frail, the little Italian managed to singlejack several hundred feet of tunnel, sharpening his own steel, hand-mucking each round, wheelbarrowing the broken ore to the dump. He came out only for groceries and supplies. Some Sundays when he felt too tired to work, he panned nearby streams, But after thirty-five years he hadn't as yet reached the vein. When arthritis set into his right arm, he had to quit.

That summer Joe had tried to work a day or so a week; he didn't want to give up, not when his "calculations" put him "almost on the vein."

He had the same inspiration in the thirty-fifth year as he had in the first, except that his arm had given out and he couldn't manage that four-pound sledge. "One more round and I might break in," Joe said.

Sitting on the stump, he held the tin

Dinty Moore's cabin on Big Creek.



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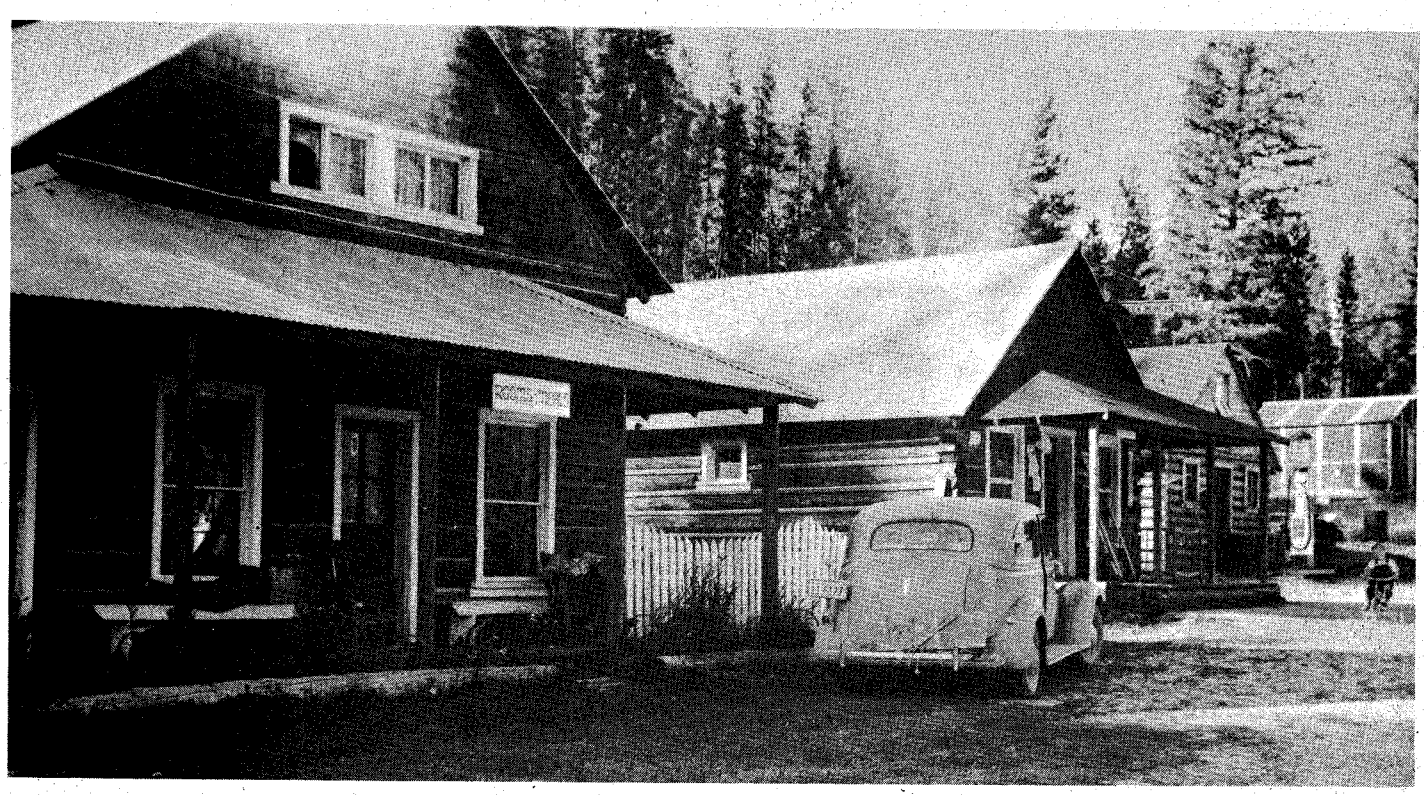


Big Creek, Idaho, jumping off point for the "primitive area."

coffee cup in his left hand. What could he do? Nobody seemed interested. He couldn't understand it. If only his arm had held out for one more summer, he could "sell his diggings and get to the outside." What he wanted, what he needed, was a partner. Thirty minutes after we met, he made Mark and me a proposition—finish the tunnel for a 50% interest.

"No need for papers," he said. "Just ask anyone and they'll tell you Joe's word is good."

"We'll take your word," Mark said, "but we want to take a look at that tunnel first."

Poor old Joe! A tired, dejected figure, he traipsed down the trail after we told him we would take a look-see at his prospect on our return.

TWO DAYS later, we met up with Stewart F. McClure, a raw-boned, leathery-faced packer with a string of horses and hard-headed mules, and we palavered ourselves into a 125-mile circle trip into the back country.

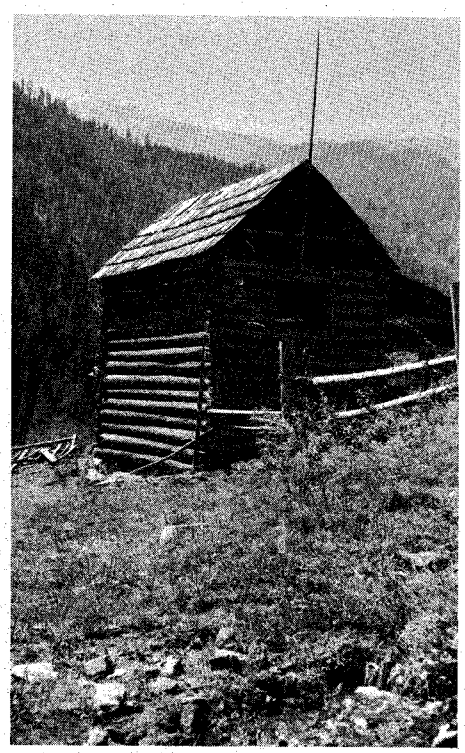
"I always wanted to prospect," Mac confided to us. "It would give me something to do, riding trail."

We fished, rode, hiked, looked at some tungsten and copper prospects with another packer named Dinty Moore, dabbled at stream gravels, spent a pleasant evening at the Elkins Ranch formerly owned by Wallace Beery, stalked elk and moose in the pastures, and spent the early evenings watching grouse.

It was pleasant around the fire at night, listening to Mac spin yarns. His tales all ended the same way, a smack of a fist against a palm as he punched some disagreeable character in the face. None of his fights ever ended any other way. Too stubborn to move, he would sit for hours with the smoke from the fire curling in his face.

But prospecting wasn't for Mac; he was of a "different cut" than Joe. He had known Joe along the years, and thought he was a bit queer. The trouble was, Mac found out he couldn't prospect on horseback and thereby lost his enthusiasm. None of that climbing steep slopes for him. By the end of the week, Mac had tired of potatoes and trout and fishing, too. He also, we suspected, was tired of two schoolboys who couldn't do anything right, although he grudgingly admitted Mark knew how to sharpen an axe. When we tried to talk him into going by Joe's mine, he begged off.

Old barn near the Middle Fork of the Salmon River.



One afternoon Mark and I sensed that the trip was over. Carefully traveling a treacherous section of slide rock, we suddenly found ourselves embroiled in a wild melee of animals when yellow jackets attacked the mules. The confusion that followed was equivalent to a Russell painting of a bear in camp, and above everything came Mac's shouting and cursing. It took an hour or so to retrieve the gear strewn along the trail.

That night Mac had no tales, except for a profane dissertation he gave the mules, three of whom had thrown shoes. We offered to help but I won't repeat his answer. Mac was through with prospecting and prospectors. That night Mark and I dug out a topo sheet and figured a cross-country route to Joe's mine.

With breakfast over and our gear stowed, we positioned our back packs, checked our bearings, and hollered a farewell to Mac, busy shoeing the mules, but he never heard us over the ring of steel against steel and his cursing. We didn't push our luck.

Out of sight, Mark and I paused for a full twenty minutes to listen to the refreshing, glorious roar of oratory that those mules had to endure. Rules of decency do not yet permit publication of that poetic material. A day's hike put us on the long ridge sloping toward Big Creek. We camped that night in a pleasant meadow.

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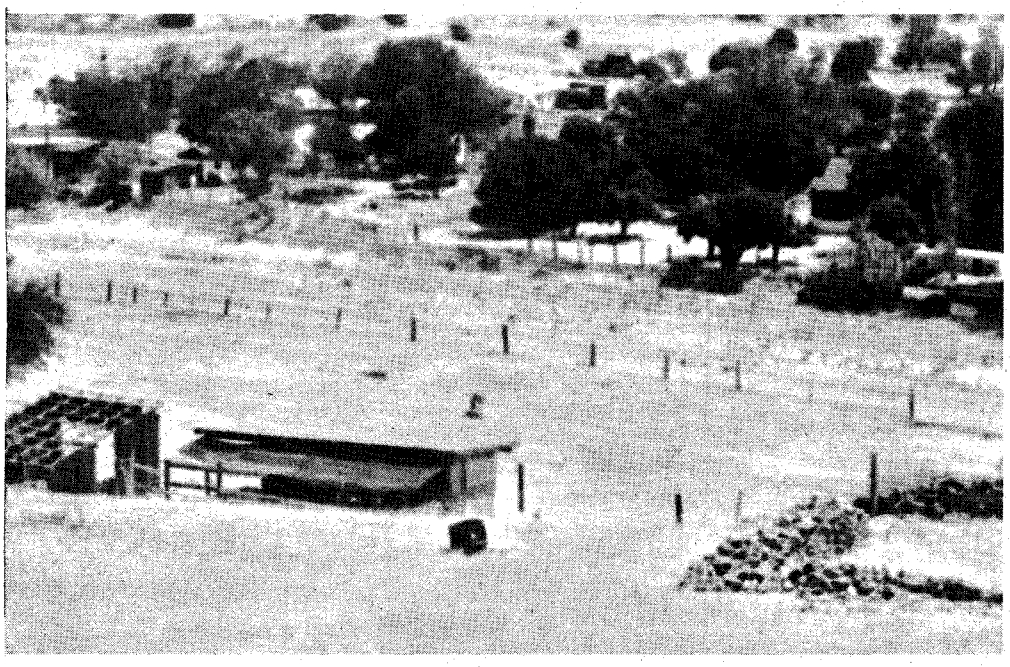

Hornitos, California

It didn't take us long the next morning to discover Joe's difficulty. His sense of direction wasn't good, at least underground. His tunnel twisted and turned like the catacombs of Rome or the opium dens of San Francisco's Chinatown. And it didn't take long to determine if we could accept his proposition—the breast of the tunnel proved to be farther from the vein than the portal.

Stick-to-it-iveness is an admirable asset, yet it broke Joe. Thirty-five heartbreaking, backbreaking years had gone for nothing. We didn't have the heart to break the news to him, and we didn't know that he would believe us, so we bypassed him on the way out. There is some relief for pain in an arm, but there is no cure for an aching heart. You can't reconstruct a fading, shattered dream.

ONE DAY I glanced up to see a slightly built old-timer in a heavy brown overcoat, peering at my name on the door. Oh, no! I thought. Another panhandler!

The brown overcoat moved my way, looking as if it would drag its occupant to the floor. This fellow put down a large suitcase and small satchel, and laid a battered hat on the file cabinet. Then he grinned. Panhandlers always flash a friendly smile as they break into their routine.

"Do you like Mexico?" he finally asked, false teeth clicking.

"Yes!" I said.

"Do you like Mexican people?"

"Yes!"

"Do you think you would like Baja California?"

"Yes!"

I waited impatiently while he shook tobacco into creased rice paper, rolled it, twisted it, licked it, and carefully brushed the spilled tobacco from the desk top back into the sack. Another frantic search produced a kitchen match, and he struck it against the bottom of his shoe and lit up.

"I'm John Devine," he announced. That name rang bells, for we had a mutual friend in Dr. Ben Parker, former president of the Colorado School of Mines and my boss with an oil company. By that time I had been out of school quite awhile and should have known better than to associate with those old-time prospectors and their wild-goose chases. But three weeks after I met John we were off looking for his Lost Tres Amigos Mine in Baja California. [That story was told to readers in the December 1970 TRUE WEST.]

Devine had a thing about gold. He had an interest in the Gold Crest Mine up Mayflower Gulch, near his old cabin in Kokomo, Colorado. Up in that same gulch, he tried to interest capital to develop the Nova Scotia Boy property, and he stirred me up to help search for the Lost Nigger Mine, which was not so much a lost mine as it was a buried treasure or cache of gold that a Negro prospector had to leave in Mayflower Gulch when he walked out one season in waist-deep snow and never returned. And then there were lost gold mines in Sonora and Chihuahua that we never got around to searching for.

John Devine didn't seem like a typical prospector, yet there are similarities about all of them. Put any one of them in a lineup and he would be quite obvious, as much so as a railroad engineer or naval officer. I knew him in his later years, of course, and that makes a difference.

Prospecting with John was frustrating. Every morning he started the day singing the first two lines of some old song from his past. He always sang two lines, never more, never less, over and over again until he had it out of his system, and if you didn't care for the song it came at you like a Chinese torture. Conversation was out during that interlude. If you asked him a question while he was singing he ignored you, though he might answer your question an hour later or that night.

Funny that he enjoyed prospecting, for heights scared him and I couldn't get him to traverse narrow ledges with steep drop-offs. We had to find another route. A sensitive skin prevented John from making trips into the wilderness whenever it was too hot or too cold. Yet we always managed. Just like, no matter how deep we penetrated into the back country he always managed to end up near a Catholic church for Sunday mass.

He took "pills to keep him breathing, pills to keep his blood circulating, pills to stimulate his glands, and pills to keep him alive" at six-hour, twelve-hour, and once-a-day intervals. No matter where we went an oxygen bottle and breathing apparatus went along, just in case. Still he only carried one suitcase, and his "4,000-mile shirt" always made the complete trip.

Mark Shipman had no trouble getting this close-up of a grouse.

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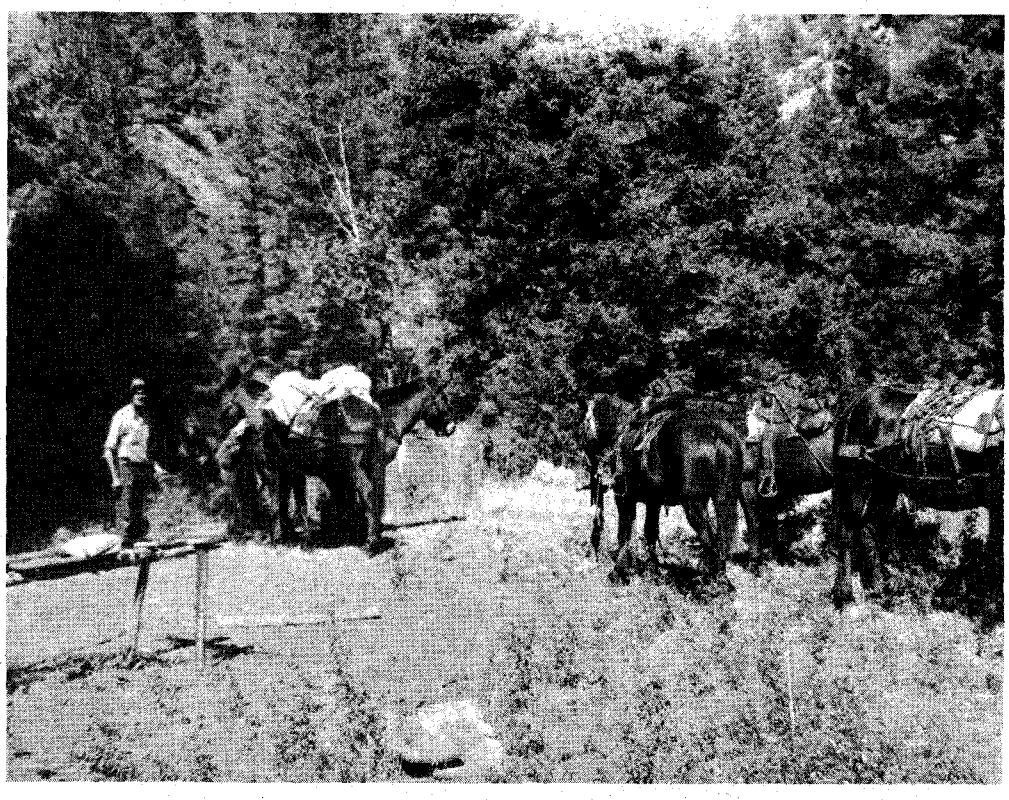
Time was nothing to him; we could always stay longer. Eating was no problem; he could subsist on the leavings of a coyote. He seldom drank, but if he opened a bottle it would be finished in one sitting.

I think the thing that amazed me most about John and those other prospectors was their uncanny ability to find another old-timer like themselves no matter where we ended up. They seemed to be able to spot "birds of a feather" in any place, and we always ended up with another mining prospect or another lost gold mine tale to run down. Lost mines occupied a lot of his time during his last years.

I don't know whether John was a miner, prospector, promoter, dreamer or rainbow runner, but I don't care. Some days we spent our time looking for purple bottles or other antiquities. Most times these "treasures" were given away, but the time had not been wasted. Our pleasure always came in the search and the pleasant association with men we understood—and that's the key to happy prospecting, you just keep moving on.

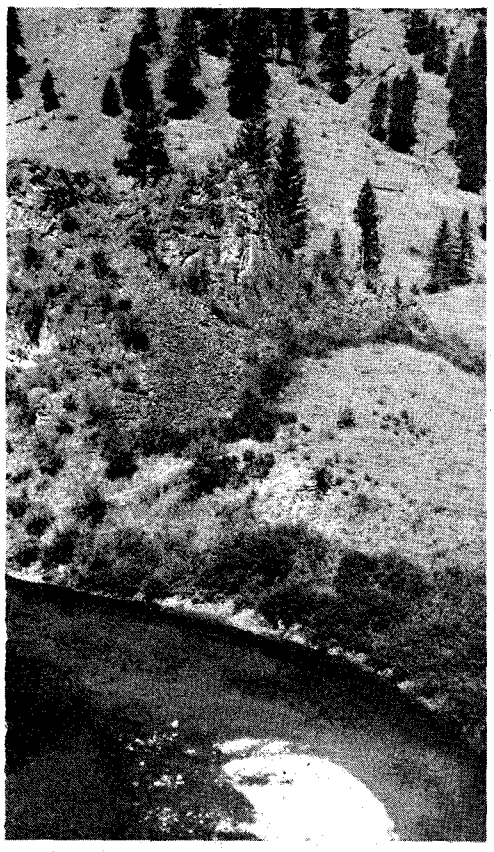
AT FIRST I used to feel sorry for those self-determined outcasts, until I realized most them were happy. They took life in stride. They achieved a goal which Henry David Thoreau did not, and could not, grasp. Nothing disturbed them. They had no fears, except thirst on the desert, snowslides in the mountains, lightning on the mesas, flash floods along the dry gulches, or quicksand in damp shady spots along the streams.

Being fatalists, in a sense, they believed in luck and signs, and they were superstitious. Quite often they saw ghosts. They could spend a lot of time looking for buried treasures and lost mines, and they would chase down a legend on the slightest whim. It was easy for those fellows to believe the unbelievable.



Stewart F. "Mac" McClure loading the pack animals.

Big Creek as seen from high on the trail.



And living alone so much, they were a bit strange. Anyone working in the wild brakes and canyonlands of southeastern Utah a couple of decades back might have remembered a strange old duffer called Cedar Post Bill. No one knows where that name originated, but he was as weather-beaten as an old cedar post and about as skinny. He was wild-eyed and incoherent with a confusing line of gibberish. By the time you had talked with him for a while you suspected there was something wrong with yourself.

It didn't take long to work yourself "up wind" during any prolonged bull session with Cedar Post Bill. He took his yearly bath when he went to town to buy new clothes. The cleaner you got, the dirtier you got was the way those desert rats rationalized. You can't fault them there. The watering points were scarce and you conserved water—hoarded it, in fact. They took no baths with the water in their canteens. No, they needed water to cook their beans and moisten the mouths of their animals. You didn't even dilute whiskey with precious water. No, by heifers!

Those wild brakes and dead-end canyons were an illogical place to look for gold, but somehow I couldn't get that across. After awhile you learned not to tell them what they shouldn't do. Bill knew there was gold there, because there were at last two lost gold mines in that country. What more proof does a man need?

But it was a pleasant sight watching Cedar Post Bill mosey on his way along the mesa, with his burro silhouetted against the dying sun, standing for several minutes at the rim and staring out into that vast land, then disappearing into the next black canyon. I often wondered what happened to him.

No, I don't feel sorry for the Seldom Seen Slims, Gus Robinsons, John Divines, Old Joes, or Cedar Post Bills anymore. I feel sorry for us. Poor all of us, who never learned how to prospect a dream.

Mark Shipman holds up a battered salmon that had recently finished spawning. It will float downstream until an otter drags it in for food.

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Morris

Paul E. Morris (Army Serial #6 623 000) was discharged from the Army at Barksdale, Louisiana November 30, 1936, Base Headquarters 6th Airbase GHQ A. F. He was believed to have been a cook in the Army. He had one sister, I believe, and lived in Shreveport, Louisiana. If still living, he would be about eighty-five years old.

It is very important that we contact this man or, if dead, find out what city and state he is buried in, as we urgently need information on him.—N. A. Parsons, Route 1, Box 86, Bangs, Texas 76823

Wesley Chapel

Several years ago, someone ran a request in one of your magazines for information about relatives buried in the Wesley Chapel Cemetery on Highway 15, north of Houston, Mississippi. At that time I was traveling and could not get time to correspond with the party. Since that time I have lost the magazine with the name of the party concerned.

If possible, I would like you to print this and perhaps the party might just see it. I would be glad to help in any way I can as I am familiar with the cemetery. Both my parents and many of my close relatives are buried there.—Bob Wheeler, Star Route, Houston, Mississippi 38851

Kessinger

In October 1917 Mabel B. Kessinger was teaching school in Kenova, West Virginia. The school was located near the railroad bridge where it crosses the Ohio River.

Any information from friends or relatives about the whereabouts of Miss Kessinger will be greatly appreciated.—George C. Benson, Box 746, Ralston, Wyoming 82440

Weldon

I am interested in confirming some family legends. My grandfather, John Thomas C. Weldon, died about 1912 when my father was only a small boy. A lot of information about my grandfather is, therefore, obscure to me.

John Thomas C. Weldon was born November 11, 1847. The particularly obscure period of his life seems to be after his first wife died, sometime between 1873 and 1875. It is conjectured that he then went to the Indian Territory (Oklahoma) where he sojourned until the early or mid-1880s.

While in the Territory, he is supposed to have alternated between being a professional photographer and a scout for the Army. My family has several tintypes that he made during that period. In some of the pictures, my grandfather is pictured with several men, among whom are two identified as Cole and Bob Younger. I hesitate to claim he was associated with those men beyond the fact that he took their pictures.

John must have left the "Nations" in the early '80s and moved to Mineola, Texas where he opened a photography studio. He remarried about 1885 to Saluda Ann Whidden.

I would like to establish whether or not Grandfather actually did serve as an Army scout. If so, with what units, when, and in what campaigns? I'm also interested in finding out where he might have lived in the Indian Territory.

I might add, it will do no injury to discover that he actually rode with the Youngers, Daltons or James boys. From all I can discover he was enough of a hell-roarer to have done just that.—William C. Weldon, Jr., 5695 Blythe Avenue, Highland, California 92346

Meadows Family

I am the daughter of Troy Meadows, and would appreciate information on the Meadows family. They lived in Indian Territory near Tulsa, Oklahoma in the 1890s or early 1900s.—Mrs. Leon (Georgia Meadows) Lowry, Route 1, Box 97A, Beulah, Colorado 81023

Loveall-Brown

I would like information about the family of Drury Goalman Loveall, born in 1826 in Kentucky and lived in Texas around the 1840s. He was connected with the Texas Rangers. In 1848-49 he went with the Benjamin B. Harris party to the California Gold Rush. He is mentioned in Mr. Harris' book *The Gila Trail.* His daughter, Laura Margaret Loveall, married William Ransford Brown February 23, 1873 and she died around 1879 near Woodville, Indian Territory.—Mrs. R. A. King, 2220 Pollard, Tyler, Texas 75701

Mallory

I am interested in locating descendants of Felix Mallory, one time United States Deputy Marshal. He was born in 1851 in either Cherokee County or Fannin County, Texas. He was living in Brown County, Texas at the time he was U. S. Deputy Marshal. His wife was Della, maiden name unknown. He had at least five children: Mollie; Ora, who married a Pierce Jackson; Felix; Rob; and Ed. At one time some of these children lived in Oklahoma. His father was Henry Hickerson Mallory, born in Georgia, and his mother was Isabella Narcissis Porter, born in Tennessee. He had seven brothers and sisters: John; Mary Mallory; Fain; Henry; Joseph; William; Elizabeth Mallory Pritchett; and Thomas Emerson who was my grandfather. My father was named Felix after this uncle. Would like to correspond with any descendants of this family. All letters will be answered. —Mrs. Barbara Mallory Philippus, 1002 Shelley, Austin, Texas 78703

Love

I would appreciate information about the ancestors of Robert Hutchson Love who came from England to the United States around the middle 1800s. He was supposed to have come over with two brothers or half-brothers. Robert married Eliza Jane Davis (my grandmother). They had two girls born either in Arkansas or Mississippi. Their names were Free Dona Love, born in 1883, and Rose Ann Francis Love, born March 6, 1886. Their grandmother and grandfather Love moved to Altania (?), Louisiana where my father, Henry Allen Love, was born October 13, 1891. Before my father was born, his father left home and was not heard from again.

Grandmother Love is a sister to the father of "Sunshine" Jimmie Davis, making Jimmie and myself second cousins. I do know Grandmother Love is buried in the cemetery at Fort Jessup, Louisiana.

I'd appreciate hearing from any descendants or relatives of the Loves.—Mrs. Eugene Daniel, 3413 Truman Street, Lake Charles, Louisiana 70601

Mosby

If any descendants or persons having knowledge of this family read this, please contact me. John Mosby, my great-great-grandfather came from Cumberland County, Virginia soon after the battle of Blue Licks, and settled in Scott County, Kentucky near Georgetown. There is a record of his will dated February 18, 1817 and proved in December 1817. His wife was named Elizabeth. Their children were: William; John James (this could possibly have been two persons); and Sarah Chew Mosby. There may have been another named Robert, as his name appears in the will, but it does not specify that he was a son. In the settlement of the estate it lists an amount received from Maryland for Elizabeth C. Smith, daughter of John H. Smith, late of Colbert County (?), Maryland, through her great-grandmother by marrying the above William Mosby. Can anyone tell me when or where each was born?

In 1835 William and Elizabeth brought their family to Lexington, Missouri. Two brothers accompanied them. William Mosby died sometime before July 8, 1858. His wife Elizabeth died March 1, 1859. Both are believed to be buried somewhere about five miles south of Lexington, Missouri. Their children were: John S.; James; Sarah G.; Robert H.; William, Jr.; and Mary F. Mosby.

John Mosby was born in Kentucky and

(Continued on page 72)

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Photo by Bob Batchelder

Left to right: Fred Gipson, J. Frank Dobie, Joe Small.

"I REMEMBER ONE TIME..."

By WAYNE F. HYDE

"Where do you get your stories?" people sometimes ask me. I look for them, lay for them, listen for them, hunt them, trail them down, swap for them, beg, borrow, and steal them, and value above rubies the person who gives me a good one.—J. Frank Dobie, July 15, 1951.

YOU take two men with the great gift of storytelling and a way of stringing words together to paint a picture, add two or three listeners, an overcast day with a little rain in it, a comfortable old ranch house, and maybe an opened bottle or two of amber liquid with which to lubricate the voices of the story-tellers, and you have a certain day with certain people that you just aren't going to forget in a lifetime.

It was April 5, 1963 at ten o'clock in the morning when Fred Gipson, Joe "Hosstail" Small, and a reporter arrived at J. Frank Dobie's Paisano Ranch outside Austin, Texas. The object was to interview Mister Frank and Fred Gipson about the Old West—anything and everything that came to mind. There wouldn't be much time. Mister Frank was at that time working on his book *Cow People*, and he'd agreed to give me (the reporter) two hours before going back to work on his writing.

The first question had to do with the old-time cowboy: What was he like? What kind of a man did a rancher look for?

"I guess that man had to have special qualities," Fred Gipson said, and then laughed. "Probably the first was being willing to work for the wages they paid."

Mister Frank's laugh was unforgettable. It was an explosion, a roar, a baritone bark of a belly laugh. It was contagious and it got to everybody in the room. He went on then to answer the question: "He'd have to be a man whose ideas of cattle were something else than to run 'em and rope 'em, and exhibit himself in the act. He had to know something about cow psychology. I mean, know what a cow's ideas are—I won't say what her *thoughts* are—'cause she didn't have any more thoughts than the average man has. She has instincts. But this cowhand of those days, he knew cows, knew how to keep a herd together. And if he was a real cowman, he knew how to drive cattle, work cattle, without taking flesh off of them."

This reminded him of something. "The only picture show I ever saw worth talking about in the handling of cattle was the first one I saw. It was based on Emerson Hough's novel *North of 36* and made into a silent picture. And I knew the man that furnished the cattle for the picture: Bassett Blakely, down in Harris County. In those days you could find plenty of longhorns down there. The lead steer was Old Alamo—that

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Hosstail, Mr. Frank, and the Hound Dog Man sit and augur a while...

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They Called Him "ELZA"

Some new information on one of the last practitioners of "crime on horseback"—Elza Lay of the Wild Bunch

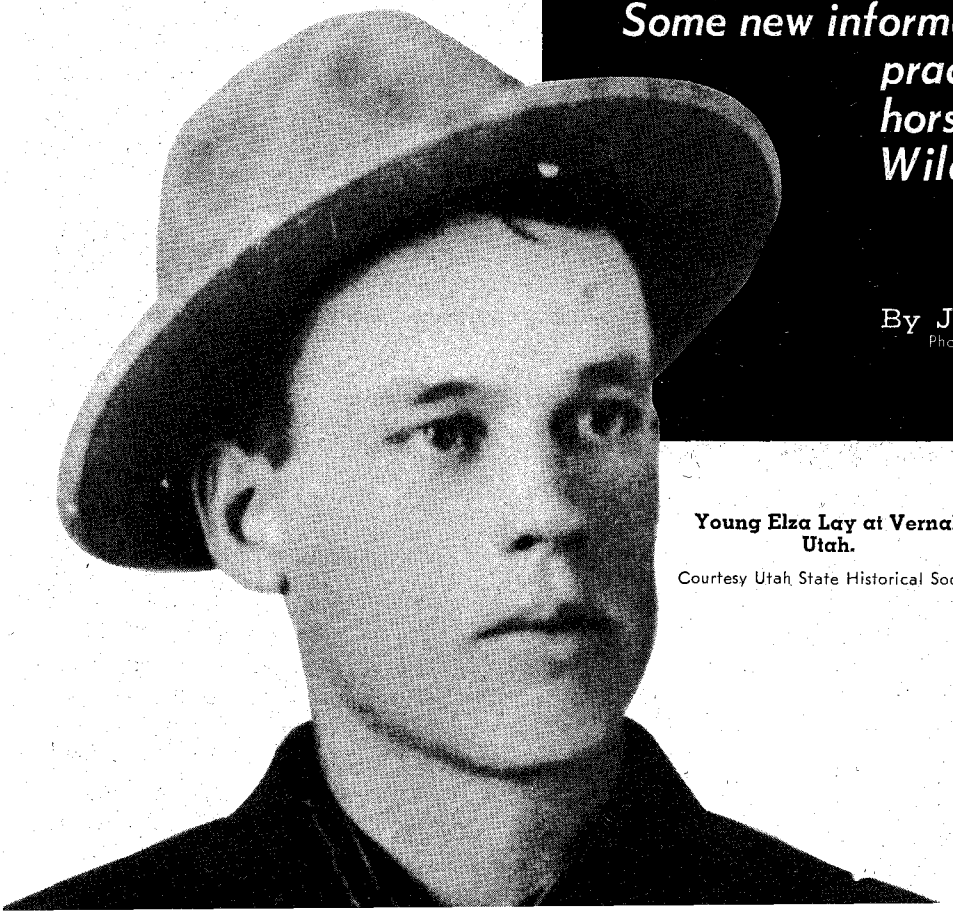
By JOHN CARSON

Photos Courtesy Author

CHARLIE SIRINGO spent a lot of time and rode a good many miles looking for Elza Lay. The detective and the outlaw never met, and about as close as they ever came was being buried, six years apart, by the same undertaker.

Siringo died in Altadena, California September 30, 1928 and W. A. Brown of Flower Street, Los Angeles, was the undertaker officiating. Elza Lay, the last of the Wild Bunch, died in Los Angeles on October 22, 1934, and again W. A. Brown was in charge of arrangements. (In deference to the living relatives of Lay, his final resting place will not be divulged here.)

Siringo's death created quite a stir, as he was widely known, both from his reputation as a gunslinger and Pinkerton detective and the several books he authored in later years. Lay, on the other hand, died with hardly a ripple of notice except by his wife of twenty-five years and his son and daughter. Perhaps there were others who mourned his passing but if so, they mourned in absentia.



Young Elza Lay at Vernal, Utah.

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Dr. Claude Davidson with offices on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles was called to treat William E. Lay in December, 1932 for heart disease. No doubt he came to know the family very well but it is doubtful if he ever learned that his patient had had a lurid and exciting past; that he was, in fact, Elza Lay of the Wild Bunch. Sick, bloated, and with dentures supplanting the "mouth full of gold teeth" which the Pinkerton Agency

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Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Elza Lay, alias William H. McGinnis, as he appeared when entering the New Mexico Penitentiary in 1899.

had used in their many *WANTED* notices, Elza Lay had tried to live down his past. In a second-floor apartment overlooking what is now a busy Hollywood freeway, the former bandit spent the last two years of his life.

With the onset of cirrhosis of the liver coupled to the weakness brought on by his coronary ailment, the once debonair outlaw cashed in his chips. In another fifteen days he would have been sixty-six years old.

The final decade of the nineteenth century spelled the beginning of the end of crime on horseback. The twentieth century ushered in a new type of crime—and a new type of criminal. Dillinger, Karpis, Bonnie and Clyde were a far cry from Wes Hardin, Henry Starr and the Wild Bunch. Crime on wheels, albeit every bit as deadly, represented a new era and a different breed.

SOME of the horseback types lapped over into the new century, but their heydey was on the wane. Crime on horseback went out of business when the last of the cowboy-outlaws went down shooting. Between 1899 and 1909, a short ten years, the Wild Bunch riders were decimated almost to extinction.

The first to die was Sam Ketchum, brother of the more notorious Black Jack. With Elza Lay and Bill Carver, Sam attempted the hold-up of a Colorado and Southern express train near Folsom, New Mexico. In an exchange of gunfire with a none-too-courageous posse, Sam was shot in the arm. He died eight days later on July 24, 1899 of blood poisoning.

The following year Lonny Logan, brother of the vicious Kid Curry, was caught in a trap set by officers in Dodson, Missouri. He did battle with them but he was sadly outnumbered and died with his pistol in his hand.

Flat Nose George Curry, original leader of the Hole-in-the-Wall gang and sometime member of the Wild Bunch, was slain by Sheriff Jesse Tyler near Thompson, Utah, on April 17, 1900.

In 1901 Tom Ketchum, Black Jack himself, attempted to hold up a train in New Mexico. Like his brother, he received a shotgun wound in his arm. When captured he was in a pathetic condition and it become necessary to amputate his arm. He lived to stand trial. Found guilty, he was sentenced to hang, and the sentence was carried out in Clayton, New Mexico.

That same year, Will Carver, one of the hard core of the Bunch and a long-time follower of the Ketchums, attempted to resist arrest in Sonora, Texas. Sheriff Bryant outdrew him and Carver was buried the following day.

In 1912, after being released from prison, the Tall Texan, Ben Kilpatrick, tried to hold up a train at Sanderson, Texas. He didn't have the know-how that Cassidy had, and Kilpatrick and his sorry sidekick, Ole Buck, were killed. The express messenger on the train didn't scare and when Ben turned his head, the messenger buried an ice mallet in his skull.

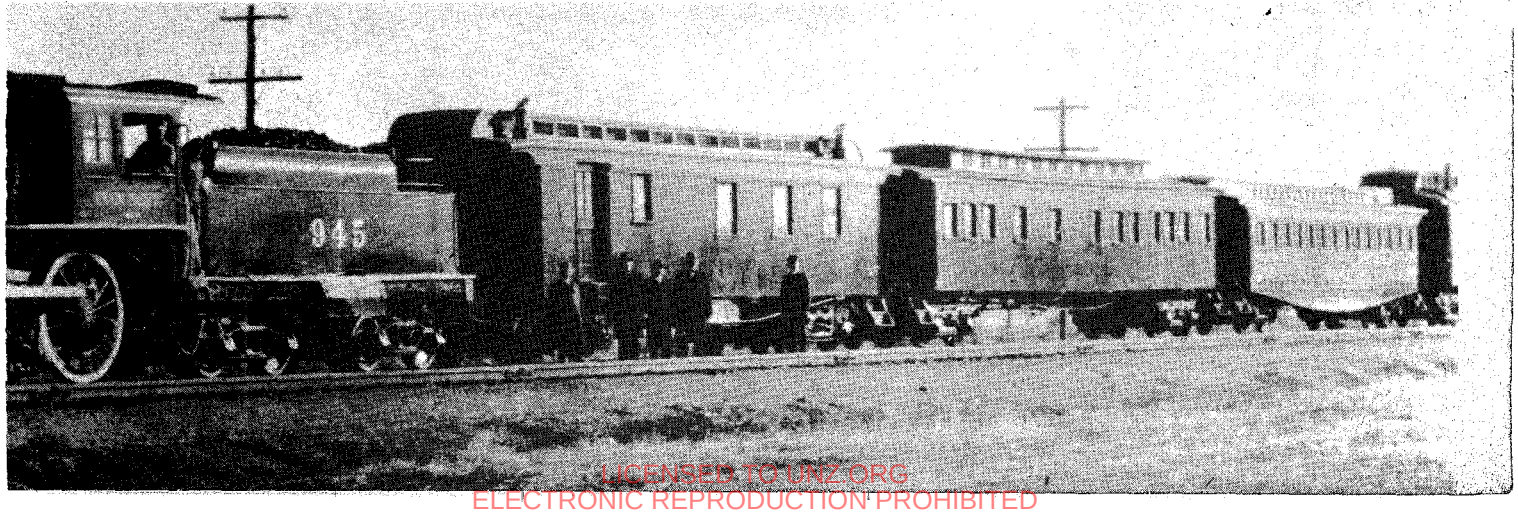
Kid Curry, Harry Tracy, Camella (Deaf Charley) Hanks, Johnny Logan, Tom O'Day—almost every one of the Wild Bunch met with a violent end including, some think, the two inseparables, Butch Cassidy and Harry Longbaugh, the Sundance Kid. These lives and deaths have been treated so many times that the Wild Bunch is perhaps the best known of any outlaw band. And in every account of the Wild Bunch one name stands out like a single gold thread through a piece of black cloth. Elza Lay rides like a wraith through the saga of his fellow outlaws.

Myths have become facts in the telling and retelling and Lay has emerged as

Courtesy Pinkerton Detective Agency

At right, "The Super," James McParland. He was Superintendent of the Denver office of the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Elza Lay was one of his headaches. Below, Union Pacific trains were fair game for most outlaws.

Union Pacific Photo



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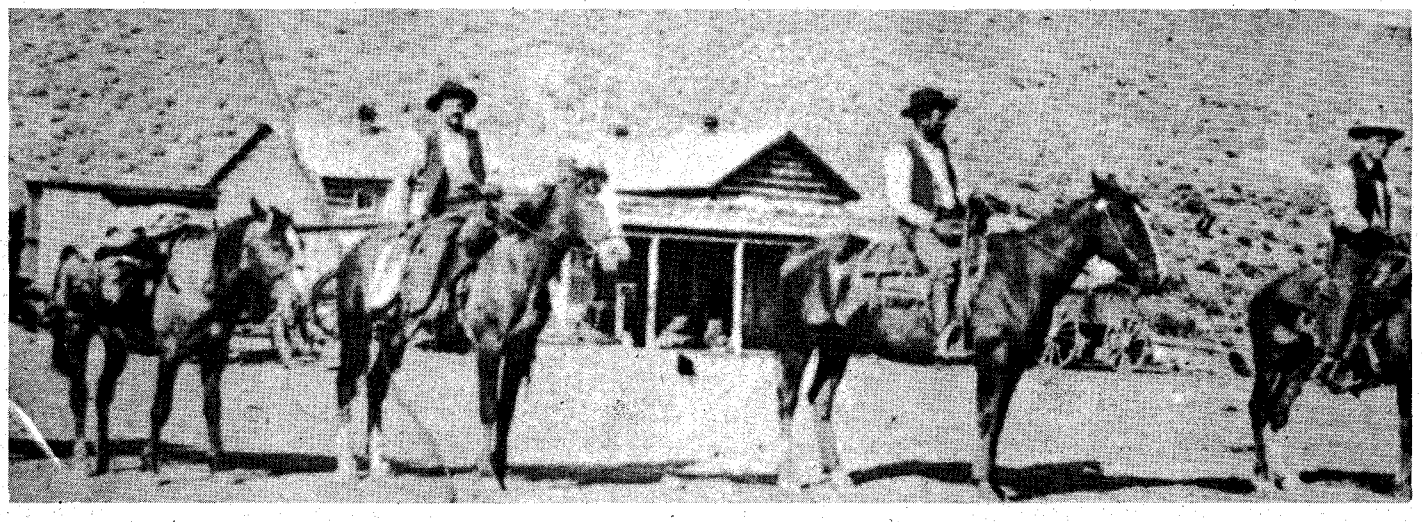


Left to right: Bob Meldrum—U.S. Marshal, Ike Montgomery and Doc Chivington. Shown here at Slater, Colorado while on the trail of the Wilcox bandits.

something of an enigma. He was a charter member of the Ketchum gang and of the Wild Bunch. He seemed to divide his time between the two bands and was warmly welcomed by both. How many crimes he committed, how many gunfights he engaged in, how many men he killed are not a matter of record.

Though not as well known to them as Butch Cassidy or Kid Curry, the Pinkertons had a healthy respect for Lay and his gun. They described him, in 1899, as 5′, 9½″ tall, 164 pounds, light complexion (although he was actually considered dark enough to sustain the rumor that he had Indian blood in him), light brown eyes, erect build, light hair, and "a mouth full of gold teeth." The Pinkertons put their ace men on his trail and that of the Wild Bunch, but even the great Charlie Siringo and W. O. Sayles could not catch up with him. The Agency never had a picture of him until Lay was wounded and captured after the Folsom train robbery, and as far as is known, Lay never spent a day in jail until that time.

Was Elza Lay indeed an "educated bandit" as he has been so often depicted? Was he, as Willian French described him, "a paladin amongst cowpunchers"? Was he, in fact, the "Gentle Train Robber" of A. R. Hoover's account in *New Mexico* magazine, or the soft-spoken mannerly gentleman who so impressed the governor of New Mexico? Was he the "brains" of the gang, a lady's man, a loyal and true friend who was a cut above the average?

Was he born in Texas as the Pinkerton Agency insisted, or in Boston as Charles Kelly said, or was he, as John Rolfe Burroughs suggested, a purely local product born in Utah? Some sources state he was part Indian, born near Durango, Colorado and educated in the Indian School in Kansas.

As "William H. McGinnis" he testified he was born in Coles County, Illinois. There is no doubt that McGinnis and Elza Lay were one and the same man, so such testimony can be compared with the information on the death certificate of William E. Lay which shows Illinois as the outlaw's birthplace. Charleston is the county seat of Coles County but, unfortunately, no records prior to 1878 exist in that county. The death certificate gives the date of birth as November 25, 1868, although his gravestone is inscribed 1869.

I have learned nothing of his early boyhood, but Matt Warner puts him in Brown's Hole as early as 1884 when Lay could not have been more than sixteen. According to Warner, Lay was "already a rustler and budding outlaw" at that time.

Charles Kelly in his excellent *The Outlaw Trail* wrote that young Lay had been employed in Denver as a horse car driver. After a bully molested a woman passenger on the car, Lay threw him to the pavement. Fearing that he had injured the man, the youth fled and was next seen on Matt Warner's ranch on Diamond Mountain.

This may be pure legend, of course, but it sets the stage for Elza Lay to become a fugitive, then a bandit. It is possible that Denver City hired thirteen- or fourteen-year-old boys to run its horse cars but not very probable. At any rate, it is known that Elza Lay was in Brown's Hole in 1884 and that he was a rustler. Almost everyone in the Hole rustled a little on the side but most never graduated to more serious crimes. Matt Warner did, Butch Cassidy did—and so did Elza Lay.

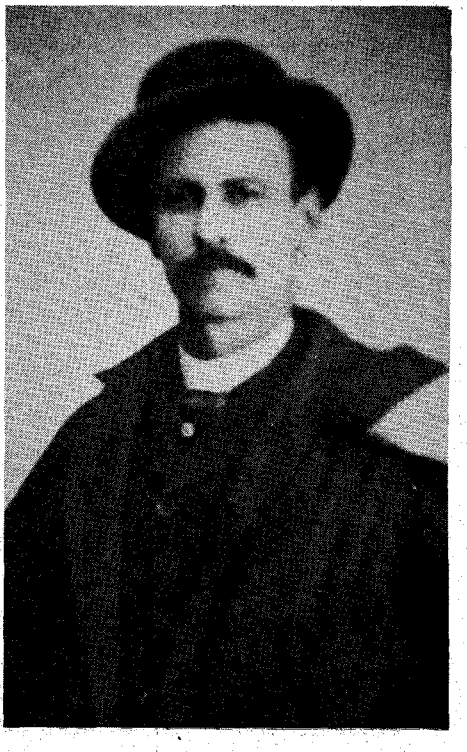
Some hold the theory that Lay was educated. Queen Ann Bassett said she recalled Lay's attending school in Brown's Hole, and she probably knew him as well as anyone. If that is true, perhaps the boy's parents moved to Utah when he was very young. Nothing is known of his family except that his father's name was James.

In later years Lay became interested in oil exploration and read numerous books on the subject, but that came much later. The budding outlaw's study of finance and banking was an informal education limited to making withdrawals and with little or no knowledge of making deposits.

One must theorize also on the name "Elza." His name was Ellsworth. Doc Chivington, who knew Lay after 1910, told me several years ago that the gang called him "Elzy," an affectionate nickname, and that the Pinkertons were probably guilty of formalizing it to "Elza." In his book, *The Last of the Bandit Riders*, Matt Warner refers to him as "Elza." Warner also tells a story concerning Lay's introduction to crime.

A clothing merchant in Rock Springs had defaulted on a loan and his entire stock had been attached. Enlisting the aid of a small-time Diamond Mountain rancher, the merchant broke the lock on his store and the two men loaded two wagons with merchandise, intending to take it into Colorado. The rancher told Lay what they were going to do and Lay told Matt Warner.

Charlie Siringo, at the time a Pinkerton detective.



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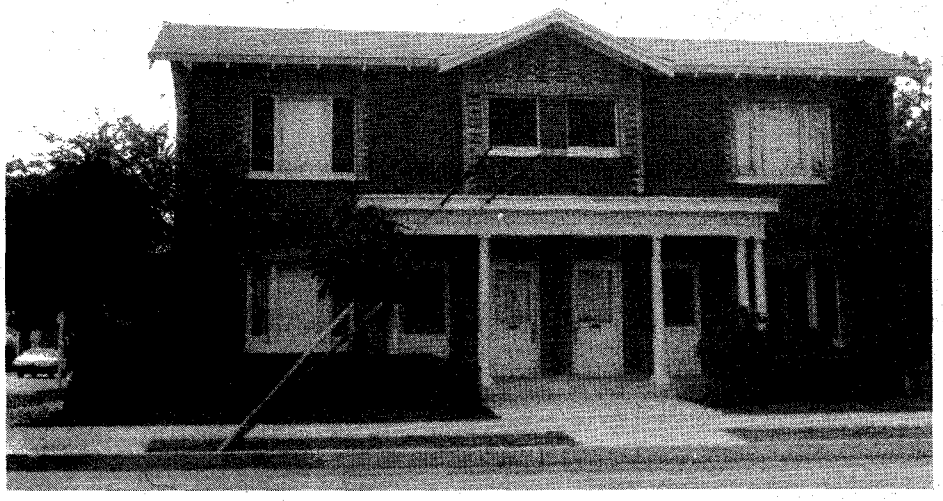

The Los Angeles apartment house where Elza Lay died in 1934.

Matt's sister, Teeny, was married to Tom McCarty, and their son Lew was staying with Matt. When the merchant and the Diamond Mountain man stopped for the night near Irish Canyon, Matt and Lew McCarty stole into camp and sent the merchant on his way. The Diamond Mountain man and the two youths took the stolen merchandise to Brown's Hole where they distributed it among their friends. Elza Lay had not accompanied them on their foray but did expect a cut for tipping them off. Being young, however, and not yet too serious about becoming a full-fledged outlaw, he probably got as much enjoyment out of giving the loot away as Lew and Matt did.

LAY was an expert horseman. He never cared much for cows and cowpunching but he loved horses and was a top hand. Most of the Wild Bunch riders were cowpunchers. Cassidy was an excellent stockman, but hard on horses. That is understandable since he was often forced to ride his horse into the ground to escape capture or to establish an alibi. The Logan brothers, Harvey, Lonny and Johnny, were top hands, and were all rustlers before they became train and bank robbers.

Lay is often credited with being the brains of the Wild Bunch. This could indeed be fact although Cassidy seems to have been pretty brainy himself. More than likely the two men worked their plans out together, and once a successful pattern was established, they didn't alter it much.

The accompanying photo of a "dressed-up" Elza Lay is captioned "Vernal, Utah, 1896." In 1896 Lay was twenty-eight years old and the photo seems to be that of a younger man. In comparison to his prison picture taken in 1899, the face seems more than a mere three years younger. The photo is of Lay all right, but it is possible that the date on the caption is incorrect. If the photo were taken in 1886, the young bandit would have been eighteen years old. It is the only photograph, other than the prison mug shots, I have ever seen of Lay. No doubt there are others but they are hard to come by.

View from Elza Lay's gravesite.

His burial permit reads William Ellsworth Lay and his headstone reads "William E. Lay—1869-1934." Why the birthdate on the stone and that shown by the death certificate differ is not explained, but when Lay was married in Thermopolis, Wyoming in 1909, he gave his age as thirty-nine, so maybe he wasn't above cutting a few years off his age. If he were only thirty-nine in 1909, he was born in 1870 which means he would only have been fourteen years old when Warner knew him as a "rustler and budding outlaw"; 1868 is probably closer to the correct date.

Like most of his contemporaries, Lay failed to leave a record of his itinerary. All of his activities may never be known. It is almost certain that he participated in the Castle Gate robbery with Butch Cassidy and Bob Meeks and that he had more than a passing interest in the holdup of the Union Pacific train at Wilcox, Wyoming on June 2, 1899. The four bandits split $30,000 after this robbery.

Sometime during these years, Lay married Maude Davis, a young lady from Vernal, Utah. They lived on Lay's ranch on Diamond Mountain. Exactly when Maude decided to leave him is indefinite but it was probably while he was in the penintentiary at Santa Fe. Neither is it known whether he ever saw Maude or his daughter again but it is possible he did. His daughter, now in her seventies, still lives in Utah and is acquainted with Lula Parker Betenson, Butch Cassidy's sister.

The Wild Bunch roamed far and wide, "earning" their money and spending it freely. From Powder Springs they rode into Baggs, Wyoming where they drank and caroused, always careful to pay for any damage they may have caused the night before. Tom Vernon of Baggs, who must be in his nineties, used to play fiddle at dances and contends that no one danced more or sparked the ladies more than handsome, dashing Elza Lay. Those of the gang who did not have their own women, danced with the town girls and were always on their good behavior. One has to wonder if Etta Place, sweetheart of the Sundance Kid, or Laura Bullion, the Tall Texan's girl friend, were welcomed at these affairs. One of the Baggs girls, who later went to South America with a Wild Bunch rider, eventually married a Baggs businessman and raised a family. Baggs did not recognize the Bunch as "badmen," and some of the "fringe riders" of the Bunch did not lose as a result of the association.

Mr. D. T. (Dave) Gillespie told me years ago that he was clerking in the Robert McIntosh store in Slater, Colorado when the gang rode in one Sunday. He referred to the gang as the "Powder Springs gang" and knew Cassidy as Bob Ingerfield, Harry Longbaugh as Harry Alonzo, and Elza Lay as McGinnis. He recalled particularly that Lay had a mouthful of gold teeth. They played quoits in front of the store and had a

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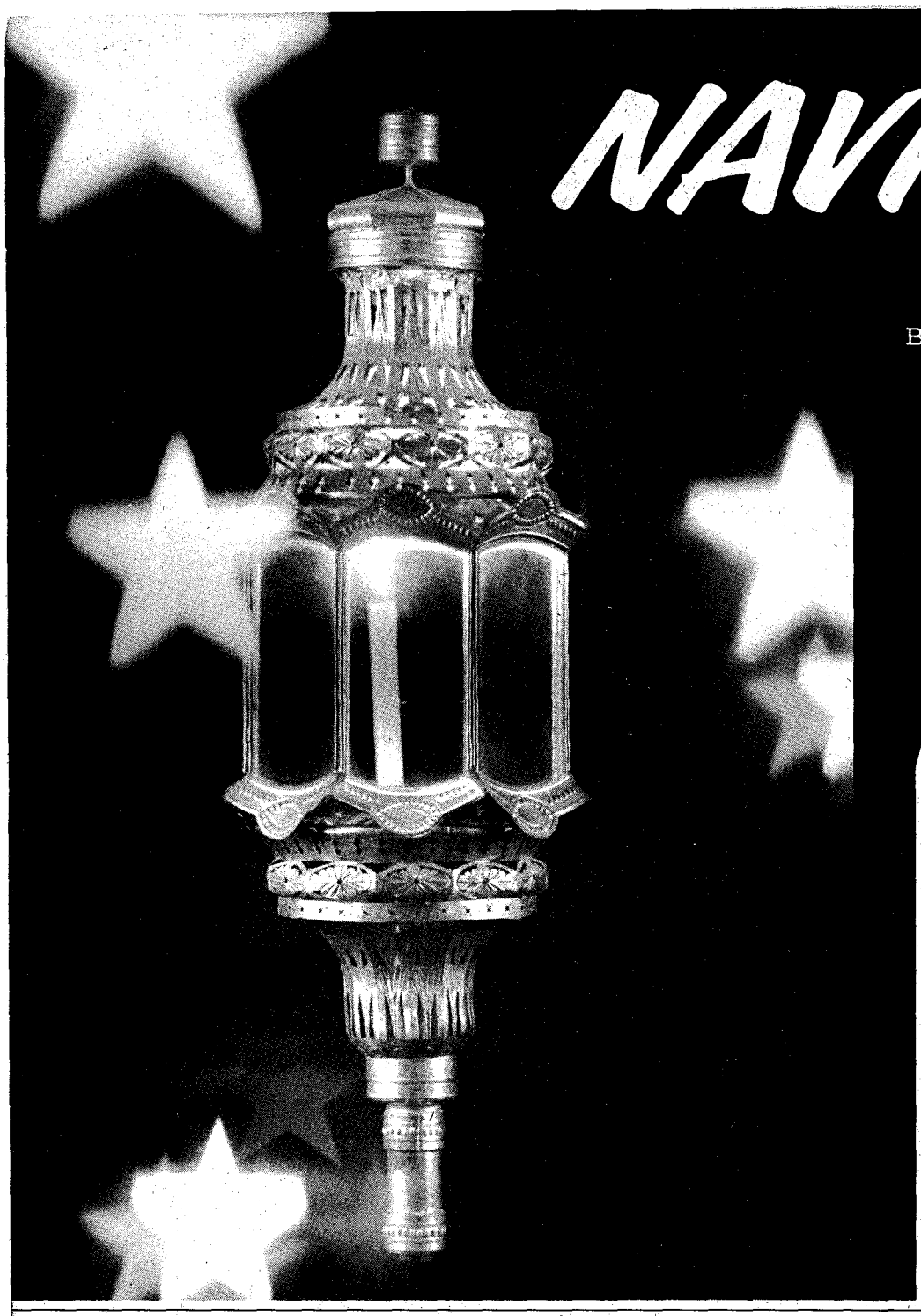
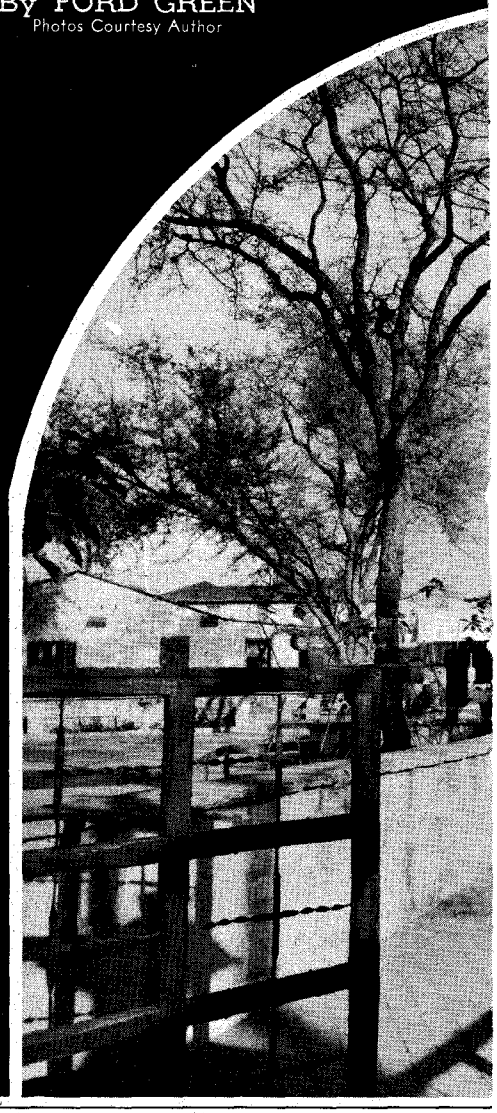
NAVIDAD

By FORD GREEN
Photos Courtesy Author





Here are presented a series of pictures that, today, are literally irreplaceable. Many of the conceptions of the celebrations have forgotten the original conditions. These photos were collected over a period of more than twenty years. Many of the participants are dead; many of the children shown are now in their forties. It is hoped that this presentation will help to keep alive a feeling of the Christmas season that is all too often lost, and also the traditions of a people.

Above, the Farol de Posada, the Lantern of the Inn. The Holy Inn, and the search for a resting place for the Holy Mother is one of the basic elements for the Christmas story. The lantern was displayed in front of a house at which the people of the Posada Procession would stop. After the Holy Couple are turned away, the people within the house take up the lantern and join the rest of the people who proceed to the next chosen stop of the procession. This particular lantern is about 100 years old, a classic example of the Mexican tinsmith's art. It is now a prized piece in the Witte Memorial Museum in San Antonio. The bottom of the lantern has a socket for placing it on a staff.

NAVIDAD, or *Páscuas de Navidad*, and known to the Anglo-Texan as Christmas, has been celebrated in San Antonio de Bexar from the earliest colonial times in a manner that is not really understood by people nowadays who have not lived intimately among the Spanish-speaking. Customs might have varied from village to village in minor details, but essentially they were the same, and most of them are still celebrated in the more remote areas of the Southwest as well as in sophisticated centers such as San Antonio and Los Angeles.

Las Posadas, or the *Posada Procession*, begins The Season sometime after the festival of The Virgin of Guadalupe on December 12. This takes place for several nights before Christmas, as often as people wish to participate (that means entertain, as well as show religious devotion, by mutual consent). The people gather at or about the church, and choose a couple to represent Mary and Joseph. Accompanied by the whole group the couple goes over a selected route, stopping and knocking on doors; and the group as a whole sings songs about the

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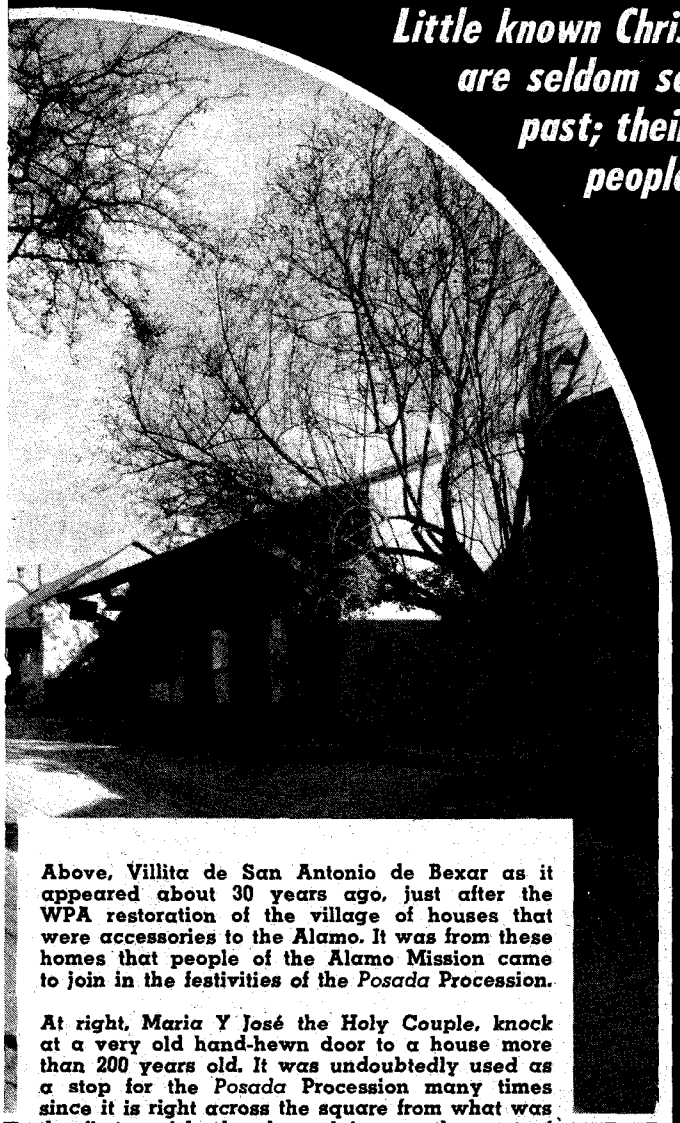
EN LA VILLITA

Little known Christmas customs still practiced in the Southwest are seldom seen by outsiders. Their origins are lost in the past; their future depends solely on our Spanish-speaking people . . .



Above, Villita de San Antonio de Bexar as it appeared about 30 years ago, just after the WPA restoration of the village of houses that were accessories to the Alamo. It was from these homes that people of the Alamo Mission came to join in the festivities of the *Posada* Procession.

At right, Maria Y José the Holy Couple, knock at a very old hand-hewn door to a house more than 200 years old. It was undoubtedly used as a stop for the *Posada* Procession many times since it is right across the square from what was the first parish church, and is now the seat of the Archdiocese. The Holy Couple always went ahead alone to ask for lodging, and were followed at a short distance by the rest of the procession who sang the songs that were traditional with the seeking of lodging.

Holy Couple who are looking for the Inn. The occupants of the houses sing another part in answer, refusing entrance, and eventually the group returns to the church for a hymn or two and a blessing by the priest.

Faróles (lanterns) were carried in the procession and were also shown in front of each designated stop. The *faról-de-posada* is the traditional sign of the approaching Season, but people now burn electric lights.

The *Posadas* are only the outward preparation for the festive day within each home trying to have the *nacimiento* (literally: birth) or nativity scene. This varies from the simplest essentials to some I have seen that have as many as 300 figures, from different animals to Roman soldiers, and various archangels above. *Nacimientos* are limited only by the availability of supplies and the money of the individual home. On the frontier these were usually homemade, carved by a native craftsman called a *santero*, or maker of saints.

Most of the time there was also a nativity scene at the church, and the manger was invariably kept empty until the night of the 24th. The Wise Men at first were kept in the remotest corner of the layout, indicating that they were viewing the scene from afar; as the Season progressed they were moved closer and closer until the day of their arrival (January 6).

There were Christmas candles or *velas de Navidad*, but not as we know them. The grandmother usually was the one to light them from the past year's stubs for the children to carry through the house, or possibly carry to the church

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for the procession of the *Acostada del Niño* or the Laying of the Child. That was the moment when the priest placed the representation of the infant Jesus in the manger of the church's *nacimiento*. Here began the big scene.

THE *Misa del Gallo* (literally "rooster mass") or midnight Christmas Mass, so called as it was held at cock-crow, was the ultimate holy celebration, one of the obligatory communions of the year for all the family. It was celebrated in varying degrees of sophistication from a gathering of a couple of dozen, sometimes in a remote mission, to the modern spectacles of the cathedrals of today with their organs and choirs. Sometimes on the frontier even the essentials of the Mass had to be improvised, but it was truly an event of devotion of the soul, and still is.

From Mass, people went home to sleep into the next day's festivities. The turkey, or *guajolote* was the traditional bird, then as now, but with a complicated sauce called *mole*, which contained a number of ingredients all the way from peppers to chocolate and sugar. There were various kinds of tamales, some peppery and some sweet, that are virtually unknown to the Anglo-Texan. There were many kinds of candy, *calabaza* (pumpkin), *leche quemada* (burnt milk caramel), and *nogada* (literally: with nuts—pecans and walnuts) of the *leche quemada* or in the form of today's pralines. There were practically no cakes as we know them, but rather types of pastry that few Anglos ever saw: *polvorones* (which we call sand-tarts); *hojarascos* (many paper-thin rolled layers); *buñuelos* (a flaky, flat dough that is fried and then dusted with sugar and cinnamon or dipped in honey while hot. This latter pastry has become popular in San Antonio in latter years). All of these foods were the "fixings," and more, too, with variations to suit the conditions of the remote mission village of the frontier.

After the feast people usually had a *piñata* for the children. A clay pot that was cracked and ready to be discarded was filled with candy. It was then decorated in various ways and hung by a strong string from a limb, roof, or clothesline for breaking by a blindfolded child. The child was turned around and

Above, *La Acostada del Niño*, the Laying of the Child. This is a more modern interpretation at a convent, accompanied by a singing procession of girls. Carried by the priest, the Child is paraded by the procession and laid in the manger on the night before Christmas, just before the Holy Mass. Officiating in this photo is Reverend Monsignor Geehan, at the time Coadjutor to the Archbishop of San Antonio.

At right, San Gabriél, shown here prepared to argue and fight with Luzbél, Satanás, Beelzebúb, or any of Lucifer's other demons. In a company of players of the *Pastorella*, which may endure for several generations, the senior and director's part is Lucifer, the prime star. However, the hardest and beginning parts are those of the Archangels, Michael and Gabriel, up to six thousand words in some versions.

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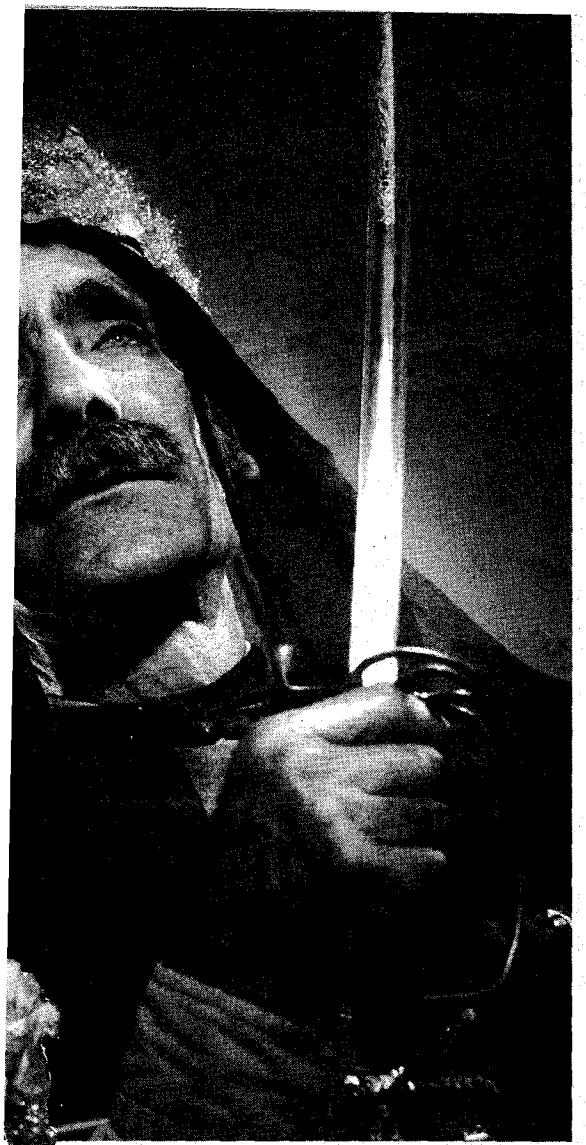

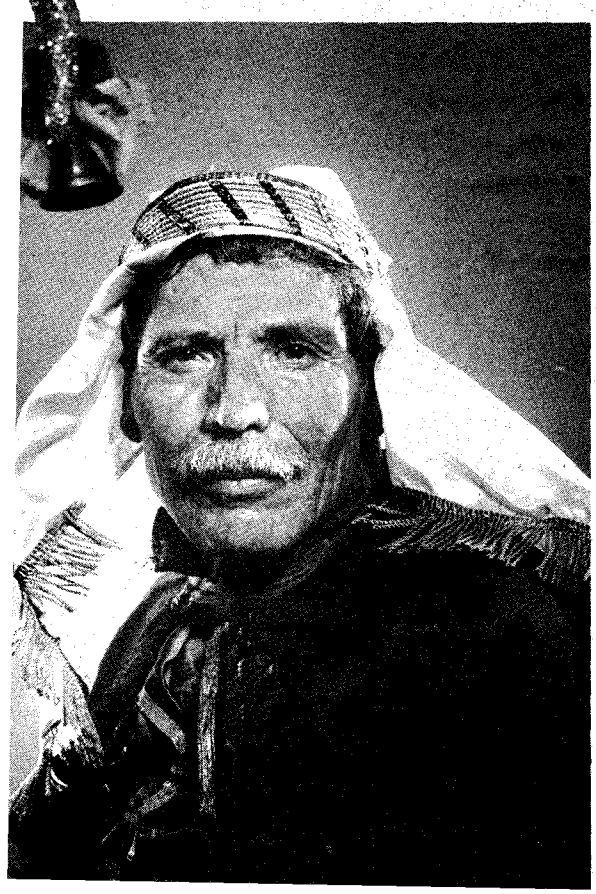

At left, Luzbél (Lucifer) the vain and proud Prince of Fallen Angels. He enters to the roll of heavy bass drumming and the stamping of feet, with the lines, "*Luzbel Soy, Y do los Profundos del Infierno Vengo!*" ("I am Lucifer and I come from the depths of Hell!") He enters through a backdrop that is painted with a crude representation of the flaming mouth of Hell.

Below, *El Pastór*, one of the shepherds. The forces of good in the *Pastorella* is denoted by twelve shepherds, who are picked as a chorus (a capella) and sing spectacularly beautiful hymns. The traditional shepherds' staff, or crook, more often becomes a veritable Christmas tree, with many bells and pieces of glass that tinkle like Oriental wind chimes.

started in the wrong direction for the general fun. Finally some child was allowed to finish breaking the container so all the children could scramble for the candy. Sometimes a practical joker would put a half-grown chicken in the *piñata* along with the goodies and when the pot was broken the chicken flew and startled the scramblers to the merriment of all.

LOS PASTORES, or *The Pastorela*, is a feature that in the last few decades has been revived and preserved in San Antonio after almost dying out. It is the purest form of medieval miracle-play, brought originally by missionaries to teach religion to the natives over four hundred years ago. The main characters in the drama are shepherds (pastores) who see The Star and journey to Bethlehem. They are accompanied by several others, one *hermiteño* (hermit) who provides the comedy and whose part is largely ad-libbed. On their journey they are beset by Lucifer and his seven devils. During the attacks, however, they are guarded by Archangels Michael and Gabriel, whose parts are played by children (as the Mexicans say, *angelitos*). Some of the longest spoken parts are the children's in arguing with the devils.

The hymns sung by the chorus of shepherds are always beautiful, as are the religious homilies, though the wild masks of the devils and their exaggerated dramatics can more accurately be called "interesting." The last *hermiteño* I knew had an immense rosary of spools, an infantry drill manual for a breviary, and was practically blind from cataracts—but he was the most hilarious comedian I ever saw. Surprisingly, the leading character is Lucifer, not in the form of a devil, but as the vain and proud Prince of Fallen Angels. This part is played by someone who most likely has started as one of the angels and worked up to the main role over a lifetime.

Such a play is traditional folk drama at its best, but was not written down until professional folklorists got interested in it in the 1930s and got it on paper. Now the San Antonio Conservation Society puts on the play at San José Mission every holiday season with a group of players from Guadalupe Parish Church who have become very well experienced, and for this play, sophisticated.

The old medieval staging is the most

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At left, Satanás and Beelzebúb, two of Lucifer's traditional seven devils. The devils largely ad-lib their parts, inspired by Lucifer's diatribes. At times they refer to local politicians and unpopular subjects. The imaginative masks are constructed of materials such as tin, wood, paper maché, and even bonafide animal parts such as the horns and tusks shown on the lower figure's mask.

Below, *El Hermiteño*, The Hermit. Here we have the comedy relief for the play. The Shepherd-chorus, guarded by the Archangels, are accompanied by this character in a monk's robe with an outlandish rosary that sometimes has beads as large as billiard balls. He is supposed to be very holy, and very gullible; in short a bumpkin. But with his outsize rosary and his breviary he is always able to confound all the demoniacal hordes of Lucifer. Traditionally, Lucifer finally exits through the flaming gates of Hell with a popping package of firecrackers tied to his coat-tails and lit by the Hermit.

interesting, for when a player is standing up and talking he is on stage; and when not, he is offstage and out of character and may mix with the crowd and generally carouse until his part comes again. Then he makes a break through the crowd and runs out to speak his part, but may immediately return to the drink or food that he was enjoying on the side—for food and drink are as important as the play.

The deft staging at San José sort of ruins the effect for a person who has seen primitive presentations in the country, put on between a house and a corral, where the seats may be wagons, fences, or a roof; and where people munch tamales and drink from whatever mescal or tequila bottle is hip-pocket handy. There is usually plenty of *pan dulce* and coffee, and the table always holds a bowl for donations to defray the expenses of the host and the players. Gaiety prevails until Lucifer exits through an oil-cloth painted Gates-of-Hell backdrop, with a package of firecrackers tied to his tail (lit, of course, by the *hermiteño*).

The play is usually repeated as many weekends as a host can be found between Christmas and February 2nd which marks the end of the Season. The *Levantado del Niño* (Taking up of the Child), when the *nacimiento* is dismantled until the next year, is technically the feast of The Circumcision.

Gift-giving day on the frontier in colonial times was not Christmas day, but the Day of the Holy Kings when the latter were supposed to have brought their gifts to Bethlehem. In the Spanish-speaking United States it is still widely celebrated, but not with much notice by Anglos, few of whom have ever heard of the custom.

Though the United States is fifth in the world in its Spanish-speaking population, and while various of our citizens may have heard that some of these things exist, not many have ever had them put together in perspective and in relation to the whole season. By and large these customs are celebrated to some degree

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Hotel Chewaucan in Paisley, California.

The old stage barn at Silver Lake where the stage-line horses were kept.

ROLLING STONE

By LYNN S. LANGFIELD

Photos Courtesy Author

There's a lot to be said for running away from home. For one thing, it cuts a boy's growing-up time in half!

The Bryans' house at Clover Flat, where a tired, hungry boy was welcomed, and new friends were made.

The Foster home at Summer Lake Post Office and half-way station, where horse teams were changed.

MY BROTHER and I, in April 1912, were in our root cellar cutting seed potatoes for planting. I did not like my job at all. We were living in the center of Goose Lake Valley (Modoc County, California) right out on the open range, with cattle and range horses roaming all around us. I could look out from where I was cutting potatoes and see a cowboy go riding by now and then—and, as my brother often said, I had a far-away look in my eyes.

Then one day after dinner I was told to work alone that afternoon—cutting more seed potatoes. When I went to work I had $10 in my pocket. I did not stop at the potato cellar. I kept going. I walked eleven miles to Willow Ranch, where I boarded the little narrow-gauge train for Lakeview. That night I stayed at the Lakeview Hotel. Good rooms were $1; meals, 35¢ family style.

A cowboy told me about the cattle country around the Warrener Valleys, north and south Warrener. "But if you're a-foot, kid, go to Paisley in the Chewaucan country. Greatest cow country in the West," he said.

"How do you get there?" I asked.

"You can take the stage if you want to ride. It will cost you $4. How much money have you got?"

"I now have $7.50."

"Well, here, I'll give you enough to pay your stage fare. It's a long walk, fifty miles by the stage road, or forty miles by Clover Flat. Now the stage leaves here at 6:30 sharp. I'll get you up when I get up, you can have breakfast with me, then you'll be on time. Two more men and myself—we are riding to Klamath Falls a little before 6:00."

I went to bed early and we had breakfast before 5:00. He paid for my meal.

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THE HALL

Two brothers rode down the trail for Globe. It was a lonesome and silent country—not too dangerous if you were just "passing through" but deadly, indeed, if you hoped to stay!

By EVE BALL
Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

BY 1890 in Arizona and New Mexico, relations were deteriorating between the big ranchers and the small, though the latter were only vaguely aware of the changing situation. The big outfits were particularly suspicious of the small ranchers in Pine Cienaga (not far from Carlisle, a mining camp) despite a certain amount of depredations written off to the Apache Kid, other Indians of his tribe, or to the numerous outlaws hiding out in that rough, mountainous country.

The Pine Cienagans had a miniature Shangri-la and were content with their isolation, unmindful of the fact that their wealthy neighbors coveted their good range. Among these settlers was the Hall family, consisting of the parents, two daughters, and four sons. The girls were attractive and popular. Two sons, Dick and Bob Hall, had married sisters, beautiful young women, tall, dark, and as skilled at working cattle as their husbands were. The unmarried brothers had a partnership herd with their father. All were friendly, sociably inclined, and respected by their neighbors.

Bert Judia, an efficient cow hand even before he had attained his full stature, worked at that time for Jim Parks at the Rail N headquarters not far from Duncan. The Parks family was one of the first to locate on the Gila. Both father and sons were elected to the sheriff's office, or served as deputies in the county for many years. Their combined holdings probably were sufficient to rate them as big cowmen, but their sympathies were with men who had small outfits.

The Rail N had a horse camp at Ash Spring and moved a big remuda there, leaving one man on duty. When he reported losses of small bunches of horses from time to time, Charlie Parks decided to investigate. He took young Bert Judia with him, for regardless of whether he was successful in determining the source of the stealing, Charlie planned to bring back fresh horses for work on the ranch.

On the north side of the Gila they made camp, staking out Old Warrior, a white pack horse, and one other before riding up a canyon. The defile was not very deep but in places it was so narrow that men could ride between the walls only in single file. After passing through one such stretch Charlie said, "Bert, let's ride up that little trail to the top of the mesa; maybe we'll find some of our horses up there."

When they reached the top they could see a small bunch of horses off to the left; to the right was a lone one, grazing. Charlie told Bert to ride to the bunch and see if there were any good saddle horses among them. Charlie himself dismounted, staked his horse and walked toward the lone animal.

The boy found that all the bunched

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MURDERS

mounts could be used, so he started them toward the head of the little trail he and his employer had ascended. Suddenly the horses wheeled and Bert saw an Apache, rifle in hand, running toward Charlie Parks. When Bert yelled, Charlie understood and began running for his horse upon which he'd left his Winchester. The Indian, too, ran for his mount, the lone one. It was staked with a piece of rawhide rope which he cut before mounting.

Bert yelled, "Let's get out of here, Mr. Parks!" Charlie joined him and together they headed the loose stock down the trail and followed them into the canyon. As they left the rim Bert saw the Apache fade over a ridge. When they reached the very narrow passage Charlie said, "You climb up that side, and I will this. We'll get a look-see; there may be more Indians around." The boy had a .45 and four cartridges, and he knew that Charlie had only four or five cartridges for the rifle. Bert reminded his boss that they had little ammunition, and that there might be several Indians. Charlie nodded and rode on after the horses.

THEY reached camp safely, and quickly loaded their camp outfit on the pack horses. With Old Warrior leading the way they rode down to the Gila. The ordinarily shallow river was in flood and rising fast. In places it was waist deep. When Bert's mount emerged from the water Bert looked back and saw that Charlie's horse was floundering in quicksand.

In trying to dislodge the animal the man dismounted—and dropped his rifle. Soon the horse pulled loose and made its way up the bank. It was all in the nick of time for behind them several Apaches rode down to the water's edge, but so rapidly was the water roaring by, that they did not cross.

Later at the ranch Bert cleaned the guns and found that Charlie's was almost filled with sand. He removed a can full from it to show his employer how useless the Winchester would have been if needed. And he recalled the killing of a Mr. Merrill and his daughter on the Solomonville-Duncan road a year or so before.

Because their murder followed the pattern of that attributed to the Apache Kid, the renegade had been suspect. Two riders had left the scene of the killing, later shooting a stallion belonging to the Parks brothers and stopping to cook meat. So closely were they being followed, however, that they'd left without the partially cooked food. About a year later a man who stayed overnight at the ranch reported having seen horses with the Rail N brand west of Silver City. They were on the range of a big cow outfit, Lyons and Campbell, who branded LC and whose headquarters was known as the Red Barn. When Bert Judia was selected to go after the horses he was jubilant, for he was very young to be a rep. That there was animosity between the LC and the Parks boys he did not know; possibly he was selected because of that.

With his bedroll behind his saddle and very light equipment. Bert had ridden up the Gila. Unfortunately, he did not take sufficient food and had not eaten for twenty-four hours when he finally reached the Red Barn. It was about sundown. As was the custom he called and a burly man opened the bunkhouse door. The man looked at the horse, squinted at the Rail N brand, and gruffly asked what the boy wanted.

"I'm looking for some horses. Fellow told Jim Parks he saw some up this way."

The man said nothing, but stared at Bert for some time. Finally the boy asked, "What's the chance to stay overnight?"

"No chance. We've got enough chuck line riders, by gosh, around here now." With that he stepped inside and slammed the door.

Bert was angry—surprised, too, for in all his life he'd never known of a hungry man's having been so treated. Anybody, anywhere, who came to any habitation expected to be invited in to eat and to spend the night. And with no questions asked. The boy turned and rode

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JOE McCOY SCOUTS TEXAS

By ROBERT W. RICHMOND

Through a man's eyes, he couldn't say much for it—through a cow's eyes, it didn't look so bad!

FATHER of the Texas cattle trade as it applied to post-Civil War cowtowns and railheads in Kansas, Joseph G. McCoy was born in Sangamon County, Illinois on December 21, 1837. He engaged in the livestock business in his native state and then moved west in 1867, establishing himself at Abilene. McCoy had good years and lean ones in Kansas in both Abilene and Wichita and remained a part of the range cattle industry in one way or another for the rest of his life.

He ran a livestock commission house in Kansas City, Missouri for approximately eight years in the 1870s and then in 1880 was employed by the United States Census Bureau to gather statistical information on range cattle and sheep in northwestern Texas, the Indian Territory, southeastern New Mexico and western Kansas.

McCoy's 1880 trip into Texas is described in an unpublished diary which came to light only recently and is now in the manuscript collections of the Kansas State Historical Society. Some of McCoy's entries were mundane and there is a certain amount of repetitious commentary, but he did observe the land around him and he came in contact with some notable names in Texas ranching history. He was handicapped that year by illness which must have made horseback and buckboard travel even more uncomfortable than it would have been ordinarily.

McCoy left Caldwell, Kansas on the afternoon of June 19, 1880, and headed for Red River Station in Montague County, accompanied by his nephew, Seely McCoy. On July 23 McCoy wrote: "After provoking delay get ferried over Red River which is flooded and pull up to Red R. Station, a small seedy unenterprising burg of 150 ornry souls. Go out three miles and camp. . . ."

For the next two days McCoy shot jackrabbits, swapped horses, and gathered information about stock in the area. On the 27th he struck camp and pulled out for the town of Montague in search of a doctor. Both he and his nephew were under the weather by that time. Montague in his words was "a dingy dead town located in sandy brushy woodland . . . settled with old foggy people living in open unchinked round log cabins." He added that no large herds of stock were kept there and that "ignorance [was] the chief bliss."

McCoy's next target was Henrietta, county seat of Clay County. Every so often McCoy threw a comment into the diary that referred to politics or politicians and he did so on August 2 when he noted that they camped on Belknap Creek. "Savoury name for a creek," he wrote, thinking of that time not many years before when William Belknap, as Grant's secretary of war, found chicanery to his liking.

In Clay County McCoy took note of the appearance of mesquite, the improving quality of roads, and the increasing numbers of cattle. He also ran into a former employe, Clay Bowers, who had come to Texas from Illinois. Several other Illinoisans had settled in Clay County and McCoy thought that they were "enterprising, intelligent and thrifty" and that Henrietta was "a promising county seat." McCoy also found that Clay County farmers along the Red were producing watermelons in abundance.

ON AUGUST 10 the cattle census taker arrived in Wichita Falls and noted that it was "a new town of immense expectations." He visited Dan Waggoner's ranch (Waggoner, too, was from Illinois), Burk Burnett's "6666" ranch on Pond Creek, and one of the Ikard brothers' operations—the latter had interests in Wichita, Baylor and Archer Counties, and had pioneered in that part of Texas in 1872, persevering against Indians and weather. At this time McCoy made his first contact with a sheep rancher, a man named Banta who had suffered 50% losses during the previous winter on Beaver Creek.

Working out of Wichita Falls he noted that the range was the "best seen in Texas" and he checked on cattle owned by the Harrold brothers' Bar-X ranch in Wilbarger County. Near the head of the Little Wichita he hit the trail from Fort Griffin and followed it into Seymour, county seat of Baylor County. He crossed the Brazos to visit another rancher and a flood came along which kept him from getting back to town. On August 18 he was able to return to Seymour, went over records with the county clerk there, and returned to his camp where he assisted in the burial of an infant who had died near the campsite. "It was a sore, sad duty," he wrote.

At Seymour, McCoy was hard hit by illness. He commented on his high fever, sleepless nights and severe headaches. He got calomel from a local physician, took quinine, and for a couple of days thought he was getting well. Then on September 9 he took a turn for the worse and the doctor advised that he go back to Kansas until he was better. Certainly he was in no shape to continue his census work at that point.

McCoy borrowed a buggy and started for home. Judging by his journal entries it must have been a miserable trip. He received medication and better food in Henrietta and commented, "God bless the women." On September 14 he caught the stage at Henrietta for Gainesville, westernmost point on the Katy. The following day he boarded the train for Denison, Topeka, and home.

By October 12, McCoy was well enough to go to Dodge City. Later he visited Newton and Caldwell, all in the interest of the government's cattle survey. Soon he was back in Denison, getting set to head west again. On October 30 he wrote that he was in Knox County on the south fork of the Wichita "amidst a rough broken country and cedar breaks." He had planned to go to Mt. Blanco in Crosby County but his fever had returned so he abandoned that plan and headed north across what he described as "fair stock country, rather broken."

On November 2, election day, he wrote: "Hurrah for Hanfield and Garcock and the Weaver that got hung in radical yarn," thus expressing his anti-Greenback feeling from the Texas frontier. On that same day he met a rancher with 2,300 sheep going south looking for a place to settle, and commented, "Wisdom will surely die in their bellies but not in their heads." McCoy was violently ill the next day but he took his quinine and felt better.

On the 4th he reached Tee Pee City (in Cottle County), then in the second year of its fairly brief life, having noted that there was a hog ranch in the vicinity at which wild turkeys were used for food. He crossed the Tongue, or the south fork of the Pease River, and recorded that the basin was rough and rolling, with grass aplenty and water scarce. On November 7 his mules stampeded and he chased them ten miles before he caught them and could continue to northern Hall County. He rode into a norther for twenty-five miles and finally reached Clarendon, "a cheerful village . . . amid abrupt bluffs and pretty running streams." His next

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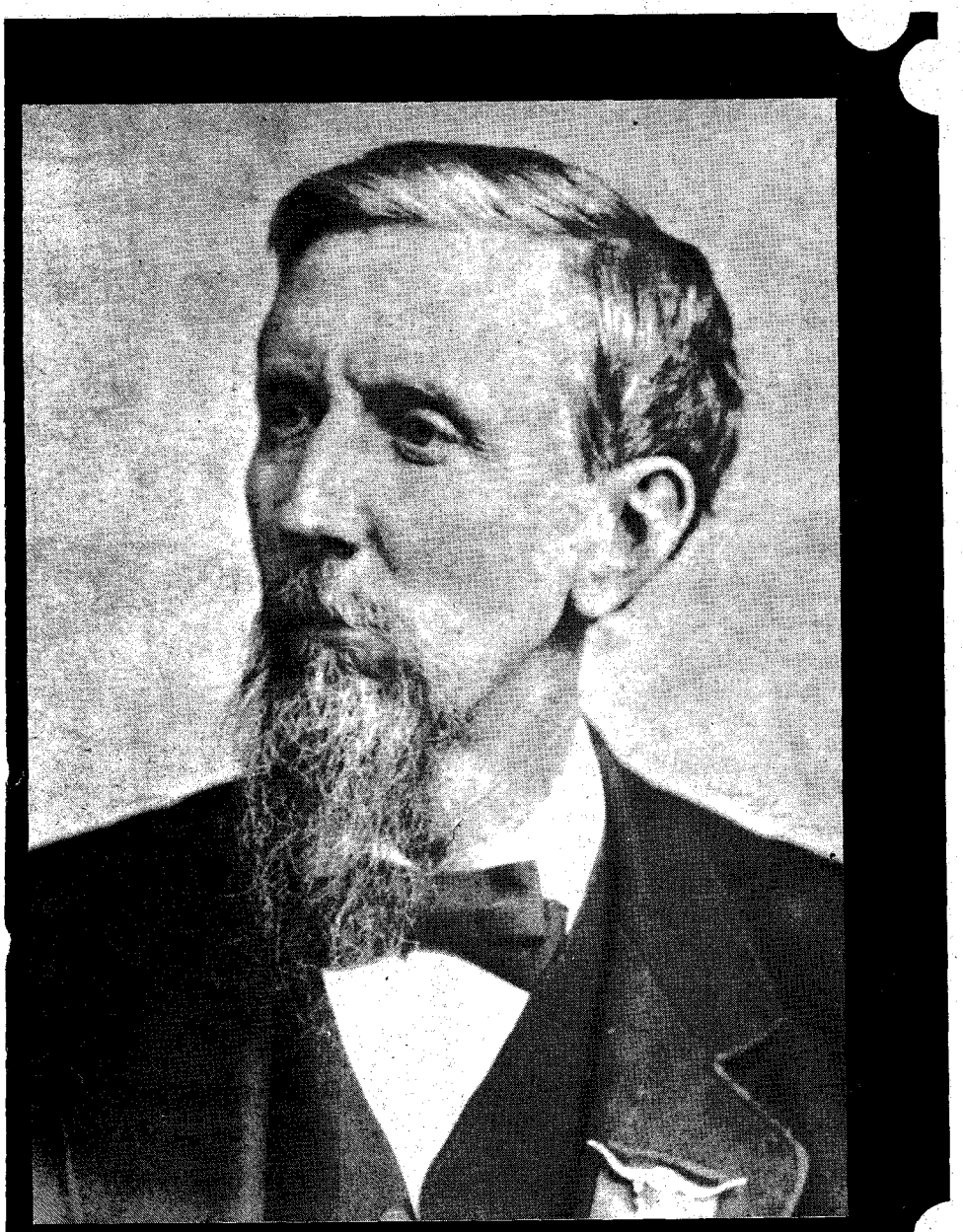

Joseph G. McCoy Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

stop was a dugout in Gray County but on the 11th he reached Fort Elliott.

For the next ten days at Elliott and Mobeetie Joe McCoy assembled his reports on the 1880 cattle drives and the country he had seen. The weather was so bitter he must have found it a welcome relief to do his paper work in the comfort of a hotel.

ON THE 21st he crossed the Washita and reached the Canadian which was filled with ice. His hack got stuck in quicksand and the horses were almost lost. Fortunately some troops on the road helped him out of his predicament and McCoy reached Camp Supply in the Indian Territory late at night. For a time he was out of Texas, checking as far north as southwestern Kansas. He liked what he saw on the Cimarron and the Beaver, as far as grazing prospects were concerned.

December 8 was enlivened by driving west up Wolf Creek into the Texas Panhandle and bagging seven wild turkeys. This was "a fine stock region with considerable timber on main streams and tributaries. Plenty of shelter and good grass," he wrote, but he added that the grass was changing and that there was more sage and less grama. The next day his mules ran away again and he spent a full day retrieving them—so that they could pull their picket pins again two days later and let him run them down once more. He visited Morgan's ranch on the Canadian in Roberts County and on the 15th stopped at what he called "Bugbee's old ranch," which was presumably Thomas Bugbee's headquarters of the Quarter-Circle T near Adobe Walls in Hutchinson County.

After traveling through a heavy snowstorm, McCoy reached Tascosa where he was happy to find letters from his family. He commented that "the Cannadian is densley stocked. Many well graded cattle all along up Cannadian river." He spent some time in Tascosa preparing additional reports on both cattle and sheep and then on the 23rd headed farther west. No sage grass here but very fine grama, he wrote. Twenty-five miles beyond Tascosa he found A. B. Legard's sheep ranch which was the finest he had seen with good range and "15,000 high grade sheep."

It was on to Trygillo and more large herds of sheep and then to Fort Bascom in New Mexico, a route which took him along the northern edge of the Staked Plains. Before he got there he fought more snow and cold, chased his runaway mules again, found some hospitable ranchers, and took a wrong turn in the road between Arrajo del Monte Ruevelta and Bascom. He saw Tucumcari Mountain and picked up mail from a half-dozen places although he was perplexed that there was no mail awaiting him anywhere from Charles W. Gordon, his census supervisor.

On January 3 of the new year, 1881, he decided to go to Las Vegas, New Mexico, and see if telegrams sent from there would bring him new instructions from Gordon, but found orders waiting en route at La Cinta post office. During the weeks spent in New Mexico McCoy visited the South Spring River ranch of former Texan John Chisum—southeast of Roswell—and was concerned about the number of dead cattle there.

The survey came to an end January 29. McCoy sold his outfit and boarded the Santa Fe for Topeka. His work, and the work of people like him, led to one of the most comprehensive reports on livestock and the country in which it was raised that had been published to date in the United States; *Statistics of Agriculture* from the Tenth Census of the United States, 1880, is a volume of extremely valuable historical material regarding the economic, agricultural and social facets of the American West. Names of pioneer settlers, geographical data, ecological and environmental information, and statistics for both herds and dollars are included. The roundup, the trail herds, even the pay of a sheepherder, were scrupulously recorded.

For example, from McCoy's field reports derived this kind of information: "The valley [of the Red River] is about 90 miles long by from 10 to 20 miles broad. The side walls rise perpendicularly to a height of from 600 to 1,000 feet, constituting impassable barriers and inclosing a magnificent pasture of many thousands of acres. It includes all the watered portion of the immediate section of country, and is owned and occupied by a single firm, which holds 20,000 head of cattle. . . . At the sources of the Brazos River . . . the diminutive streams which form the sources of the Brazos River between the one hundred and first and one hundred and second meridians and the thirty-third and thirty-fourth parallels furnished the only water within a wide range of country where luxuriant buffalo grass, covering a breadth of from 50 to 75 miles, furnishes grazing. Pasture, however, 10 miles from water is value-

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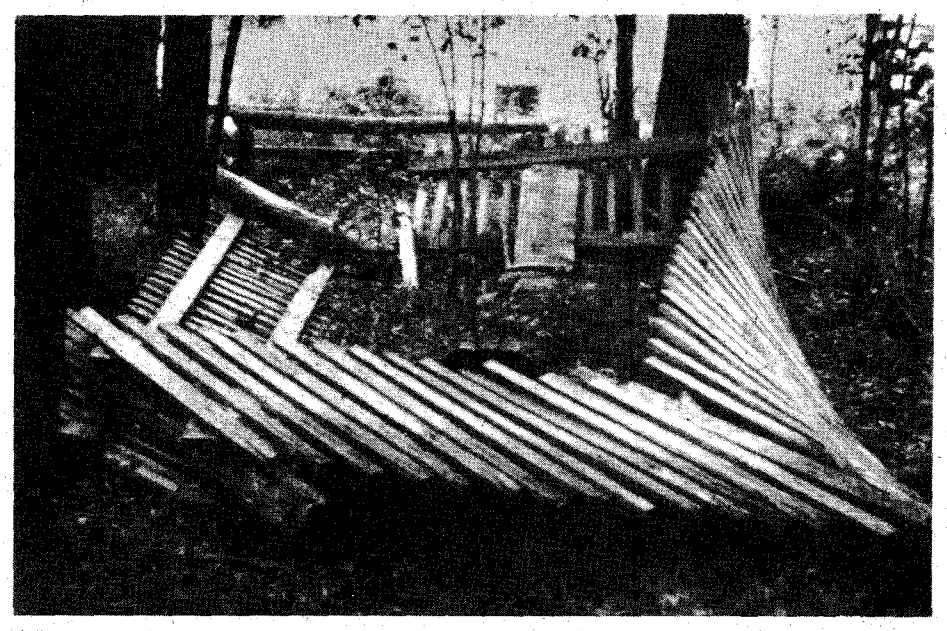
GREATEST "PUBLIC LIBRARY" —THE CEMETERY

History, poetry, drama, mystery, art—with a card catalogue of marble—everything is there for students of the West (including a short course in Humility!)

By J. S. SAMPSON
Photos Courtesy Author



Sandstone gravemarkers intricately carved into tree and log forms. Note the detailed workmanship. The "tree" above stands in the cemetery above the little town of Erie, Colorado.

Tis hard to break the tender cord when love has bound the heart.
Tis hard to speak the word must we forever part?
Dearest loved one we have laid thee in the peaceful grave's embrace but thy memory will be cherished till we see thy heavenly face.

THESE poignant lines are carved on an old headstone in the Louisville, Colorado cemetery. Touching as the poetry is, it tells only half the story, for this single stone covers two persons, a young mother who died in 1904 at the age of eighteen years, and her infant son who died eleven days later, aged seventeen days.

All too often one finds these double graves in the old burial plots—a mother who died in childbirth and an infant who died at birth or shortly thereafter. It is a well-known medical fact that bearing children presented serious hazards for pioneer mothers, but one marble headstone with a few lines of poetry carved on it turns that statistic into an eloquent story from the past.

Tragedy, history, and the matter-of-fact peace that the hand of Time lays on all things are found in ancient graveyards. To the historian the old sections of the cemetery are a text. Most of his "characters" are here, under a simple name and date. Indeed, all of his stories and all of his research lead him eventually to that last chapter in the graveyard. Sometimes his story begins here when information taken from the names and dates begins to fall into place like the pieces of a puzzle. For example, the cemetery in Hot Springs, South Dakota has an old section in which many children

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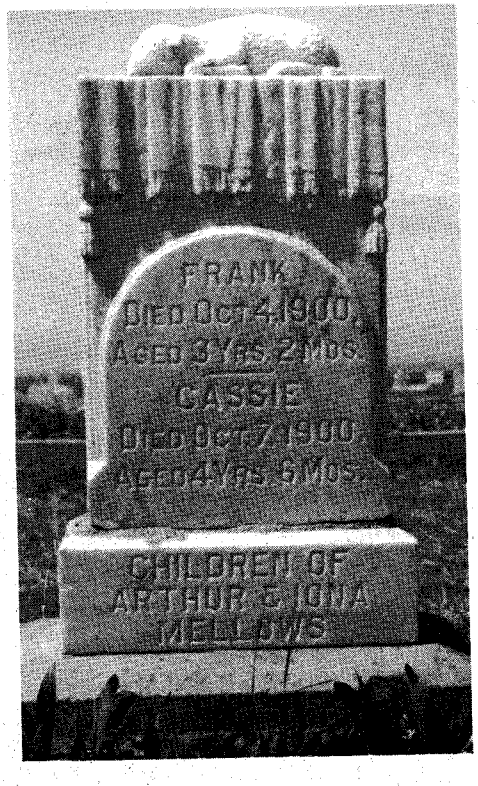
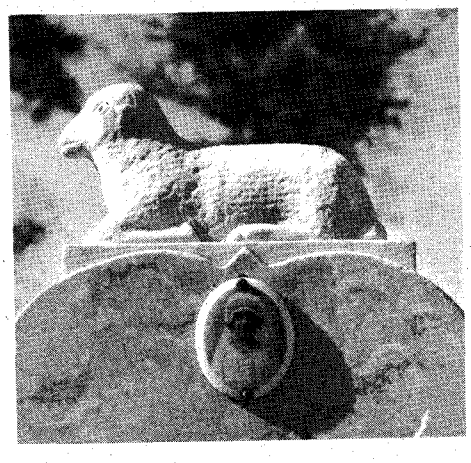
Above, this "log" stone shows the same careful attention to detail. At right, the practice of painting a religious painting directly on the stone, or affixing it to it, became popular.





At left, under the white lambs one may find chiseled some of the shortest but most eloquent stories of sorrow. Below, the practice of painting a religious picture directly on the stone gradually evolved until one occasionally finds a permanent photograph of the deceased on the stone.

are buried. Most of these youngsters died in 1890 and 1891, and one can make a calculated guess that a search of the records would show that an epidemic swept Hot Springs during those years.

Many of Colorado's old cemeteries bear the same sad, mute testimony of illnesses which swept through frontier communities, and the fragile ones—the children—died first when this happened. Under the shade of aspens and fluttering wild flowers one can find white marble stones with little lambs carved on top.

Years ago these lovely stones were used on the graves of children, and I have seen as many as five of them in one family plot. All had died within the heartbreaking span of two weeks, and they were all very young. Few of us are called upon to face a personal disaster of this magnitude, and we can only gaze down at these markers and be thankful for modern medical practices which we take so much for granted—smallpox and diptheria inoculations, for example.

Several of the most historic mountain cemeteries in the state—the one at Caribou is a good example—have been badly damaged by both weather and vandals. Groups of concerned citizens and local historial societies try to keep some of these cemeteries in good repair, but one vicious binge by vandals causes irreparable damage, and fierce winter storms take a yearly toll of wooden markers and fences.

THE MOST UNIQUE burial photograph in my collection is one of a Sioux "rack" burial. Many years ago I saw a rack burial on the Rosebud Indian Reservation in South Dakota. A law had been passed, even then, forbidding the Indians to bury their dead in this manner, but it was an ancient Sioux practice, and old customs do not pass quickly. It was, after all, not such a terrible way for a nomadic people to bury their dead.

Once in a while an historian is confronted with the problem of records that give different and conflicting dates of birth and/or burial on the person about whom he is writing. Furthermore, the spelling of names can differ in the various sources he is using. If the headstone erected for that person can be found, chances are that the dates, at least, will be correct. The spelling of the name may or may not be accurate, much depending on the literacy and pride in workmanship of the stonecutter.

Any historian runs the risk of being turned into a cemetery buff. When this happens, every graveyard becomes a treasure house. One collects data on types of headstones, styles of fences around family plots, and the terrain and ecology of individual cemeteries. One learns how to spot the oldest sections, and where the segregated and pauper plots are most likely to be.

One develops preferences. For instance, I detest the modern "ticky tacky" tombstones that are all alike and flat to accommodate that all-important vehicle, the lawn mower! I do not like the new sections of a cemetery where the sense of grief and loss are too fresh, and I find military cemeteries a bit depressing because the markers are all the same and arranged so symetrically.

One of my favorite stones is a particularly handsome and artistic sandstone monument carved in the perfect likeness of a tree or a log. Some very good examples of this type of marker can be found in the Erie, Colorado cemetery.

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

and then heated the tire in the sun and put it back on—he said it was better than a regular shrink.—Frank Tinker, Trout Creek, Montana 59874

Author's reply: The three pieces of iron shown on page 38, June TRUE WEST, "Old West Curiosa," are bull shoes (ox). My carbon copy of the caption says that "the upper three are bull shoes." This was left off in the published article. However, that shouldn't have made any difference. The caption as published refers to the horseshoe.

The wood shrinking trough—I never saw one used with oil to tighten the wood in a wagon wheel. Every one I saw used had water in it, the loose part of the wheel left in it overnight. However, I am sure that many different ways were used in various areas of the West. It hardly mattered as long as the job got done. In addition to all this, most blacksmiths had a machine that shrank the iron tire. It had a series of notches, cog-like, that fitted together, and power was applied to a long bar. When the iron tires shrank to fit the wood, or tighten it, the machine left an edge like the milled edge you see on a silver dollar.

★ ★ ★

Just received your June magazine. I like the stories fine, but I just have to write and hope you'll print this letter to set your readers straight.

The "hand thresher" is a seed grain cleaner as any ten-year-old boy or girl that ever turned one while their dad cleaned his seed can tell you. Later a small motor was used.

This fence jack gauge was used and I've used lots of them when the holes and poles were bored and sharpened by hand. Later a machine was used to auger the holes and sharpen the poles. No nails were needed for this type fence.

These hay saws are common up here and could still be used on long hay if one were forking it by hand. We call them hay knives. I have one like the center one in your picture.

Regarding the horseshoes, the top three are ox shoes which come in pairs or sets of four or eight as oxen have cloven hooves.

The one at the bottom was no doubt a horseshoe until some blacksmith made something else from it. If this was ever nailed on a horse's foot it would surely have crippled him for life.

This pan was used to soak wood wheels in as well as wagon or buggy wheels and even wooden car wheels. It would be set on the ground and a small fire under and beside it. The wheel was set in and turned slowly and boiled in linseed oil to swell and tighten and preserve the wood from rotting.—Harold J. Lowman, Sentinel Butte, North Dakota 58654

Author's reply: Taking the most important item in "Old West Curiosa," that you call a seed cleaner. It undoubtedly could have been, and most likely was, also used for that purpose. When Mormon settlers came to Arizona in 1876, to Tuba City north of here, they had nothing to thresh grain with except animals or by hand. So they constructed hand threshers, just like the one shown in TRUE WEST. They called it a grain head threshing machine, and at that time many were used in the remote settlements of southern Utah. As late as 1925 one of these hand-operated machines was still to be seen at Tuba City. A Mormon who had lived there as a boy and all his life told me that he had worn big callouses on his hands operating one on his father's farm.

Amigo, you and I are from a lost generation, for no ten year old boy could possibly identify such a machine—seed cleaner, hand grain thresher or not. This particular one had been on public display at Jamestown, California for ten years and not even the old-timers there knew what it was, until I happened along and saw it.

The fence jack gauge hasn't been used in Montana for many years where I found this one. When ranchers quit using the method of pinning the posts together they notched and nailed them, and are doing so right now.

Hay saws—used them myself, and they could also be used to cut ice out of creeks or ponds and store in an ice house. I've seen much of this done.

Ox shoes—better known as bull shoes. That is correct. They are ox shoes and now valuable as a collector's item, but they were not mentioned in the story.

Horseshoe — despite what you think, and I did the same until ending my doubts by talking to the man who had the horse that wore the shoe. This shoe was specially made for a hoof that had a cut in it low on the rear part of the frog. Shucks, on the normal hoof of a horse, this shoe would have lamed inside a few hundred yards. The shoe was worn on a horse near Downey, Idaho. The owner told me that the shoe enabled his horse to walk, trot and run like any other. He was about to shoot the crippled horse when a Malad blacksmith told him he could contrive the shoe. The shoe is now in the collection of Clint Aldous, an old retired cowboy.

You evidently have a lengthy knowledge of old things of the long-gone West. Thank you for taking the time to write.

Editor's note: Following are additional comments on the story. We did not send Maurice these letters for individual replies since most points had been covered in the first two complaints we received. Our appreciation to all of you, nevertheless.

★ ★ ★

Upon looking at your June '72 issue of TRUE WEST, I am in disagreement with Maurice Kildare's statement that the pictured item on the left-hand top of page 36 is a "hand grain thresher." There are still several of these items in existence here in Pennsylvania and they are called "fanning mills." They are used to clean grain, not to thresh it. Grain was put through them to get rid of chaff, short pieces of straw, etc.

Old fanning mills were manufactured over a hundred years ago in two villages of our township—Wallaceville and Sun-

(Continued on page 72)

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LAST CALL!

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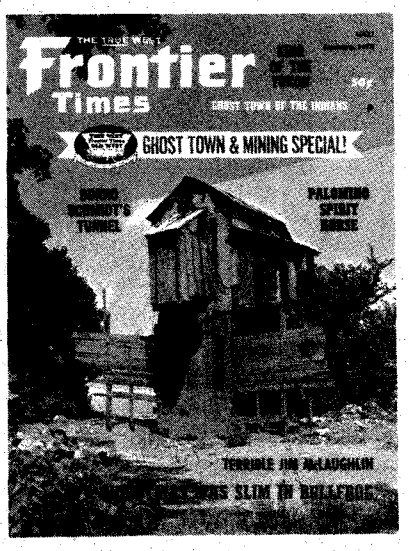

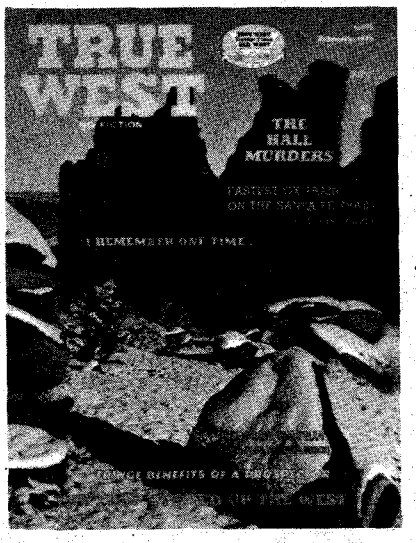

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THE TRAP OPENED UP THE WEST

By A. D. HOPKINS, JR.
Photos Courtesy Author

Below, laid out on two close-cropped beaver furs are two common traps of the mountain-man period—one set, the other sprung. At left is a butcher knife, a favorite hunting knife for many mountain men. At rear, a beaver hat perched atop the leather case in which the finer hats were stored. The flask leaning against the case was used for castoreum, the beaver trapper's "bait."

EVERYBODY knows the saying about better mousetraps, worlds, paths, and doors, but collectors are only recently beginning to realize how much effort has gone into attempts to build better traps, not just for mice but for all manner of animals, and actually how little improvement has been made. For the better trap was built more than 100 years ago— and except in one or two characteristics, has not been excelled by all the inventive efforts of a century.

The trap's origins are buried deep in prehistory, which is in itself an interesting point because the trap represents a type of automation, which did not emerge in most other forms until modern times.

Virtually all principles employed in modern traps were on the scene when the first light of history began. There were nets for fish, mammals, and birds; snares for everything; pits for heavy animals; pens for birds and pigs; weirs for fish and aquatic mammals; deadfalls for all manner of game; sticky limes for birds, and endless variations and combinations of these.

Nor have these devices fallen into disuse. All are still practiced regularly by primitive peoples. Even in America, hunters and wilderness-roamers often make themselves familiar with snares or the figure-four deadfall as insurance. In the southeastern United States boys customarily set rabbit "gums"—archetypal live-traps usually made of boards these days but sometimes made of sections of hollowed logs, as they have been for centuries.

The steel-jawed trap associated with professional trapping existed in primitive form prior to 1500. By 1590 one L. Mascall, an author, was able to describe a sophisticated vermin trap with two springs, toothed jaws, holes to pin the trap to the ground, a sharp pin on the pan to hold the bait, a rotating, touchy pan, and even jaws of graduated width, a characteristic which caused the trap to hold the game tighter the higher the spring rose.

Like conventional steel traps, this one involved two jaws hinged at each end to a single post; the spring in its compressed state rested around the post and was held down by the open jaws, which in turn were held open by a "dog" extending across the jaws to the pan. When

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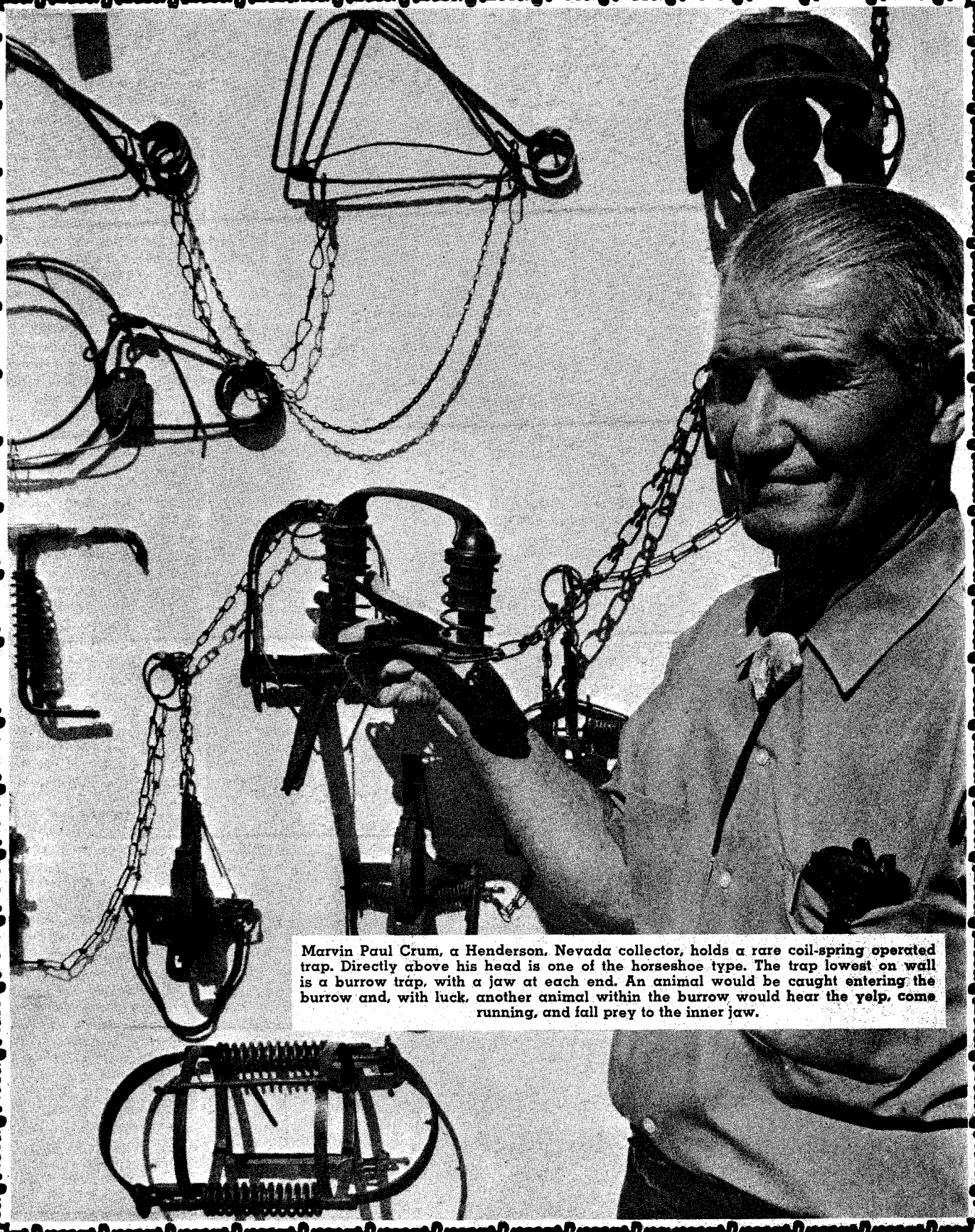
One more item is added to the list of disparate manipulators of the American frontier. The revolver, the horse, the windmill, barbed wire—there were many with an important role, but the way was laid by the trap . . .



Marvin Paul Crum, a Henderson, Nevada collector, holds a rare coil-spring operated trap. Directly above his head is one of the horseshoe type. The trap lowest on wall is a burrow trap, with a jaw at each end. An animal would be caught entering the burrow and, with luck, another animal within the burrow would hear the yelp, come running, and fall prey to the inner jaw.

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the pan was distributed, the dog fell free and the spring rose, a small hole in its end binding ever tighter the gradually-widening jaws.

Steel traps are believed to have predated even the first colonists in North America, brought by explorers and trappers. At any rate there are some exceedingly old traps being found in America.

The most quickly recognized characteristic of early traps is the round base. Most traps made as late as the 19th century display no such base, though conservative trapmakers sometimes added this flat ring of steel as late as 1850. The circular base added weight, and weight was desirable in capturing aquatic animals. Later trapmakers, however, preferred to get some additional use out of the weight, in an extra spring or holding chain, and depended on the wide-spread jaws to hold the trap upright, replacing the round base with a single metal strip.

The spring employed in these early traps is typically a doubled leaf spring; the lower end of which may be fixed to the base rather than free-playing as is the upper end that closes the jaws. Both ends play free on the typical steel trap.

THE TRAP'S greatest role in this country's history came in the first few decades of the 19th century, when fur trappers were responsible for greatly expanding the effective boundaries of the United States.

In the first three years of that century Great Britain cast covetous eyes upon the Northwest. Considering the British dangerous neighbors and also knowing a bargain when he saw it, Thomas Jefferson in 1803 bought out France's newly acquired interest in what became the central United States. Then he sent Lewis and Clark to find out what he'd bought. These individuals returned with much information, including reports of vast fur reserves to be found in specific areas.

In the agrarian society of Jefferson's day, there were only a couple of ways for a country boy to get rich speedily. One was to find gold, and the other was to become a trapper. Trapping was lucrative for a couple of reasons: it involved the exploitation of a previously untapped resource, and it afforded an opportunity to apply automation in a society still bound to manual labor.

But the overriding reason was the beaver hat. Beaver fur, which was also native to Europe, long had been recognized as the best possible material for making headgear. The fur on the live animal is about as attractive as a wet dog, but underneath the rough exterior coat of guard hairs rests a thick coat of fur or wool almost as soft as chinchilla and unusually durable.

A hatter shaved the hide clean, then separated the wool from hair by a winnowing process. Adding the fine wool, bit by bit, to a revolving copper cone, he built up a cone of beaver felt which was then placed in a mold and formed into the desired shape. Shellac was applied from within to help maintain its appearance. More of the fine fur was applied to the outside and stroked in one direction so that, after the hat was finished, it seemed to have grown its own coat. Such a hat was a treasured possession; the high models favored by dandies of the 1820s were kept in carrying and storage cases of leather.

In search of beaver the area west of the Mississippi was invaded first by companies organized to trade for furs with the Indians and also to trap, working out of established posts. Then, in the 1820s, companies of pure trappers were organized to go where fur was, with a minimum of impedimenta, and the rendezvous era of the fur trade—the era that produced our idea of the mountain man—was born.

The mountain man evolved because it was possible for the strongest, bravest, and smartest of the whites to compete with the average Indian on Indian ground and win. The mountain man wasn't just a man who had gone west—he was a man who was perhaps a frontiersman before he left home, and who went west and survived there. He had other advantages, also. He already knew how to trap.

The Indian liked fur but, because he did not have the tremendous profit incentive, had not developed trapping to the high degree the white had. He learned it quickly from the white—but by the time he learned it, the prime fur was gone from his tribal territory.

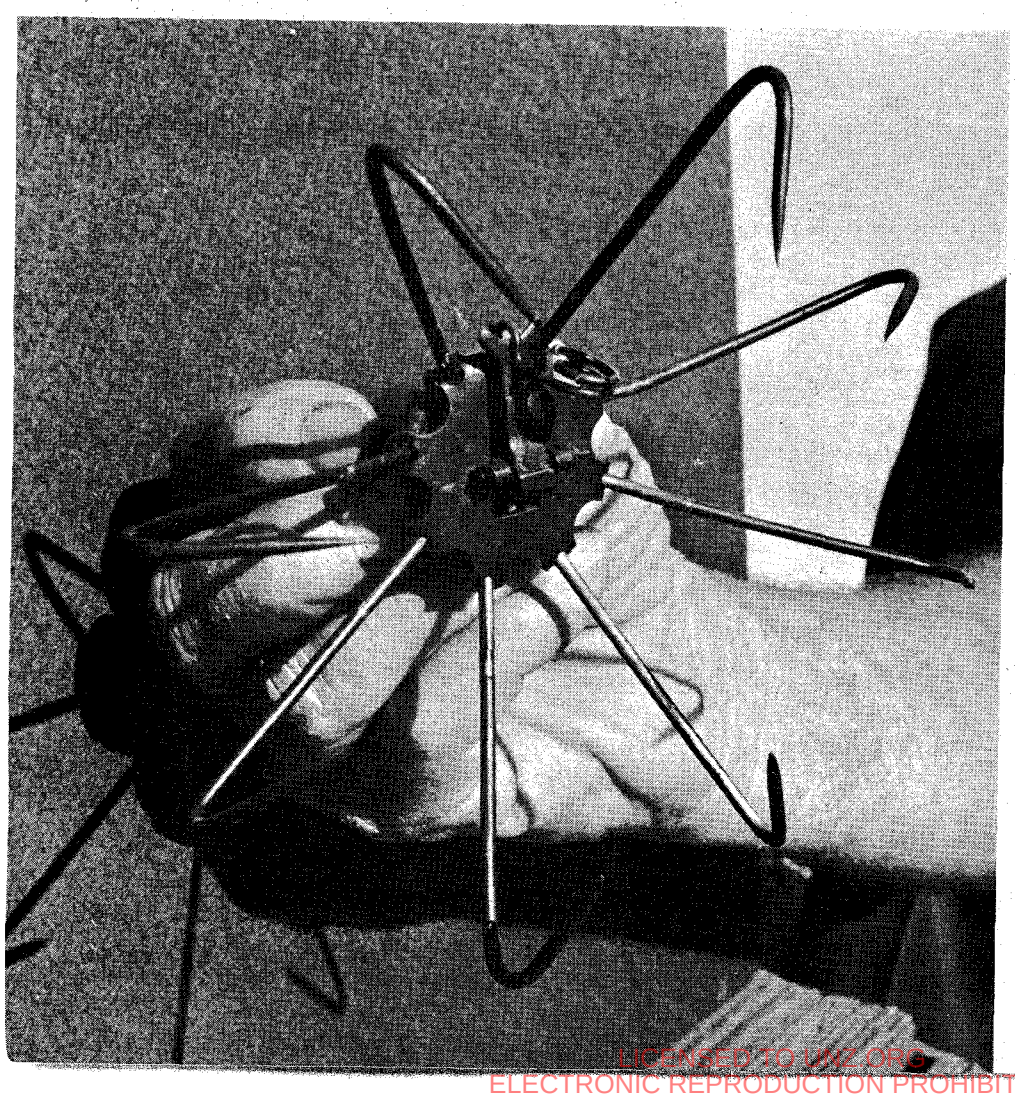
The mountain man, having exhausted a territory, could move on. An Indian, however, was a Crow or Blackfoot or Sioux and could not move out of his own country without danger. Moreover, he had a life style to support, and it took time, if not money, to make medicine, raise children, make ritual war, steal horses, worship, and maintain his status among his fellows. The mountain man had little of that to worry about. He had only two real interests—staying alive and amassing a lot of pelts. All of his intelligence and the technology he had learned in the civilization left behind him were applied to these two goals.

The Indian, prior to learning to use the steel trap, sometimes took beaver with deadfalls and snares on land, but more often in organized winter hunts speared the furbearers in their houses and drove them into nets set beneath the ice. Pulled to the surface, they then were clubbed. The beaver was also shot as opportunity arose. All of these methods raised a lot more hell in the beaver colony than did the white's subtle trapping, and therefore delayed restoration of the colony for a longer period.

THE MOUNTAIN MAN'S trap was similar to the classic trap of today,

(Continued on page 62)

An Evans trap, inspired by eagle talons, was patented in 1877. A single spring worked all eight "talons." The Thayer claw trap, of similar design, employed a spring for each of three "claws."



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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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GREAT DOBIE STORIES

J. Frank Dobie's genius for story telling flared most brilliantly when he wrote about people who excelled in their own specialties whether cowboy, artist, hunter, bird-lover, oil driller or author. *Out of the Old Rock* (Little Brown, $6.95) is a book of sixteen of the author's choice stories selected by his esteemed wife, Bertha M. Dobie. *Out of the Old Rock* includes brief biographies of a preaching cowpuncher, a gunman, a trail driver, a homesteader, a ranchman, an ornithologist, singer-archivist John Lomax, artist-novelist Tom Lea, several teachers and authors including southwestern historian Walter Prescott Webb and E. Douglas Branch, the brilliant young writer who followed a wrong trail and died penniless on skid row. Those who knew J. Frank Dobie found him to be a dedicated author and folklorist who applied himself as skillfully to writing the contents of *Out of the Old Rock* as he did when he wrote such masterpieces as *The Mustangs, The Longhorns, Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver*. The book is a tribute to Mrs. Dobie's rare judgment in selecting the right stories for the volume.

LINCOLN COUNTY DAYS

My Girlhood Among Outlaws (University of Arizona Press, $7.50 cloth, $4.75 paper) by Lily Klasner throws much new light on eastern New Mexico history and on the lives of cattle baron John Chisum and Billy the Kid as well. Lily's longhand manuscript was rescued from an attic trunk and John Chisum's sketchy memoirs were finally made available by one of the rancher's nieces. The two rare items were edited by Eve Ball. Five-year-old Lily moved with her family from Mason, Texas to the Rio Hondo in New Mexico, where her father became a leading rancher, miller and storekeeper. They suffered from Indian raids on the way and uprisings were common thereafter. Lily became a skilled hand with ranch, livestock and store chores. The family regularly exchanged visits with friend John Chisum who advised the mother and children after the father's untimely death. Bob Olinger worked for Lily's father and the two were probably sweethearts at the time Billy the Kid killed Bob. Some of Olinger's effects including his pistol, were inherited by her. In due time Lily taught school, was married, divorced, and again taught school. Those interested in John Chisum and the Lincoln County War will find information differing with much of the accepted history. Lily claimed Bob Olinger was a kind, generous man, certainly different from what many chroniclers have said about him. We had hoped more would have been forthcoming from the Chisum manuscript. Most of the new facts about John comes from Lily's memory of him. Much of his own writings dealt with his jailing in January and February 1878 and his imaginary court proceedings. His jailing was a part of the chicanery of a powerful Santa Fe political ring, apparently jealous of John's success as an influencial rancher. Despite some shortcomings in Lily's and Chisum's manuscripts, there is much that the reader can learn about the hardships and day-to-day living on the New Mexico frontier.

APACHE CHIEF

The First Hundred Years of Nino Cochise; The Untold Story of an Apache Indian Chief (Abelard-Schuman, $9.95) by Ciye Nino Cochise as told to A. Kinney Griffith is the autobiography of the grandson of the great Apache Chief Cochise. Nino's father, Tahze, died of pneumonia in Washington, D. C. in 1876, two years after Nino's birth and the death of Cochise. Tahze had arranged for his own clan of thirty-eight people to escape and disappear during a move from their Apache ancestral lands to the San Carlos Reservation under the Indian agent John Philip Glum. Pa-Gotzin-Kay was the fertile oasis stronghold, high in the Sierra Madre where the "nameless ones" lived. Here they were visited by the wild ones, Geronimo, and others of the renegade Apaches who raided whites north of the border and Mexicans to the south. But Nino's mother Niome, the Queen Bee, and the other nameless ones, unknown to the military or the Indian agency, lived largely in peace in the old ways for many years. Nino's story traces his development to chief, his alliance with American ranchers, his long and friendly relationship with Tom Jeffords, "blood brother" of Cochise. Finally, the ways of the Mexican and white man undermined the tranquility of Pa-Gotzin-Kay. War with Mexican revolutionaries, a tragic end to his happy marriage, and several years of service as bodyguard to Bill Greene, copper magnate at the Cananea copper mines, served to prepare Nino for his return to the States. He buried his mother beside his wife and began to follow the ways of the white man. He was a movie extra in Hollywood, became a pilot with some crop-dusting associates, and lost his leg in an airplane crash at the age of seventy-five. Finally, he lost his magnificent collection of Apache memorabilia in a flood. Nino returned to Arizona, near the place of his birth, where he lives today. This is an absorbing story which portrays the struggle of the Apache with the white man—and perhaps his greatest battle, trying to understand and fit into the white man's way.

WANTED!

Those wanting a novelty Texas badman publication can buy a 1971 reprint from The Lost & Found, P. O. Box 1076-B, Garland, Texas 75040. Price is $1.30. The item is *List of Fugitives from Justice—1891—Part VII*, which is a compilation from sheriffs by the Adjutant General's Office, Austin, Texas, 1891. Over 700 badmen were wanted and the counties with the largest numbers on the dodge were Bexar, Bosque, Dallas and Denton. A big percentage of the culprits were wanted for murder and horse and cattle stealing.

COAST COUNTRY

Texas Coastal Bend: People and Places (Naylor, $7.95) by Alpha Kennedy Wood is a history of the portion of the Texas coastal plain lying between the Guadalupe and Nueces Rivers. This area was visited by early French and Spanish explorers and pirates. Much of Texas history, including the fight for independence, unfolded on this stage and it was an important source of supplies for the Confederate Army. It was the great natural pastureland on which Texas' livestock industry started, flourished and spread northward across the Great Plains. The coastal cities were early resort areas and special trains carried vacationers to the water from inland cities. Mrs. Wood, a descendant of famous families prominent in the development and history of the area, retells its story including the tragedies of the great hurricanes and the prophecies of a bright future.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code. TRUE WEST, published bimonthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher, Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 264,355; last single issue: 240,300. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 122,732; last single issue: 110,911. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 32,240; last single issue: 33,446. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 154,972; last single issue: 144,357. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Average copies distributed during last twelve months to news agents but not sold: 107,883; last single issue: 94,443. Average total distribution last twelve months: 263,355; last single issue: 239,300. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 29, 1972.

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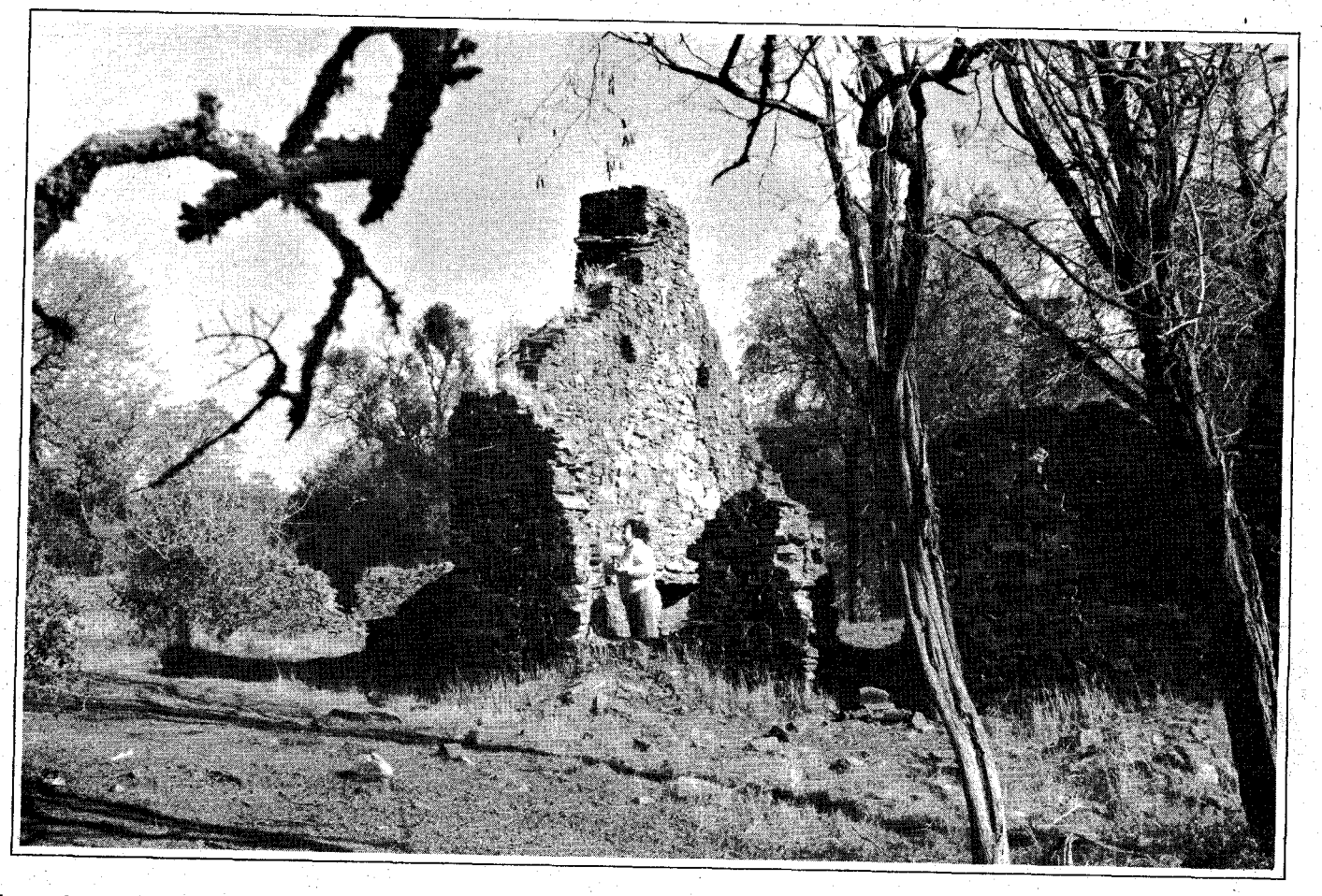
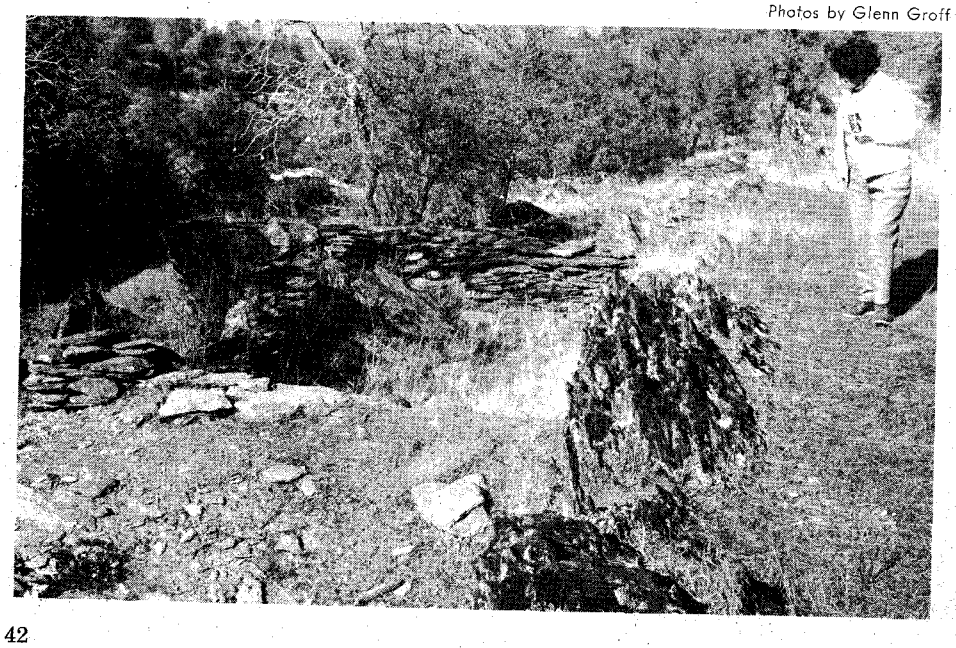
Wild Old Days!



Above, the chimney and end walls of this building are nearly intact. It is the best preserved of the structures in "Lost City." Below, a primitive dry wall making use of a natural outcrop of basalt for one wall.

Photos by Glenn Groff



WHO WERE THEY?

By Nina M. Groff

WHO were the builders of "Lost City"? Where did they come from, and where did they go? Why was the settlement abandoned, not once but several times? All these questions come to mind as you wander among the ruins of a mysterious little settlement in the foothills of Calaveras County in California.

The first inhabitants were Indians, probably of Miwok stock. Evidence of this is a mortar stone with around a dozen holes. Most are quite deep, indicating use over a long period of time.

Present owners of the property believe the next inhabitants were fur traders, who were known to have been in the general area before the gold rush of 1849.

Neither the Mexican government nor the Spanish before them was cordial to persons of other nations, so it is unlikely that these traders and trappers would have advertised their presence. There were French trappers and traders em-

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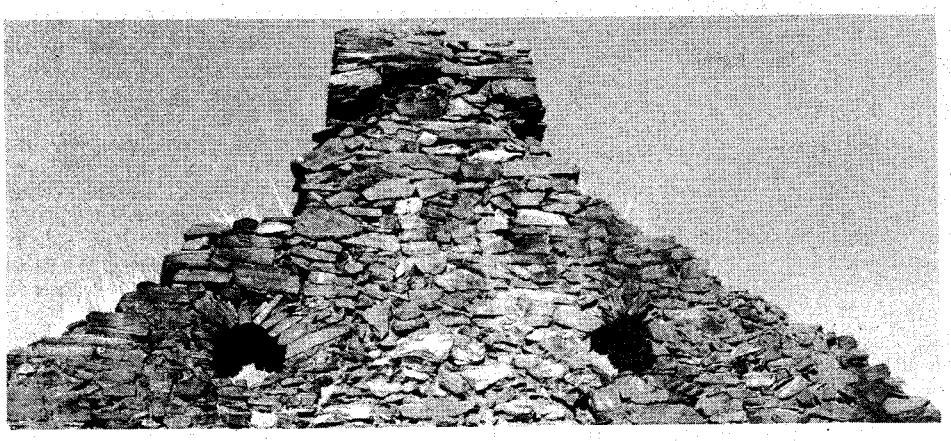
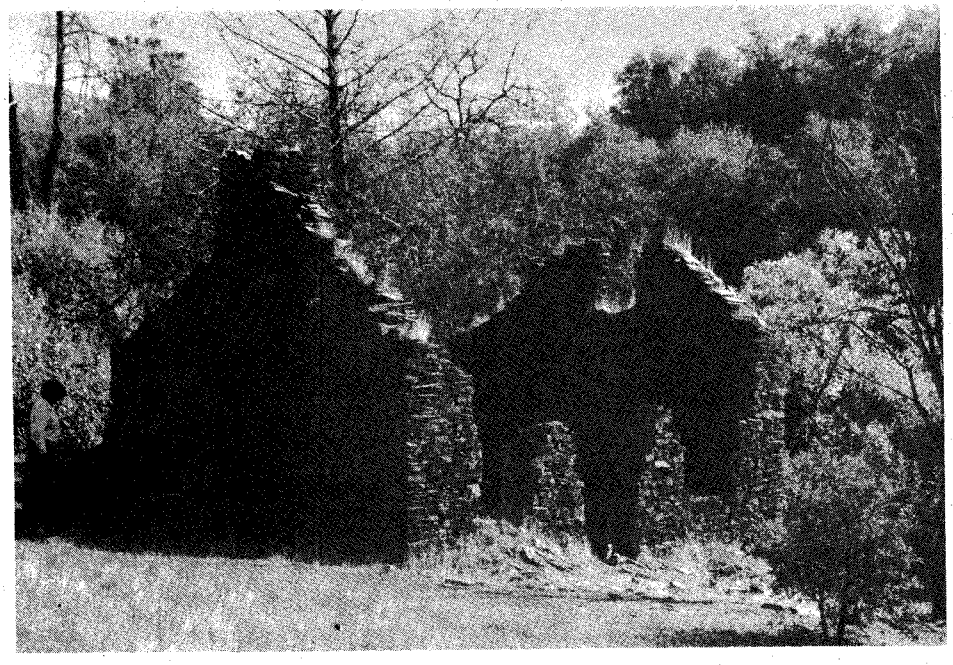


Above, openings on either side of chimney go entirely through the wall. They probably held logs to support the roof. Below, another view of the largest building (opposite page). The author stands near the mysterious structure attached to the outside back of the chimney.



Below, a closer look at the fireplace in the building above. The opening in the back of the chimney connects with a stone structure with an oval opening on the outside of the house.

ployed by Hudson's Bay Company, and American trappers in the general area. Hudson's Bay Company established a post at French Camp in what is now San Joaquin County. The Mexicans were especially suspicious of the Americans. When the fur trade dwindled, most traders left before the gold seekers came.

In 1849 an era of general upheaval in the population of California began. Gold miners came in hordes, stayed in one place only as long as gold was easy to find, then moved on to try their luck elsewhere. Prospectors who came to Lost City found some of the buildings already erected.

During the early gold rush, placer mining came first. Later came quartz mining, then hydraulic and deep shaft mining. In Lost City there are no deep pits or shafts. The methods used were probably placer mining and possibly some quartz crushing.

In the vicinity of the Indian mortar stone are the ruins of several simple stone huts. The walls are of "dry" construction. Slabs of stone were laid up without mortar. In most of these huts, one wall or part of a wall utilizes the slanting outcrops of basalt which abound in these hills. The roof was probably a simple tent of animal skins supported on poles. There were no fireplaces or chimneys.

In two other sections of Lost City are ruins of a more permanent type. Several buildings standing on both sides of the creek were built of slabs of rock, but were laid up with mortar. They are larger than the primitive huts, but are far from being palatial. A fireplace and chimney are included in these, as well as at least one window opening. All are one-room buildings.

The largest and best preserved had a fairly high ceiling and a large chimney. The fireplace is unique in that an opening at the back connects with an oval structure of stone on the outside of the house. What its purpose was is anybody's guess. Was it an oven? Was it used for smoking meat? Or was it used in the assaying of gold? On a hill above the house is a small rectangle of concrete with iron bolts embedded in it. It was possibly the foundation for some type of mining machinery.

The last known inhabitants of this settlement were two elderly men who had a truck garden here and sold vegetables in Copperopolis when the copper mines were last operating there. But they knew no more about the history of the place than anyone else. They left when their market in Copperopolis played out and the mines closed.

Today Lost City is a crumbling ruin—and a puzzlement to the few who have the privilege of viewing the site. It can best be approached from the Mother Lode highway, State 49. The county building in San Andreas has a large map which gives specific and detailed directions for finding Lost City.

Permission to go to the ruins must be obtained from the owner, W. Ofenheim. To reach his ranch, the Red House Ranching Company, turn off Highway 49 at a junction with State Highway 4 between

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Altaville and Angel's Camp. On Highway 4, go north of Copperopolis to a junction with the county road to Milton. This takes you to the Salt Springs Valley area. Take a right past Tower Ranch. then a left past Salt Springs Valley school. Near here, the Red House Ranch buildings can be seen. There will be a closed gate across the road. Close all gates after passing. Further directions and permission to go to Lost City must be obtained here. The owners are generally courteous and cooperative with camera and history buffs, but dislike litterbugs and careless smokers and other destructive people. The roads across the ranch are impassable at times in wet weather. The creeks must be forded.

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTE JUSTICE

By Jerry Springer

THE valley of the Great Salt Lake prior to Utah's statehood was generally peaceful. Perhaps this was due in part to the obedient attitude of its inhabitants. Yet, there were occasional shootings and killings in Utah Territory, and one of the most interesting involved a murder and a lynching during late August of 1883 in Salt Lake City.

On the twenty-third, shortly after noon, several citizens were startled by the sound of gunfire. City Marshal Andrew H. Burt and Charles H. Wilckens, the local watermaster, had been wounded in an attempt to arrest a man on Main Street. The suspect, Sam Joe Harvey, said to be a Creole from Pueblo, Colorado, had a few minutes prior to the shooting been involved in an argument at a local restaurant. During the altercation Harvey had pulled a revolver on the proprietor, F. H. Grice, and then left the building.

Grice immediately telephoned Marshal Burt's office to have the man apprehended. When the lawman arrived Grice pointed out Harvey. It was while the unarmed marshal was approaching the suspect to make the arrest that Harvey deliberately took aim and asked if Burt were an officer. Before the marshal could answer Harvey fired. Burt, mortally wounded, walked into a drug store owned by A. C. Smith and died there in a matter of minutes. Though Wilckens was successful in wrenching the weapon, a large bore Springfield rifle, away from the suspect, Harvey drew a revolver during the scuffle, shooting the watermaster through the arm. A fellow citizen helped the wounded Wilckens subdue and disarm the killer.

By that time a crowd had gathered and several police officers had arrived. Harvey was taken to the city hall and searched. Along with numerous rifle and pistol cartridges, $165.80 in silver, gold, and greenbacks was found in his pockets. While this routine check was going on a man entered the hall and stated that Marshal Burt was dying. Immediately several of the men in the building, a group that was fast becoming a mob, began to hit and kick the prisoner. After this attack, the major concern of officers was getting Harvey to the safety of the city jail.

This was accomplished without too much difficulty and several officials entered the cell with the prisoner. However, when the jail door opened to let the officers out, Harvey followed them. It was then the mob forcibly took Harvey from the few and near powerless officials. A noose was placed over Harvey and he was dragged to a nearby stable. There Harvey was lynched by a mob made up of several hundred enraged men.

Even after the lynching, the crowd was in such a terrible mood that several citizens were threatened for expressing their opinion that the hanging was wrong. One individual, W. H. Sells, was even placed in jail for his own safety after having denounced such violent action. An observer noted that the whole affair, from the time Harvey fired the fatal bullet into the unarmed peace officer to the actual lynching, took only twenty-five minutes. Certainly this was another example of quick, if not legal or rational, "frontier justice."

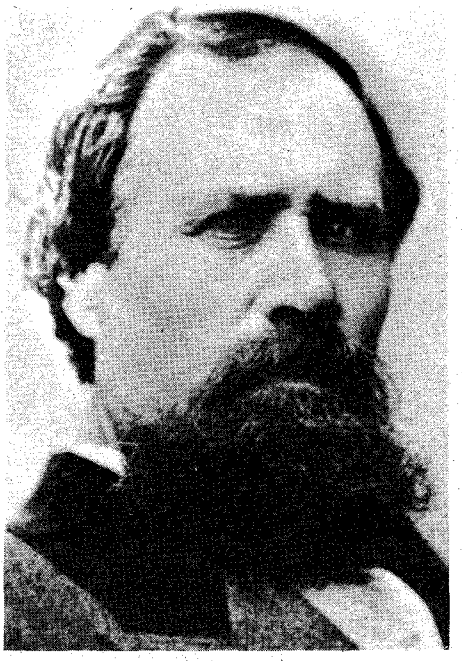

Photo Courtesy Author

Andrew Hill Burt: Born October 21, 1828—Died August 26, 1883.

TOMATOES, CATTLE, AND COYOTES

By Merium Jackson Malik

JESSE COWARD almost didn't make it to Texas. Less than a year old, he was near death when his family arrived from Louisiana in 1881. John and Mary Coward had gathered a few belongings, their delicate infant son, and six milk cows to set out by "immigrant car" for a rented farm in Atascosa County.

"I don't know what made them leave their home in Louisiana," puzzles Jesse. "But the reason must have been very compelling. A trip in a rail car crowded with people and animals couldn't have been pleasant."

The Cowards settled down to raise cattle, vegetables, and twelve sons. Jesse, thier firstborn, grew strong and thrived on the land. Milking was one of the first chores he remembers. With the cows brought from Louisiana, the Cowards started a small dairy herd.

"I was about six years old when my mother taught me to milk on those cows she brought to Texas," recalls Jesse. "They had the biggest brands I ever saw. A big M A M covered the whole side of the animal. And they must have been good-natured to let us pull on them. I don't ever remember being kicked."

But Jesse remembers being kicked plenty when he tried to drive the herd to the rail station a few years later. "First, my dad let me drive the wagon to the mill four miles away, and bring back the ground corn. I was only about eight years old at the time, but I had learned to handle horses. So pretty soon Dad decided I could help drive the cattle to the station for shipment north.

"We'd have eight to ten thousand steers to ship out. They were long-legged, long-bodied animals, real Texas longhorns. In fact their horns were so long we could only put about eight in a big cattle car. And kick! They could break a 2 x 6. They didn't have to be mad to kick. They just liked to kick!"

Even as a boy Jesse worked in all kinds of weather. "We'd have to get those steers to the station on time," he remembers, "so we always had a slicker tied to the saddle. If the rain began, we just put it on and kept working. If we got a real spring gulley washer, dry creeks became rivers. It might take all day to get the herd across what had been a dry creek hours before.

"A good lead steer makes a cowboy's job a lot easier," says Jesse. "I remember an old cowman once told me, 'Do anything to keep a good lead steer happy. Pet him. Talk to him. Even love him, if necessary!'"

When Jesse wasn't driving cattle, he chopped cotton and helped his father grow tomatoes.

"Back in '93, when I was thirteen, we had a bumper crop of tomatoes. As soon as they were ripe we all picked all day long. We filled every basket and bucket on the place. Then we loaded them on the wagon."

John Coward had sold the wagonload of tomatoes to an Army camp in San Antonio. He asked his oldest son to drive them in.

"I didn't want to go," chuckles Jesse, "so I told him I didn't know where the Army camp was in San Antonio. He said that was all right. Just to go to the edge of town and look for the tents. Dad's mind was made up, so I set out.

"Sure enough, when I got to the edge of town I could see rows and rows of tents in the distance. There must have been 1,000! As I drove toward the camp some of the soldiers spotted the load of tomatoes. They ran to meet me. It seemed that they just couldn't wait. I never saw folks so hungry for tomatoes."

BUT the Coward boys didn't spend all their time working. There was many an impromptu rodeo. The boys matched their riding and roping skills against

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Photo Courtesy Author

Jesse Coward and Lilly Minerva Quinn on their wedding day, November 1, 1904.

those of the more experienced cowboys.

"A cowman's skill was often judged by his roping ability," Jesse explains, "so each boy tried to outdo the others roping fence posts."

However, when Jesse and his brothers wanted to earn some spending money they found a more dangerous pastime exciting and profitable. They caught and sold live rattlesnakes.

"We found out that a man in San Antonio bought live rattlers for 20¢ a pound," relates Jesse. "A good snake would go seven, maybe eight, pounds. If we sold a half-dozen that was a lot of spending money for us."

The boys would set out with forked sticks and a box for the rattlesnakes' nests. "But we never went rattler hunting without boots," Jesse says emphatically. "A good pair of boots was our most valuable possession. The snake couldn't strike through the heavy leather. I never got bit, but I've come so close I thought I was!

"When we found a snake we'd snare him with the forked sticks and put him in the box. We'd catch all we could carry and take them to town to sell. Sometimes when we'd put a new snake in the box, the others would get mad and bite him. It would be quite a scrap, and the one they bit was worthless. It would get sick from the bites and the man wouldn't buy a sick snake.

"We never knew what he did with those snakes, but we'd load up all we could carry and take them to him. Our buyer would go through our box, holding up each one with a wire snare to check for bites. He'd put the healthy ones aside and pay us for them. The others he always put back in our box.

" 'Now boys, don't kill these,' he'd say. 'Take them back and let them go. They'll get well. Maybe you can even catch them again!'

"But that was too much trouble," says Jesse with a smile. "We always killed them."

In those early days, range families faced many dangers. Besides cattle thieves, rattlesnakes and range fires, the weather often turned violent without warning. There was little protection from spring tornadoes, winter storms and searing summer droughts, "We never knew what to expect," says Jesse. One time a special terror swept through the countryside—the 'mad coyote.'

"Ordinarily," Jesse says, " a coyote wouldn't attack a man. He'd likely run from a man. But if a coyote was infected with rabies he'd go after anything. A mad coyote would turn sneaky. He might slip up and bite the dogs, kill the chickens, or anything that moved.

"We'd hear of children bitten while they slept. The coyote would slip in an open door or window and attack before anyone knew he was there. Of course, the bite of a mad coyote always meant death. We were constantly on the lookout for them."

On October 4, 1972 Jesse Coward was ninety-two years old. He had to stop ranching in 1956 when he was accidentally infected with some cattle vaccine he was using on the herd. The vaccine infection cost Jesse most of his eyesight.

But he's still a Texas cowboy at heart. He'd scorn an airplane ride to sit a good horse; prefers working his garden to relaxing, and likes to say, "I've never been drunk, arrested, fined or used tobacco in any form. And it's too late to start a crime spree at ninety-two!"

THE DESECRATED GRAVE

By Charles L. Roff

A COLD drizzling rain had started falling the night before. And the Main Street of Wynona whose deep dust had been stirred by the hoofs of over three hundred oil field teams, had turned into slick and slimy mud. It was early winter of 1920 in Osage County, Oklahoma. A little more than a year before, Wynona had been merely a cluster of possibly a dozen houses at a cattle shipping station on the Katy; now it was a brawling oil field town with a population of more than six thousand.

About 11 a.m., C. W. Van Eaton, the justice of peace and police judge, had just finished hearing the usual morning cases of drunks, prostitutes, and fist-fighters. Chief of Police Henry Townsend, who was afterward to become warden of the Oklahoma Penitentiary, and I were leaving the courtroom when a very excited young oil field worker entered, saying he wanted to talk to us. I was city attorney. Henry told him to speak up, but the boy said he wanted to talk privately, so Henry cleaned the room of a few loafers who had remained after the court proceedings.

The young fellow then told us that while he was taking a short cut through a pasture near town from the lease where he worked, he had found a newly-dug grave. He insisted that it contained a body, and we decided we should investigate the matter. The young man agreed to go with us and show us the grave. We didn't learn until later that he had dug into the grave enough to see what was there and then had hurriedly

(Continued on page 68)

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Rolling Stone

(Continued from page 29)

The cowboy and his two friends left Lakeview thirty minutes before stage time.

I got to thinking, if I walked it would take me two days—but I would have more money in my pocket when I got there. So I started out a-foot. I got just outside of town when the stage passed me.

Then along came a man, driving a team and buggy, who stopped and said, "Get in, boy. How far are you going?"

"I am going to Paisley by way of Clover Flat," I replied.

"By-golly, you got a long ways to walk. I'm going as far as Salt Creek Station, six miles. That's where you turn off to go to Clover Flat."

When we got there, he showed me the road, and I thanked him and started out. It was only 7:00, still early in the day. I walked and walked. That was the only road; there was no turn-off. It seemed as if I had covered fifty miles when I came to a little clearing, lots of green grass and a little stream.

I had just got through taking a drink when I heard someone call. Looking around, I saw a band of sheep, then the herder. He was waving at me to come over, so I went.

"Are you lost, kid?" he asked.

"No," I answered, "I'm on my way to Paisley by Clover Flat."

"Ever been through this way before?"

"No, I never have."

"You have about eight miles more to Clover Flat. You come over to my camp. We will eat dinner; it will do you good."

He had a nice tent under some shade trees by the creek, and fixed a meal in a short time. We had bread, butter, coffee, beans, potatoes and a great big chunk of mutton roast. I just ate and ate, then he made me lie down for an hour and rest. But when I did go, I could walk. I was all new again.

He had made me take off my shoes and put my feet in the water, while he cooked dinner. That taught me something I've always remembered; it took all the soreness out of my feet. I never did see that sheepherder again, but never have forgotten to this day the kindness he showed me.

I MADE Clover Flat that evening. Bryan's Ranch there was the only place to stop until Paisley, twenty miles more. I went to the house where they were washing for supper, and asked Mr. Bryan if I could stay for the night.

"Sure you can. Go put your horse in the barn, then come back and we'll eat," he said.

"I have no horse," I remarked. "I walked in from Lakeview on my way to Paisley."

"Well, get washed up and come in."

There were five in the family, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan and their three girls, twelve, fourteen, and seventeen years old. The oldest one's name was Bell. The mother was half-Indian and the girls showed it. They were very pretty.

At the supper table Mr. Bryan asked, "How did you happen to leave your home in Lakeview to walk to Paisley?"

"I don't live in Lakeview. My home is —or was—at Davis Creek thirty-five miles south. I took the train to Lakeview and came from there today on my way to work on a cow ranch."

"What cow ranch are you going to work on?" he asked.

"I don't know—anywhere I can find a job."

"Are you a runaway boy?"

"Yes," I admitted, "and I'm not going back. Things weren't like they should have been. I don't like to talk about it, but I'm not going back now or never."

"How are you going to get along? Can you drive a team?"

"Yes, sir, I can drive a team. I can also ride."

"Well, I can use you for three days if you care to stay. I will pay you $2 a day and your board and room." I told him I would be very happy to get the job.

After supper the girls did the dishes while Mr. Bryan and I milked the cows. The next morning he put me to work with the oldest girl. She was friendly. We took a team and wagon, and hauled wood to be used the following winter. We had two miles to haul; I would do the driving and we would both load the wagon.

We made four trips a day and in three days we had it all in. She wanted me to stay and work for her father all summer and I would have gladly done it had there been any work. But there would be no more chores till haying time, after the Fourth of July. I could not wait that long. I could see she was taking a liking to me, and I was much in the same fix. I liked her a lot.

The next morning I had $16 in place of $10. Bell fixed me a nice lunch, then walked a mile with me. We stood and talked a little while, and I promised to come back at haying time if I did not have a job. We kissed each other goodbye and I left for Paisley.

I arrived there in a thunderstorm. The landlady's name at the Paisley Hotel was Mrs. Roberts. She took a liking to me, and the next morning got me a job looking after the stage horses for Crosby and Howard, who had a contract to haul U.S. mail and Wells Fargo express from Paisley to Bend.

It was sixty miles from Paisley to Silver Lake, with horses changed at the half-way station, Summer Lake Post Office. Then it was a ninety-mile run from Silver Lake to Bend, changing horses at Fort Rock and LaPine.

They agreed to pay me $40 a month and furnish a place to sleep and my food. To me that looked like a fortune. I had to feed the horses at 5:30 a.m., and see that they all had water and were ready to go out, curried and harnessed. Then I would have to unharness the incoming team at night, and keep the stable cleaned and everything in tip-top shape. I would have all my morning work done by 9:00, after which I would do little odd jobs at the Chewaucan Hotel for a $1 a day till time for the stage to come in at night. I was right on the job at all times, and people took a liking to me.

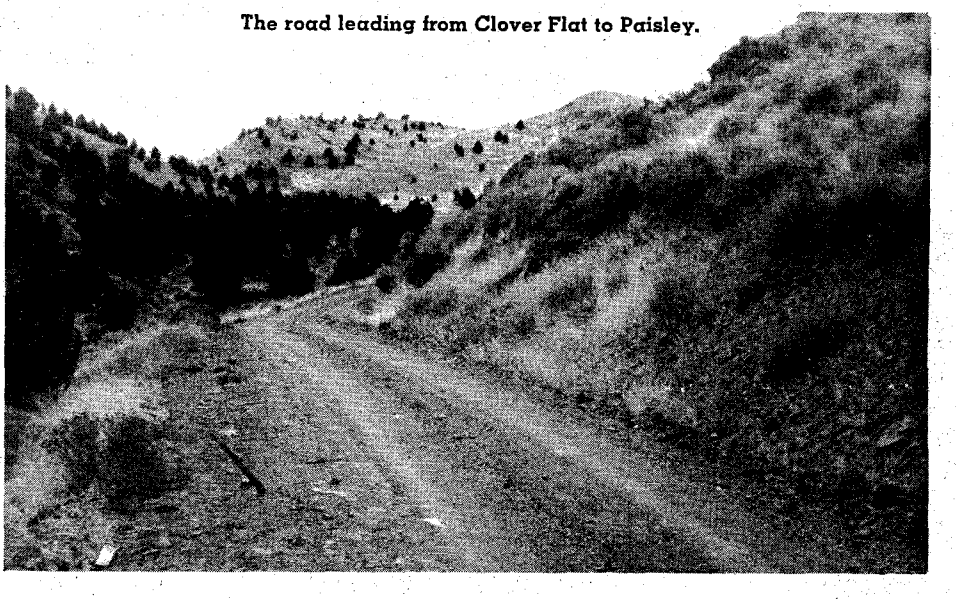
I HAD WORKED there a little over a month when one of the drivers became very ill and could not take the team out. Crosby was in San Francisco on business and Howard was in the East, so there was no one to stop me. I took the four-horse team and drove around to the post office. If the stage showed up to get the mail, the postmaster had to let it go.

I received the mail, then drove around to the Hotel Chewaucan and picked up the passengers. There was also some express, so I went to the express office and got that. Wells Fargo sent a shotgun rider along and he didn't like the idea of me driving the stage on account of my age. But all loaded, I went out of town on the run.

I had talked with the other drivers a lot and knew all about the route, the good and bad parts of the road, where you could make time, and where you had to slow down to a walk. For the first ten miles I went right along. Then the road got mighty rough from Foster's Ranch to the half-way station, where the passengers got out to eat and where I changed horses.

I threw off the Summer Lake mail, and the stableman took the horses and made the change. When we came out of the station ready to go, I threw on the north-

The road leading from Clover Flat to Paisley.



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bound mail while the passengers were boarding the stage, and we were off in a cloud of dust. I had Silver Lake Mountain ahead, a long climb where I had to drive at a walk all the way to the top. The road was just wide enough for one wagon to travel. Should two teams meet, each driver would have to put his two outside wheels over in the sagebrush or sometimes on all rock. Of course, this made it rough riding on the passengers. Going down Silver Lake Mountain you could make up for lost time.

I was forced to slow down if any cattle got in the road, but soon after my first trip I had the bad name of not slowing down for sheep. It got so that if a sheepherder had his band along the road and saw the stage coming, he would set his dogs to work clearing the road in a hurry.

It really scared some of the passengers, going down Silver Lake Mountain. When I got to the bottom of the grade, it was five miles across a sagebrush and alkali flat into the little town of Silver Lake. I would line out across that flat like the devil was right at my heels. The mail had to be in Silver Lake at 6:00 p.m., and I was getting it there.

I would drive up to the Hotel Chrisman, let the passengers off, then drive over to the post office and unload the mail.

The northbound stage would be waiting, ready to load up and start for Bend on a ninety-mile run. It was a very scenic route—twenty-five miles across the sagebrush and alkali flat to Fort Rock, then through miles of tall yellow pine, then along the beautiful Deschutes River. At that time in Bend they were pulling stumps to make streets. There were already two laid out in the town, and about 500 people.

After I had driven for one week, Mr. Crosby came back from his trip to San Francisco. The old driver had tuberculosis and could not drive anymore, and people spoke well of me to Mr. Crosby, so he let me keep my job. A young Indian was hired to care for the stage horses and barn.

ONE FRIDAY MORNING, in my second month of driving stage, I pulled up to the Wells Fargo Office. The shotgun rider was waiting for me. A large shipment of money from a Lakeview bank was going through to Portland, I was told, and I had better see that the strongbox got to Silver Lake on time or it would cost me my job. I said it would arrive on the dot.

I had three passengers going through to Bend, one a little man going there to see about buying a store. I made the Summer Lake Station right on the button, but when we were half-way up Silver Lake Mountain I caught up with a freight team going the same way I was. He was driving eight head of mules—all with bells on but the wheelers. He couldn't hear me, so I lost half an hour trying to pass him. I didn't get around him till I got on the summit, then I had to make up for lost time.

Well, down that mountain I went. The stagecoach was rocking from side to side, and it almost went over once or twice going around some of the sharp bends in the road. I had said I would get the strongbox in on time, and that was all there was to it. Poor Jim Welch, the shotgun rider, was hanging on to his shotgun with one hand and the seat with the other.

When we reached the sagebrush and alkali flat, I raced that five miles as fast as the team could go. Jackrabbits and coyotes jumped and ran to keep from being hit by the stage. We made such a dust cloud the people got their horses off the streets and ran for cover, thinking a stampede of Z. X. cattle was coming through town.

When I pulled up at the hotel to let the passengers out, I never felt so sorry for a man in my life as I did for that little merchant. I could tell by the look on his face and the way the lady passenger was looking at him, and the way he was walking, that the poor fellow had a washing to hang out. Jim Welch said he had ridden shotgun for Wells Fargo in a lot of wild places, but he had never had as wild a run as the one that day.

My reputation went through the country almost overnight. Wells Fargo said they would never be afraid to send a shipment of money through with me—the road agents could never outrun me. But it wasn't long until the postal inspector discovered I was not of age, and forced the stage company to lay me off. I was sure brokenhearted. I would not have traded jobs with Teddy Roosevelt.

On my last trip in from Silver Lake, the town blacksmith was one of my passengers. He was on his way home from Portland where he had been to see a spiritualist who gave him the location of fabulous wealth in the mountains back of Paisley. His name was Joe Smead.

Smead went a mile up the Chewaucan River into the hills, and found the location as described. Joe was very talkative, and within four days half of the folks in town were up the Chewaucan sinking shafts, driving tunnels, and digging glory holes. Soon the whole mountain was covered with holes and people. Then someone discovered some very nice looking mineral-bearing quartz on a high bench several miles south of town. It began to look as if Paisley might get to be a mining camp instead of a cowtown.

The mineral discovery might have been developed except for the fact that there never was a miner in that country. Cowpokes and sheepherders never made good miners. They did make good ghost-hole diggers, however—there was something like $17,000 spent looking for the "fabulous wealth" up the Chewaucan River.

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(Continued from page 35)

These stones are really sculptures with intricately worked details of bark, vines, ferns and gnarled limbs. They range in size from six-foot "trees" to small horizontally placed "logs." The carving is beautifully done on both large and small monuments, and one cannot look at one of these headstones without marveling at the craftsmanship and wondering about the stonecutter who toiled to dup-

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licate the minute details of a living tree.

Another exciting find is a marker with a photograph of the deceased attached. This may seem a rather curious practice until one becomes familiar with the Spanish-American custom of depicting religious scenes on tombstones. It is a fairly simple and logical transition to go, then, from the religious scene to the photograph, and such stones impart a special sense of relevancy and warmth.

Usually the graves of famous persons are easy to find. And the shot, the hanged, and the died-with-their-boots-on characters from the Old West have been pretty well documented. However, the lives of simple, lesser known human beings are a part of the fabric of history, too. They lie in their graves under pines or aspens that twist impertinently through ornamental iron fences; others sleep under buffalo grass and the waxen bells of yucca blossoms. Some rest under imposing stones; others rest just as easily under homemade markers or paupers' crosses.

The vibrancy of life, the texture of colorful and exciting events, is muted—turned to history where it is nothing more than a whisper, a clue, a set of dates, or a scrap of poetry set in stone.

They Called Him "Elza"

(Continued from page 23)

great time. Dave said that no one could have guessed that every sheriff, railroad detective and bounty hunter in the county were looking for them.

BOB MELDRUM, the "man-killing marshal of Dixon" was one of those who spent some time on the trail of the Wild Bunch. Meldrum knew the rancher at Slater who furnished horses and food to the outlaws and chased him out of the country. He returned some months later accompanied by Charlie Carter, a Texan who claimed to have been a member of the Wild Bunch. Carter's real name was Charles A. Siringo, then a Pinkerton operative, also trailing the Wilcox robbers.

From Slater, Lay, Cassidy and Longbaugh rode to Alma, New Mexico. Theorizing that it would be best to lie low for awhile, they hired out to the Running W outfit of Captain William French, an Englishman. The Running W had been plagued by rustlers and when French hired a foreman, Perry Tucker, who had been recommended to him, Tucker's first act as foreman was to fire the whole outfit. His next move was to hire two good men he "ran across" in Alma. The new hands were introduced to French as Jim Lowe and William McGinnis.

Let French tell his first impressions of the two: "One, a stoutly built man of middle height was what they called in that country 'fair complected.' He had a habit of grinning and showing a very even row of small teeth when he spoke to you, and he answered to the name of Jim Lowe. The other was several years younger [actually, there was but one year's difference in their ages], much taller and darker—in fact a quite good-looking young man, debonair with a bit of swagger. He seemed quite a cut above the ordinary cowhand and undoubtedly had more education. He owned up to the name of William McGinnis."

Mac, a first-rate hand at breaking broncos, took over that job while Lowe proved himself to be a first-rate cowhand. Soon other riders joined the Running W and French noticed that rustling stopped on his ranges.

Not too long on "cow savvy" French still was not a complete idiot. He wrote, "Things were going along very satisfactorily and as long as Jim and Mac stayed on the job, I wasn't greatly worried. One peculiarity that I didn't quite understand was that, although the new-comers as they came along acted towards each other as entire strangers, I frequently saw them together in the dusk of the evening sitting under a fence in close confab like long-lost brothers."

French would learn later that he had been harboring a den of thieves and could hardly make himself believe that the grinning Jim Lowe was in reality the notorious Butch Cassidy and that his friend McGinnis, "a paladin amongst cow-punchers," was, in fact, Elza Lay, train robber and fugitive.

Lowe and McGinnis worked at the Running W for several months, being joined by Kid Curry, Tom Capehart and Will Carver, alias George W. Franks. The Ketchum brothers, Tom and Sam, also became Running W hands but French did not like them. The Ketchums had been ranchers but had turned to a life of crime. It is believed that Lay had ridden with them before. The gangs used to split up after a strike and it was seldom that the same men rode together twice in a row. Cassidy and Longbaugh were probably the most constant companions, but Curry, Lay, Kilpatrick, Carver and Hanks were all known to pull separate strikes from time to time. It was a loose-knit organization, but they seemed to know the meaning of loyalty and friendship, and it stood them in good stead many times.

French was surprised and sorry when McGinnis asked for his time. He had grown quite fond of his bronco rider and hated to see him go. Although he liked Jim Lowe, it was McGinnis whom he called "friend."

THAT Lay rode with both the Ketchum gang and the Wild Bunch is well known. In April 1897 Lay, Cassidy and Bob Meeks held up the Pleasant Valley Coal Company in Castle Gate, Utah, escaping with almost $10,000 in gold and silver. They made their way into Robbers' Roost where the loot was divided.

In September of that same year, a Colorado and Southern train was held up at Twin Mountain curve, a few miles from Folsom, New Mexico. The haul was $3,500 and was divided among Tom and Sam Ketchum, Bill Carver (Franks), and William McGinnis.

In June 1899 Butch Cassidy, Kid Curry,

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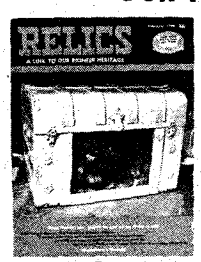
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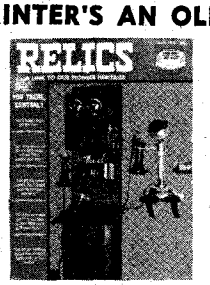
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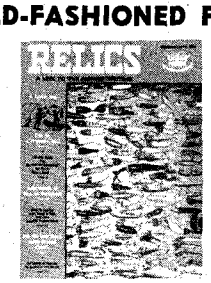
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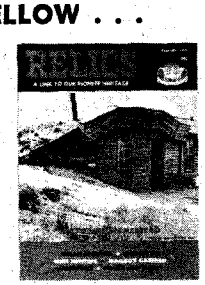
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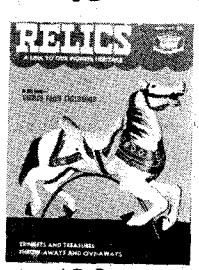
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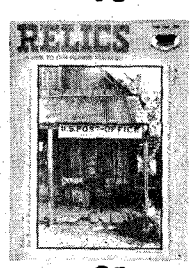
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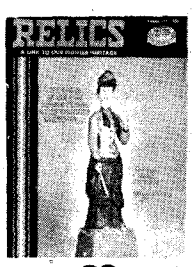
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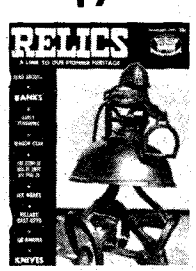
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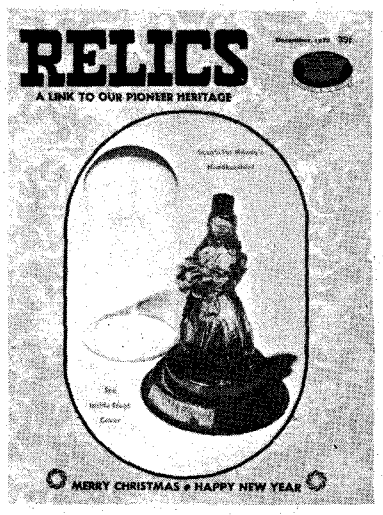

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Flat-Nose George Curry, and Elza Lay held up the Union Pacific train at Wilcox, Wyoming, escaping with $30,000. Although the two Currys rode north and Cassidy faded into the Powder Springs country, Lay was back in New Mexico within a month.

Twin Mountain Curve in New Mexico, where the Ketchums, Lay and Will Carver had held up a train in 1897, was the scene of a second hold-up in July 1899. This time the outlaws were Elza Lay, Sam Ketchum and Will Carver. Cassidy may have been around Alma, New Mexico at the time and because the methods used at Twin Mountain were those of the Wild Bunch, many persons believed Butch was with the gang, but it must be remembered that Lay and Carver had worked with Butch successfully many times and they knew the method was a workable one.

The robbery, according to Governor Otero, netted the gang about $70,000. The express car contained several thousand dollars in packages which the bandits failed to find but undoubtedly they were satisfied with what they got.

A posse was organized at Trinidad. Led by Sheriff Edward Farr, it consisted of W. H. Reno, a railroad special agent, James Morgan, and Captain Thacker of Wells Fargo. Three other citizens joined them—H. N. Love, a cowboy, F. H. Smith, and Perfecto Cordova. At Cimarron the posse was strengthened by U. S. Marshal Foraker and his deputies.

Three riders, leading pack horses, were seen entering Turkey Canyon and Sheriff Farr's posse followed them. The next day they came upon a camp. McGinnis (Lay) was seen walking toward a creek, canteen in hand, and the posse fired upon him, one shot taking effect in his shoulder. Lay dragged himself behind a barrier and may have taken some part in the shooting which followed.

Sam Ketchum was shot in the left arm and put out of action. The outlaw identified as "Franks" but who was probably Will Carver, continued to hold off the posse for the better part of an hour. He killed Sheriff Farr and a few minutes later he shot the young cowboy, Love. Love's wound ordinarily would not have been fatal, but he had been skinning diseased cattle that day and had put his knife in his pocket without cleaning the blade. Carver's shot drove the knife into the cowboy's leg and he died some time later from infection. W. H. Reno, the railroad detective, took flight and was seen later by Captain French on the road to Springer.

Carver managed to get the wounded McGinnis (Lay) on a horse, and took him to a hideout in the mountains. Sam Ketchum, with his broken arm, could not make it, and the two men had to leave him. He was captured the following day, and died of blood poisoning eight days later.

Carver dressed Lay's wound as best he could and took him to a friendly rancher many miles to the south. That Lay was able to withstand such a rugged flight testified to the gameness of the man. Within a month he had recovered and had ridden to meet Carver at a ranch near Carlsbad. The rancher, suspicious of his guests, notified Sheriff Cicero Stewart.

Stewart, with two deputies, went out to make the arrest. Lay was eating breakfast when they arrived at the ranch. Carver was outside, some distance from the house. When Lay saw the officers, he dashed outside to get his rifle, drawing his pistol as he ran. He shot Deputy Thomas in the shoulder. Then seeing the rancher and realizing that he had called the officers, Lay snapped a shot which wounded the man in the wrist. The rancher, however, had already drawn a bead on the fleeing outlaw and the bullet from his rifle grazed Lay's head. Elza was quickly disarmed and handcuffed. Carver, realizing he could not help his friend and watching helplessly from a distance, was not captured.

Six days before Lay was arrested, Black Jack (Tom) Ketchum, who had quit the gang or had been kicked out, attempted a one-man holdup of the C&S train at Twin Mountain. Conductor Harrington, who had already been held up twice by these outlaws, raised his shotgun and fired. The charge almost blew Ketchum's arm off. He crawled away into the darkness but was captured by Sheriff Saturnino Pinard a short time later. The outlaw lived after amputation of his wounded arm, but was tried and sentenced to hang. When he dropped through the trap door, he was decapitated.

ELZA LAY was indicted for killing Sheriff Farr and H. N. Love in the Turkey Canyon fight. He testified that he had not fired at the posse as he had been put out of action with the first shot. James H. Morgan, a member of Farr's posse, also testified that he had seen Lay and that the outlaw had "neither a gun nor a rifle." Miguel Lopez, another posse member, testified that Perfecto Cordova had told him Lay was not armed. Cordova, however, swore that Lay carried a rifle and that he saw the outlaw aim and fire at Farr.

At this time, Elza was still using the alias William H. McGinnis and it was not for some time that authorities discovered his real identity. Since Lay was charged with the murder of the two officers, he refused to answer any questions concerning the train robbery at Twin Mountain. When the prosecuting attorney insisted, Lay addressed the court: "If the court please, I am here on trial for murder. I understand there are other charges against me for train robbery, other murder charges and for interfering with the United States mail. I have been put on trial without being given a chance to procure many of my witnesses. I have no way to protect myself and I positively refuse to answer any questions except those asked by the district attorney concerning this fight, and I will not, under any circumstances whatever, answer any other questions attempting to incriminate myself."

Governor Otero, taking an interest in the case, sat in on the trial at the invitation of Chief Justice Mills. Otero wrote that Lay (Otero, of course, referred to him as "McGinnis") was an ex-

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ceptionally good witness, both as to intelligence and courage. The governor believed that Lay told the truth and wrote, "I noticed that every ruling in the case was against the defendant. I have never believed that 'McGinnis' had a fair trial; it seemed to me that he was convicted before he was tried."

The jury deliberated three hours, returning a verdict of murder in the second degree. Lay was sentenced to the penitentiary for life and was never tried for train robbery or any of the other charges pending against him. He was fortunate in that respect, as the crime of train robbery was a capital offense.

Elza was a model prisoner. On two occasions he assisted prison authorities in quelling outbreaks by the prisoners. He became a trusty and was the night engineer in the prison power plant. Upon the recommendation of prison authorities, Governor Otero commuted his sentence to ten years.

On January 10, 1906, after serving six years and three months, William Ellsworth Lay was a free man. He was no longer the darkly handsome, debonair paladin Captain French remembered. He was grossly overweight and bore no physical resemblance to Elza Lay of the Wild Bunch. He spent the next two years around Alma, and one writer has asserted that he "dug up" $58,000 near the Mexican border. This was not money from the Twin Mountain robbery but it is possible that Lay had money cached. A Santa Fe train had been held up west of Albuquerque in November 1897 by five men believed to have been members of the Black Jack gang. A month later, the Sunset Limited was held up at Stein's Pass. If Lay was in on those robberies, he may well have had a sizable fortune hidden away.

In 1908, Elza Lay was back among his old haunts at Powder Springs, perhaps searching for buried loot. Early in 1909 he contracted pneumonia and was at the hotel in Baggs, Wyoming. Two young women nursed him back to health and one of them, Mary Calvert, fell in love with him. Mary's father, Kirk Calvert, had a ranch along the Snake River and had opened a general store in Baggs. The Calverts were opposed to the marriage but when Bob Meldrum, then marshal of Baggs, offered to kill Lay for $200, Calvert ran him off saying if he had any killing to do, he would do it himself.

Elza Lay and Mary Calvert were married in Thermopolis, Wyoming by Justice of the Peace J. W. Calloway on March 27, 1909. She gave her age as twenty-two and Lay said he was thirty-nine. Actually he was older than that, being almost forty-one.

Cassidy and Longbaugh had gone to South America in 1902, three years after Lay entered the New Mexico prison. About the same time that Lay was married, Butch and Sundance were reported killed in Bolivia. Lay didn't believe the report and it is said he hired a private detective to go to South America to ascertain the facts.

What he learned he kept to himself but he apparently left Thermopolis alone about that time and was gone for seven years. The true dates are not known. Lay's son was born in 1910 and a daughter later so just when the seven-year absence occurred is in doubt.

For a while Elza Lay worked on Kirk Calvert's ranch at Baggs. He drank heavily and gambled almost constantly. He wrote to friends in Alma that he had bought a ranch for $40,000 but actually he worked for Calvert. The Calverts always insisted that Lay was not "that man," but his identity had long since been established by the Pinkerton Agency.

IT WAS DURING his ranching days at Baggs that he became interested in oil exploration. A Union Pacific geologist wanted to explore the Powder Springs and Vermillion Creek country and Lay offered to guide him. He read some of the books carried by the geologists, and when the man returned to Omaha, he sent Lay additional books on the subject. Elza was an avid reader and his thoughts must have turned to some of the formations he had seen in his wild rides through Powder Springs.

A. W. "Wiff" Wilson, a rancher, had a spread near Dixon. In his years on the range, he had often noticed an oil scum on some of the waterholes in and around Powder Wash. He talked to Elza Lay and a Baggs banker, Louie Maupin. The three men formed a partnership to explore for oil. They procured some leases and hired a geologist from Vernal, Utah. Lay would guide the geologist to the formations he had seen which resembled those described in the text of his books. It was slow business and expensive with no real promise of success. Maupin and Lay finally gave up but Wilson had faith in his idea.

Lay went back to ranching, Maupin to banking, and Wilson kept pouring money down his rat hole. In 1925, the Powder Wash oil field came in and Wilson's gamble paid off but Lay had long been out of the partnership and realized nothing from it.

His whereabouts for the next few years are unknown and it is possible it was about this time that he disappeared for seven years. At any rate, in 1932 Lay loaded his family in a two-door flivver and drove to Lander to say goodbye to Mary's folks. They went to California where Elza got a job as watermaster for the Imperial Valley Irrigation Company. He was not a well man, however; he was overweight and still drinking heavily. One may assume that he was restless as well.

The family moved to Los Angeles, living in an upstairs apartment. Lay had a heart attack in 1932 and was under a doctor's care until his death November 10, 1934. Mrs. Lay survived him, passing away in Hollywood in 1954. Their son died in 1969. Lay's two daughters, one by Maude Davis Lay, the other by Mary Calvert Lay, both survive—one in Utah, the other in California.

So passed Elza Lay, the last of the Wild Bunch. For seventy-five years writers have "guessed" about who he was, where he came from, where and how he died. Many false trails have been laid by many false guesses. William Ellsworth

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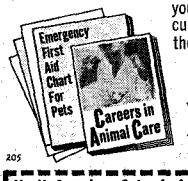

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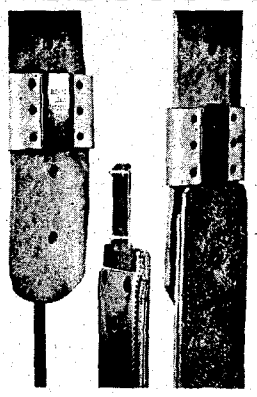

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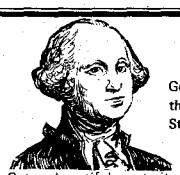

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Lay, alias Elza Lay, alias William H. McGinnis, the "educated" bandit, is not really such a mystery.

These men and women who rode the shadowy trails will never be completely known. The very nature of this "work" made it imperative that secrecy be the keynote of their existence. But Elza Lay is not as much of an enigma as he was. He was born in Illinois in 1868 and died in California in 1934. For fifteen of his sixty-six years, he was a bandit; for six years and three months, he was a convict. One third of his life was spent either in committing crimes or paying for them. His last years were probably not happy ones. Most of his friends had died by the bullet or the hangman's noose. Maybe that was what troubled him in later years. Maybe he had too many memories.

Navidad en la Villita

(Continued from page 28)

throughout the entire Western Hemisphere. If people in our Southwest will only look around them, they will be surprised at what they will find and enjoy. Some of the ancient pageantry will be found in almost every Spanish-speaking village from San Antonio to Los Angeles and up to Colorado—probably not too much in the ghettos of the northern cities, but still some vestiges may remain, depending on the folk-interest of the parish priest. Curiously, interest in preserving the customs in San Antonio was not due to a Mexican or an Anglo, but to an Italian parish priest, Father Carmen Tranchesse, who presided over the ghetto parish of Our Lady of Guadalupe during the bleak depression years of the 1930s. He was responsible for getting one of the two written versions of the *Pastorela* on paper, first in a dilapidated account book in pencil, and later in printed form. The University of New Mexico is responsible for the other version, as well as similar folk drama being preserved at about the same time.

Folk customs could be a great aid in bridging the gaps between peoples in these days of racial tensions, if only we would find a common ground for getting together and understanding the basis of what has gone before in our country.

Navidad—Merry Christmas!

Festivities also include food—lots of it. The turkey is one of the oldest domesticated fowls in the New World, used by the Aztecs long before the Pilgrim Fathers arrived. The rest of the articles would have been common except for the noodles, which are a later addition. The wooden *batea* (tray) the stone *molcajete* for grinding spices, and the *loza amarilla* dishes (yellow pottery) were all the necessities for preparing the holiday fare.

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"I Remember One Time . . ."

(Continued from page 19)

was his name. And, by gosh, those picture men just let those cattle drink water and eat grass all through the picture."

"You never see that anymore much," Fred Gipson said. "They're always just hootin' and hittin' and a-shovin' and a-ridin' them, you know. Well, no cow—no *man* can stand up to that, much less a herd of cattle."

"That's right," Mister Frank agreed. He told how, in 1938, the picture had been remade into a talkie in LaSalle County, down the Nueces River on the La Mota Ranch which adjoined his Uncle Jim Dobie's ranch. "I knew those people and knew their brands," Mister Frank said. "Well, my wife and I were in Los Angeles when the picture was released. I said I wanted to see it. I said, 'I'm going to see those brands—the D-A's, and the J-B's, A-Dots. Those are cattle I know.' Well, we saw the picture, and those cattle never got out of a run. They were runnin' so fast that I couldn't make out a single brand on a single cow-brute. And since then, Hollywood hasn't done anything but murder the cattle industry and the cow people. You go to these television shows, you'd think the main occupation of the cowboy was to shoot somebody. And to sing." And Mister Frank's roaring laugh banged around the old room again.

This prompted a question about the size of some of the cattle herds.

"Oh, there was a great deal about how big the herds were," Mister Frank said. "I remember one time I heard an old trail driver say that the herd he was with was so big that by the time all of the cattle at the tail end of the herd got up in the morning, the lead cattle were lying down to go to bed at night."

WHEN things quieted down again after that one, Fred Gipson said, "There was a book titled *We Pointed Them North* that pretty well gives the picture on the cattle drives. They'd start in the spring after the grass got started growing, and they'd kind of keep up with the grass. The grass would come first in South Texas, and that's where they started. And the grass was greening up ahead of them, more or less, because it took several months getting there."

"Sure," Mister Frank said. "And if those cattle weren't in better shape, say when they got to Dodge City than when they left the Rio Grande or the Llano or the Trinity, then the trail boss wasn't considered efficient, and he wouldn't get another job with that particular cattle owner. Cattle ought to gain weight on the road. You couldn't put tallow on them by running them. You had to *walk* 'em."

"Well, in those days they didn't have a cameraman behind them," Hosstail Small said.

They talked then about the food that was taken along on the cattle drives, and Mister Frank said, "They had a lot of beans and molasses, flour, and a five-gallon can of lard. And lots of Arbuckle's coffee. They didn't have fresh meat. They never killed their cattle for fresh meat."

"Well, they might kill some cattle along the way for meat," Fred said, "but it wouldn't be their *own* cattle. The food they took along would be staples that would keep. Dried fruit, flour—things like that that wouldn't spoil. If they'd started out with a head of lettuce they wouldn't have got very far with it."

"Nobody'd known how to eat it anyhow," Mister Frank said, which reminded him of another story.

"There was this trail drive and one cowboy arrived in this small town with the drive," he said. "Only place to eat was the local hotel, and the cowboy stayed there for maybe two days, until the two men who were to meet him there arrived. Well, when they got there, this first cowboy took the others into the hotel dining room. There were tablecloths on the tables and silverware and things like that. There was also some fresh celery standing up in a glass on the table with the celery leaves on top. At the first meal with his friends, this fella that'd been there for a couple of days took a piece of celery and ate it. He'd seen other people do that. And one of the boys that had just come in watched him do this and then said, 'Now, you claim you know how to act in public, but dammit, even I would of knowed better than to eat the bouquet!' "

Mister Frank enjoyed those old stories, enjoyed telling them, and told them well, with the good sense of timing of a master story-teller. And nobody laughed harder or louder than Mister Frank did. Nobody *could*. That booming, barking, roaring laughter came from the belly, but it also came from the heart.

THE TWO HOURS that Mister Frank had said he could spare went past. Joe Small reminded Mister Frank of this, but Mister Frank said writing was hard work and that talk was more enjoyable, "—so let's talk for awhile."

And so it continued, and the talk moved to the old-time outlaws, badmen, and gunfighters.

Fred Gipson said, "Well, I guess there were a few bad men back in those days, but you can't take that as a prototype of all cowboys of that day. It just wasn't so. There were probably among them a few bad gunmen. We hear of them. But most cowboys couldn't shoot a six-shooter a whole lot better than one of us could, if he had it along with him in the first place."

Mister Frank agreed. "These six-shooter men," he said, "were not, as a rule, choice cowboys. It wasn't very likely that a cattleman would want to hire a cowhand who had a reputation for carrying a gun anyway. Now this Billy the Kid got the reputation of being a cowboy. But he was better at stealin' cattle than he was at drivin' them."

"I think he was nothing more than just a psychopathic killer, from what I know of him," Fred said. "You hear so much about him. Today he's become a legend and a myth, and there are a million stories about him, and there may be a basis of truth in them; I don't know."

"Well," Mister Frank said, "no cowman that knew him and knew cows would want to hire him for a cowboy. He stole more cattle than he ever herded. He was

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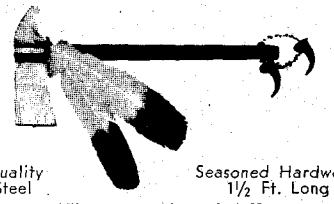

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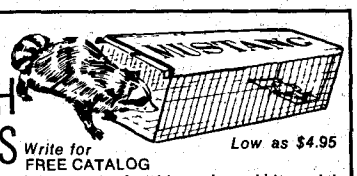

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trailed out of Texas from the Tascosa country by Charlie Siringo, who was one of the best chroniclers of cowboy life we've had. He was trailed because he'd stolen some horses. He murdered. I don't know why the devil they built up the big myth about him."

"What about some of the others?" I asked. "What about Sam Bass, Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok? Weren't some of these men outlaws before they became lawmen?"

"Sam Bass," Mister Frank answered, "had a racehorse. He didn't know anything about cattle. He stole cattle with a friend of his, and that's all he knew about cattle. Now, Wild Bill Hickok was a town marshal, but I guess he was made marshal on the same principle that Don Porfirio Dias used to pick his *Rurales*. The *Rurales* corresponded to the Texas Rangers. Dias picked outlaws because they knew the *ways* of outlaws, he said. He paid them, and they didn't have as much reason for stealing as they would have before they'd joined the *Rurales*.

"Now, Billy the Kid never did claim to belong to the law. Wyatt Earp claimed, however, to have been a marshal. Well, he wasn't a marshal; he was just a liar. He pretended to a lot of stature that he never had."

Joe Small spoke up. "This fella that wrote the book about Billy the Kid, called *Mean As Hell*, said before he died that in many cases the difference between a lawman and outlaw was the star he wore on his chest. This man said he knew who had killed Pat Garrett—and Garrett, you know, killed Billy the Kid. This man wrote it in one chapter of his book, but that chapter had to be left out in the final printing, because in those days the question was so hot over there in that part of the country that if you told something like that, you might wind up being killed, too. The controversy on who killed Pat Garrett went on for years."

"From all indications," I said, "and despite the over-play by the movies and television and the novelists, it seems there was considerable violence in those days."

"I think we can say violence was one of the main factors of the culture pertaining to the West," Mister Frank answered.

"Frank, I agree to a certain point," Fred Gipson said. "But I think a lot of the violence that we hear stories about of that period was an aftermath of the Civil War. Any man, whether he was a good man or not, if he was a Confederate and had any pride or individuality, couldn't stand the pressures that were put on him. Well, a lot of these men rebelled against it. And that's where some of your gunmen, some of your badmen emerged—from those turbulent times right after the Civil War. They were pushed out, or for some reason they had to leave. They had to kill, or they had to do something. This particular period in American history is so colorful, and I'm just about as fascinated by it as anybody else. I think that maybe out here then there was still room for a man to ride out, walk out, and be just as big as he was big enough to be. And some of these men used it well, and some of them misused it terribly. But there were definitely not as many professional gunfighters out here then as some would have you believe. By that, I don't mean there was none, but I think they were exceptions to the general rule. And that's what made them stand out."

Mister Frank nodded. "That's right," he said. "It seems to me there is more emphasis on the bad man than is justified. There were lots of cowboys who were not good shots with a gun."

OF COURSE, that reminded him of another story. "I'll tell you a story," he said, "that makes me wonder why

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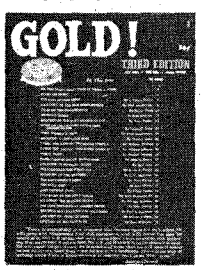

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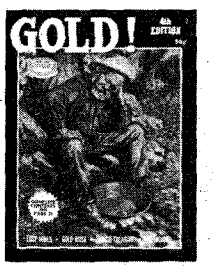

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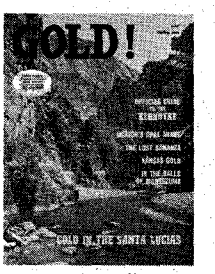

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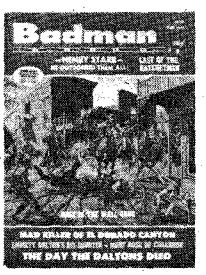

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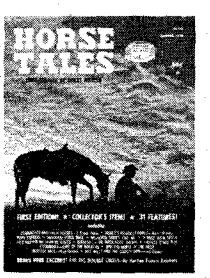

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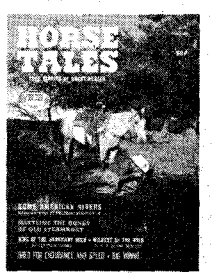

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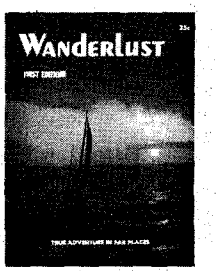

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some of them carried guns in the first place. My mother's brother, for whom I'm named, was Frank Byler. When he was young he drove horses to Kansas. Once, when these horse drivers got up into the Indian Territory, some of them rode over to a pond in some woods to water their horses and get a drink. They were sitting their horses there and somebody said, 'There's a moccasin—a cottonmouth moccasin snake!' Said, 'Frank, shoot him!' So Frank pulled his six-shooter, aimed it at the moccasin, cocked it and pulled the trigger. Well, the trigger wouldn't work. It was rusted. It never had worked much anyway, but it hadn't been out of that holster for weeks in the rain. And Frank took it then by the barrel and threw it at the moccasin and missed it and said, 'I don't have any use for a six-shooter that I can't shoot,' and he just left it there."

The story reminded Fred Gipson of another one about a horse named Stumbling Tom—and a snake. "This was maybe the safest horse I ever rode across rough country," Fred said. "You could just cut him down the flank and he'd just cut through this country and he wouldn't fall with you. But you could be joggin' down a trail, quietly, and he'd get his forefeet tangled up and fall down with you. Well, I was with a friend, Ned Polk, one day, going after a batch of sheep, and I heard Ned yell. We'd just had a rain and the rattlesnakes were out, and we'd maybe killed about eight of them that afternoon, and we were both jittery about them. So directly I heard Ned let out a yell I looked at him and he'd climbed up into the saddle and was trying to go higher, because Stumblin' Tom had got both forefeet over this rattlesnake and was just kicking him along with the hind feet. And I accused Ned later of being four or five feet above that saddle when he yelled. He didn't deny it, either."

So the talk had come around to horses, as it had to, eventually. I mentioned this, and Mister Frank said, "Well, we just wanted to get the talk away from badmen. Now we'll talk about horses—and women."

There is a remembrance of some applause here, or at least encouraging and loud assent of some kind, and perhaps the voice-lubricant may have been passed around again. Once this had been taken care of, Mister Frank began his story by saying that there weren't too many young women of respect in the Old West, but when there were, nearly every one of them had some attractive qualities for several men.

"Generally it was because she was a woman," Fred Gipson said, and this drew general agreement all around.

Mister Frank continued. "Most cowboys," he said, "were not very bold with women. They were mostly scared of respectable women, modest and timid with them. There was one in particular, working at a ranch where a young woman was also employed as a governess. Came time for her to leave on a vacation, and there was no buggy to take her to the stagecoach station."

Mister Frank continued the story. "The ranch people decided they'd let Jim escort her. He was safe for any lady to be with, and they gave her the gentlest horse there was. He was an old pinto noted for the rumbling of his insides when he trotted. His name was 'Old Guts' because he always rumbled when he moved faster than a walk. So Jim was seeing that they went slow and that the horse didn't start his trot. Jim kind of stayed ahead.

"Well, this young lady wanted to talk, and Jim didn't have anything to say. She got to talking about her horse. She said, 'He's such a nice, gentle horsie. I like him, and I'd like to know his name.' Jim said. 'I don't know as he's got a name. 'Oh,' she said, 'he must have a name. Such a nice, gentle horsie as this, I've got to know his name.' Well, Jim kind of mumbled and fumbled—he didn't have any imagination anyway—and he said, 'Well, ma'am, we just call him Old Bowels.' "

"Now there was a gentleman cowboy!" Hosstail laughed.

There were many stories that memorable April day. Mister Frank was in rare form, and since he'd indicated he'd rather talk than get back to the writing of *Cow People*, there was no attempt to discourage him. He was obviously enjoying himself, and he and Fred Gipson took turns in telling stories. The listeners got as much kick out of it as the story-tellers did.

There is one more that surely deserves telling, and Mister Frank gave it his usual treatment. "This young woman went out to be sort of a private teacher for the children of some ranch people. She hadn't been there but a little while when there was a dance on another ranch some miles away. Well, her people took her along. It was raining, and she took along a pair of overshoes.

"After the dance, this young teacher came home with the people who'd taken her. The dance was on a Saturday, and on the next day a cowboy from the ranch where the dance had been held rode up to the ranch where the teacher was. He announced—without too much timidity—that he'd like to see Miss Anne. Well, as soon as she came in, he handed her a package wrapped up in newspaper and she opened it and said, 'Oh, yes, it's one of my overshoes. I thank you for bringing it. I forgot them. But there are *two* of them.'

" 'Yes, Miss Anne,' said the cowboy. 'I know there's another one, and I'll bring it *next* Sunday. And I just wish you was a centipede!' "

Fastest Ox Train

(Continued from page 11)

happened to them, but Henry happened to be lying under one of the wagons nearby. A ball from his rifle went through the stampeding buffalo's heart—and we had meat! On account of such a supply of good fresh meat, we didn't start the next morning until after breakfast.

While we were still in camp, the U.S. Mail Coach overtook us. When told about the buffalo shooting, the mail conductor laughingly inquired: "Watrous, is that the way you fellows always hunt buffalo?"

(Continued on page 60)

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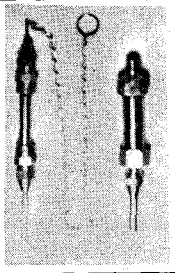
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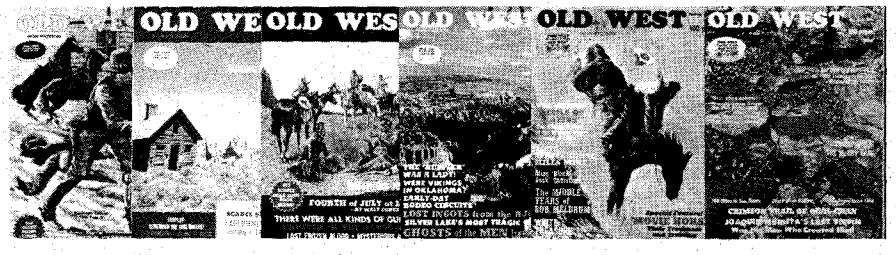

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(Continued from page 57)

"Of course," I told him. "How else?" Actually Narciso was one of the few dare-devil riders who could have pulled such a stunt.

When we arrived at the Ft. Lyon crossing on the Raton route the river was still as high as ever. There was nothing we could do but wait for it to go down. A company of soldiers from Fort Leonard arrived and tried to cross, but their horses turned back in spite of them. The officer in command offered my men a dollar per horse for as many of the cavalry horses as they could get across. I couldn't see what good that would do, with the cavalrymen left on the other side, but evidently the officer thought different.

Seven of my crew were excellent swimmers, so I told them to go ahead if they wanted to, and make a few dollars. Each of the seven mounted a cavalry horse, and after a little practice getting them used to the water, they managed to drive the rest of the cavalcade into the water ahead of them.

One fine pony belonging to the wife of a doctor who was with the soldiers began to lunge and go under. Quickly its rider dismounted, and swimming beside it held the pony's head above water. The current carried them pretty far downstream, but they came out safely. The rest of the horses gave only a little trouble.

IT HAPPENED that there were a couple of men, an American and a Spanish-American, on the far side with a sort of big canoe or barge made of several big, long cottonwood logs bound together. One of my men stayed with the soldiers' horses to keep them from straying, three of them swam back across, and the other three talked the barge owners into bringing them back over.

Then the cavalry commander made a deal for the barge-men to ferry his men and equipment across. To do this they had to take their supply wagon apart for one load, and make several more trips for the soldiers and the rest of their equipment. Although in flood, the current here was not so swift but what the barge could be guided and propelled by poling.

We invited the barge-men to stay as guests in our camp, which they did. After waiting in vain another day for the water to go down, my patience gave out, and I made a deal with the barge-men to ferry my wagontrain. This was no small undertaking, but they agreed to try it, and my crew pitched in with a will. First we would unload a wagon, take it apart enough to load on the barge, send it across, then come back for as much of its load as we could get on the barge; then the next wagon, and so on. We had to strip off the wagon sheets to wrap the corn sacks and other cargo in to keep them dry. While part of the crew would be disassembling wagons on one side of the stream, others would be putting them together on the other side.

Looking back on that almost unbelievable task, I still find it hard to realize that we accomplished it. But in about two and a half days, we got all twenty

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wagons, their cargoes, and the Tipton carriage to the southwest side of the Arkansas. Most of my crew were Spanish-Americans (we called them Mexicans in those days) but no freighter ever had a more competent, tougher, more loyal and willing crew than mine.

Getting the oxen across to the wagons was no easy task. About halfway across they began to mill. Several of us were swimming after them on horseback; others, including myself, were swimming on our own. Somehow I let the mill catch me almost in its center. I tried to catch hold of one of the "wheelers," but he kicked me good and hard under the water. Then I saw a large gentle wheeler near me and managed to climb on his back. That saved me from getting crushed and maybe drowned, but it didn't keep the cattle from getting back to where they had started.

On our next try one man who couldn't swim very well came very near drowning. He caught my arm in such a grip that I couldn't swim. Treading water to keep from going under, I ordered him to loosen his grip so I could haul him out, but he still hung on. I thought maybe I could dive under and crawl back to the bank. As I went under, he let go. Then I got him by the hair and managed to tow him near enough to the bank that another man could pull him out. He had swallowed a lot of water, but soon recovered.

"Por Diós!" he exclaimed. "I thought I would never live to drive my Rooster again!" "Rooster" was his name for the wheeler I had mounted in the mill.

What we finally did was to cut the oxen into six bunches. Then my seven good swimmers, armed with long sticks, managed to drive them across one bunch at a time. Finally the rest of us, with what gear was left, crossed on the barge. Halfway across we met a prairie dog swimming for all he was worth. As the current drifted him close to us we could see him trembling with fear. The last we saw of him he was still bravely swimming.

ONCE through the ordeal of crossing the Arkansas, I had expected to be able to head on out for home, but as it turned out, our high-water troubles were not yet over. Although we were safe on reasonably high ground, the continued rise of the river had sent water flooding a large low area around and ahead of us, leaving us stranded on an island. After two days the flood began to recede. But it left a swath too swampy and miry to get wagons across. Luckily there were a lot of cottonwoods in the area. I figured we could cross by cutting down cottonwoods and throwing them across the boggy strip, piling on leafy branches and maybe some sod to form a sort of crude bridge.

Mrs. March's son-in-law, Henry, surmised it would take a month to throw up such a bridge. But he didn't savvy the caliber of my tough, willing crewmen. We happened to have a box of new axes among our merchandise freight. I soon had all the crew swinging them, chopping down trees and throwing them across the bog. "Throwing" was just a common term for such placement of logs.

Actually the logs had to be dragged by teams of our most reliable oxen. We got some of them bogged pretty bad, but always managed finally to get them out. Once the makeshift bridging looked possibly passable, we took three wagons in tandem with eighteen yoke of oxen to pull them and started the crossing. This gave us less trouble than I expected, thanks to the well trained docility of the oxen and their expert control by my experienced drivers. Only a few of the steers happened to step through the brush spread over the logs, and because none panicked or got excited, we had little trouble getting them up and going again.

I had some of the men follow the wagons to replace any brush covering that happened to get moved as the wagons passed over it. In about two and a half days after the chopping started, we had the whole wagontrain and the Tipton carriage safe on high ground. How happy we all felt to be on our way toward home again!

We camped early that evening, needing the rest. Here I told the Tipton folks in the carriage that as there would be no more danger from Indians and no more dangerous river crossings, they could leave the train and go on ahead. They gladly agreed and left us the next morning.

The rest of the trip proved uneventful, except that at what is now Trinidad we found we had run out of sugar and our supply of flour had been ruined by leaking kerosene. The one store in Trinidad was out of flour, so we had no bread. But we lived all right on parched corn and dried buffalo meat for the rest of the trip. Incidentally, Trinidad was then called "Picketwire" by the Americans, that being their way of mispronouncing the French trappers' name of the river "Purgatoire" which the Mexicans called "El Rio de Las Animas Perdidas"—"River of the Lost Souls." [Years later Trinidad's newspaper was called *The Picketwire.*]

Through Raton Pass the road was very rough, but by slow, careful driving we went through safely. When we arrived at Watrous, I was persuaded to stay and rest while Manuel Garcia took the wagons of corn on to Fort Sumner some hundred and seventy miles south.

It had not been an easy journey; in fact, was one of my hardest. Had there been that much delay and expense on every trip, freighting across the plains would have been much less profitable than it was. Even so, the amount of corn delivered to the Army at Fort Sumner at a good price made even this trouble-dogged trip come out a little better than even.

What I am going to tell you now may be hard to believe. I can only say that it is the gospel truth. My father, Samuel B. Watrous, had been in Montpelier, Vermont for almost a year visiting his folks whom he had not seen since coming west in 1835. Not long after my arrival home, I received a letter from him in which he said:

"Joseph, I had a sitting in Boston with a celebrated spiritualist who was an en-

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tire stranger to me. She sat near me and in a few minutes went into a trance. Her face twitched with emotion and excitement as she said: 'Your son on the plains with your wagontrain is in danger. A band of Indians is going to the train with bad intentions. I see your son's spirit mother and many of his spirit friends with her. Though he does not know it, your son has the power to receive mediumistic messages. If he keeps quiet and does not get angry the spirits will, through him, reach the Indians and keep them from doing him any harm. But if he gets angry the spirits may not be able to reach the Indians.'

"She told me how many wagons you have in the train. Now, Joe, I don't know how many wagons you have. If there is any truth in what she said, let me know, for I am investigating spiritualism and want to know what truth there is in it. She gave me a great deal of my past history in New Mexico which is correct.

"She said: 'There is a lady standing by me who says she is your wife. (The description she gave fit your dear departed mother exactly.) Your wife says she felt so sorry for you the night after she died to see you sitting in the room all alone by her coffin, because you would not let anyone sit with you.'

"That was as convincing that this spiritualist lady knew what she was talking about as anyone could ask from a stranger. She told me more, Joe, about me being a hunter, etc., and it was all correct."

Strange as it may seem, that is what my father wrote me, and I never knew him to speak an untruth. In reply to his letter, I told him all about the trip, including how some inner feeling had warned me to be careful not to show anger toward the Indians—even when, over a sack of sugar, I felt it.

The Trap Opened Up the West

(Continued from page 40)

though heavier. It weighed five or six pounds, had two doubled leaf springs with both ends of each spring turning freely on the jawposts so that the springs could be swung back on the jaws for packing. Jaws were more or less rectangular without teeth as it was desirable not to break the skin.

Coming from a variety of makers, they might be made of whatever metal was at hand, and the metal might not be suitable for the purpose. The springs might be badly tempered. In one recorded instance the holes in the springs encircling the jaws were made too large, and the company which equipped itself with these traps did not find that out until it began serious beaver trapping. It was then discovered the spring did not bind the jaws tightly enough to hold a determined beaver. The trap might be set on dry land, but the trapped animal was likely to chew his foot off and thus escape before the trapper returned.

The more popular set for beaver was in about four inches of water with deep water to be found within a couple of feet. The chain connected to the heavy trap was attached to a stake set in the direction of deep water. The bait was a stick scented with castoreum—an extract of the groin glands of beaver doctored with whatever potions the trapper felt added pungency—and set into the bank with the scented portion directly over the trap. Brer Beaver was expected to smell the castoreum, swim over and stand up for a closer sniff; when the jaws snapped on his foot he would head for deep water instinctively. The heavy trap then dragged him down and drowned him.

Six traps were considered plenty to keep a trapper busy. If the country were extremely good, he'd simply set the same traps more than once in a day. Usually he carried a few extra traps into fur country as insurance against breakage, for he knew the rendezvous price of replacements would be outrageous. For that matter, all rendezvous prices for goods he needed would be high. But again, so would the price of beaver—as much as $8 a pelt, in a day when men considered themselves well paid if they made $2 a day. And a trapper might empty a beaver from every trap he had in a single day.

The beaver, though a wary animal, was easily located and a sure catch if the pursuer were patient enough. It would have become extinct eventually. But the industrial revolution spared the beaver and destroyed the mountain man instead. It became possible to produce a fine hat felt much cheaper than beaver felt. Simultaneously, silk hats came into fashion, replacing the centuries-old beaver.

THE ERA had produced a better trap, though most of the mountain men never got to use it during those great years of the fur trade. The man who built it better was Sewell Newhouse, who began building traps as a cottage industry about 1823 in New York. One of the big faults with earlier models had been that most of their makers had not been skilled temperers of steel. Jim Bridger, a skilled blacksmith, once reportedly became so disgusted with what he could buy that he invented a better product of his own. In extremes of heat, cold, and use,

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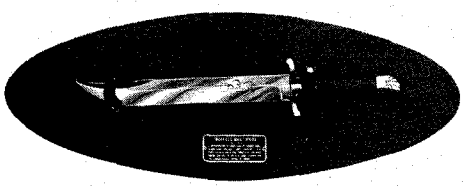

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the traps were subject to freezing in the open position, or breaking.

Newhouse's had no such weakness. They were of uniform good quality all around, which put an element of consistency into trapping that had never been there before.

Early Newhouses were made in eight different sizes, the largest advertised as "The Great Bear Tamer." This trap weighed 42 pounds without the bear, and the jaws spread 16 inches. Collectors who share Jim Bridger's dedication to the hoax frequently display the "bear tamer" with a weathered boot clamped in it, a bleached bone sticking from the boot, as if a man had fallen prey to the bear trap's cold embrace.

Newhouse's eight models were eventually developed into twenty-five, most of them simply larger or smaller versions of the beaver type of the mountain man.

He also added a line of jump traps, models in which the spring bore against the ground as well as against the jaw. When it was sprung it hurled itself upward, catching the animal higher on the leg. It has never been proved that a jump trap was more effective, but has never been disproved either and it seems a good idea.

Newhouse had developed the double-spring, two-jaw idea about as far as it could go. His traps became a standard of comparison; a trap was described in ordinary conversation in terms of how well it did in comparison to a Newhouse.

With the Newhouse dominating the scene, trying to build a better trap to capture the still-active trap market became a matter of seeking a revolutionary design to outdo the master. And the Newhouse, though probably the best possible within the basic design, did have faults. An animal caught in a Newhouse could still escape by chewing off his leg. The Newhouse and all of its type needed to be set on a flat surface. A trapper had to use the proper size, for the jaws would miss game too small and wouldn't hold game too large, which meant that the trapper of the later 19th century, when a variety of furs were desired and game was too thin to specialize, had to own a number of all the sizes.

There was a single improvement yet to be made in the basic type. Both Newhouse and Blake and Lamb in some models employed a system of springs set within the radius of the trap's jaws, rather than outside. In this system a center-fixed spring could operate both ends of the jaw. This system was quite a bit lighter, where light weight was desired.

An attempt to replace the doubled- and single-leaf springs with coil springs never caught on.

Most of the traps designed after Newhouse's coup employed principles foreign to the Newhouse type. They ranged from diabolic to the lamb-gentle; from ingenious to dim-witted schemes. Traps were built to stretch, hold, garrote, drown, poison, crush, shoot, perforate like a pin-cushion, behead, or hang most of North America's mammals.

Many traps, of course, were designed with an eye to humane treatment of the animal, either taking it alive or killing it quickly. The Sav-A-Leg trap, for instance, displayed four jaws operating from the points of the compass, each notched at the center. Coming together, they left a diamond-shaped opening through their jaws which was supposed to prevent fracturing the animal's leg. There was a practical reason for this approach as well as a humanitarian one. An animal, according to old trappers, always chewed his leg loose in the numb part below the trap's jaws. If the leg were uninjured, the animal wouldn't chew it.

A few traps employed the conventional design but added a metal screen to the jaw to prevent an animal's chewing his leg loose.

The double-shot design employed three jaws. Two snapped shut on the victim as a conventional trap does. The third, more powerful, then delivered a devastating blow to spine or neck. The killer trap was a glorified rat trap, but effective.

Two traps were inspired by the eagle's talons. A group of needle-sharp spines spread wide like a blooming, deadly flower. When the animal took the bait they clutched him through the body, killing him more or less instantly.

AT LEAST two types were designed to slice off the animal's head. Both were runaway traps, to be set in a used game path. One involved a guillotine-like blade in a circular frame. The second made use of two rings of equal size set in the same plane at the ends of a doubled leaf spring. They were pressed together so the rings coincided. When an animal stuck his head through and touched the trigger, the rings sprang apart.

A variety of wire arrangements were made to strangle or squeeze an animal's body till death occurred. These were popular for laying along tree-trunks.

Tree traps proper swung a bar which pinned the game to the trunk with an iron karate chop. One trap looked much like a set of false teeth; another looked like a desk-top stapled with two saber-teeth on the stapling end. It stapled the victim, probably a wharf rat, to the floor.

"But the best part is that after all these years the damn fool still thinks *kemo sabee* means 'friend'!"

The Eclipse, or horseshoe, traps folded up for ease of packing, and got their name from the article they resembled when folded.

Then there's the "coyote getter" of today, which fires a charge of cyanide or other poison into the mouth of any predator which touches the bait.

Two traps which placed more emphasis on humanity than on efficiency, though still good traps, were the Wasson and Verbial, the latter designed by a former government predator-control trapper. Both replaced the jaws of the trap with chain slipknots (but if an animal were long left in a trap his foot would be cut by the chain).

Gus Garcia of Elko, Nevada, a famous saddlemaker, produced an unusual trap for mustangs. The device that actually did the horse catching was a lariat of cable, not even fixed to the rest of the trap. The loop was laid over one end of a hinged iron bar, around a pan. When a horse stepped on the pan, the spring-loaded bar doubled up and the end with the pan on it hurled the loop up the horse's leg. These traps are some of the rarest to be collected. One suspects some are still being used, though Gus Garcia is a long-dead legend.

In a departure from the common humanitarian principle, a trap called the "Shurehold" was patented in 1912. A simple hollow wooden peg equipped with holding chain, it featured three needle-sharp screws extending into the hollow. A piece of mirror was dropped into the trap by way of bait, for this was intended to catch the inquisitive raccoon or mink. The sharp points caught the animal's paw.

In my youth, hillbilly stores were the abode of a similar arrangement built by drilling or whittling a hole in the gossip bench and fitting it with nails. Nearly everybody eventually stuck his finger through the hole, and this was considered amusing.

Most of these traps failed because trigger mechanisms or holding mechanisms weren't as good as the conventional jawed variety typified by Newhouse. The talon trap made too many holes in the fur and was dangerous; the guillotine traps had to be set in special situations; the four-jawed designs just didn't deliver what was expected of them in sufficient quantity to justify the price in the trapper's mind. A professional trapper could not afford the luxury of any item which lowered his efficiency, for efficiency was the name of the game.

Only in the past decade has a better trap than Newhouse's appeared. The Connibear, named for the trapper who invented it, looks like two squares of heavy wire set in perpendicular (or nearly so) planes. The wires come together when the body-gripping trap is sprung, and if the right size is used, the animal is almost invariably killed without damage to the pelt. This is a humane characteristic. It also spares the trapper the pain of rheumatism—until ten years ago an occupational disease brought on by making water sets for beaver and other aquatic fur bearers.

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The Hall Murders

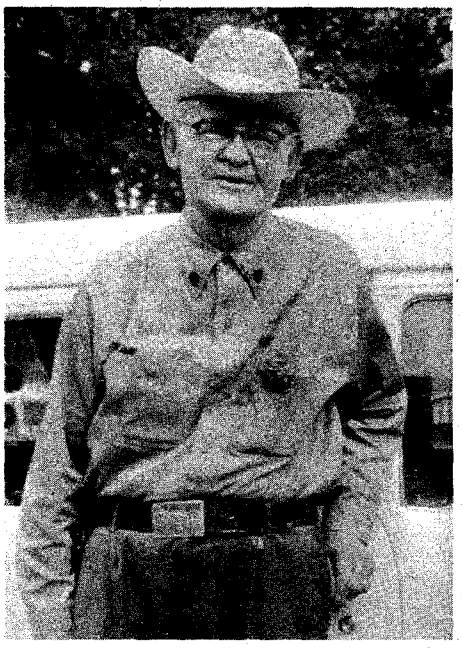
(Continued from page 31)

up the valley. When he struck a fresh trail to the left he followed the tracks of horses to a little spring. Near it was an empty trap.

When he had drunk and watered his horse he heard cattle approaching. As they drank he looked them over. The smallest animal in the bunch was a two-year-old heifer. He killed her, cut out enough meat from a hindquarter to last a day or two, and cooked a steak. The grama grass was lush, and he staked out his mount and went to sleep. While cooking his breakfast the next morning he cut a mesquite limb, wrote a note, and placed it in the split end. The other he thrust into the carcass of the beef he'd killed. The note said, "Guess you'll feed the next hungry cowboy."

Lyons and Campbell attempted to have him apprehended for cattle theft but the sheriff, George A. Olney, refused to comply because of their having turned Bert away when there was no other place to obtain food for many miles. That, the sheriff said, and especially in view of his youth, constituted sufficient reason for the act. People had to eat; and besides, who didn't occasionally kill stray beef?

REALIZATION that ill feeling existed between his employers and the L C made Bert cautious for he learned that not only this big outfit but many others in that area suspected the small ranchers ("nesters" they called them) of stealing cattle, burning brands, eating stray beef, and becoming a general nuisance.



Bert Judia at 86

The big men decided to spring a surprise roundup on the small ones in Pine Cienaga, and the sheriff learned of their intention. He sent Jim Parks, a deputy sheriff, along on the roundup for the protection of the people under suspicion. As the sheriff anticipated, the big cowmen were unable to produce one shred of evidence to sustain their accusations.

The suspects, taken by surprise, feared that this was the beginning of a cattle war such as had occurred in other parts of the country. Quietly a few men slipped away to look for new range to which they could take their families and cattle. Some returned to inform their families that near Globe they were finding suitable places, not so good as the Cienaga, perhaps, but where they could live in safety. For there were some who began to wonder if various ambushes attributed to the Apaches might have been the work of white men.

Dick and Bob Hall, leaving their efficient wives with their cattle, left for Globe. They rode into Duncan with one pack horse, a dun with one eye. There they inquired about the route to Solomonville, and about nine that night they stopped at the Walking N, where a roundup was in progress. This ranch was the property of Nathan Solomon, for whom the county seat, Solomonville, was named.

They called; a cowboy came to the bunkhouse door, and they asked directions to Ash Spring. As they rode away another hand asked who they were. Bill Trailer, whose home was in Pine Cienaga, identified them from their voices.

Steve Nixon, foreman for the Walking N; Sam Hatch; Bill Trailer; and Bob Calloway, a rep for the big ranch at Mule Creek, decided to follow the Halls the next morning and place them under arrest. That they were neither deputies nor a legally authorized posse, apparently did not enter into their decision. Nor did they specify charges.

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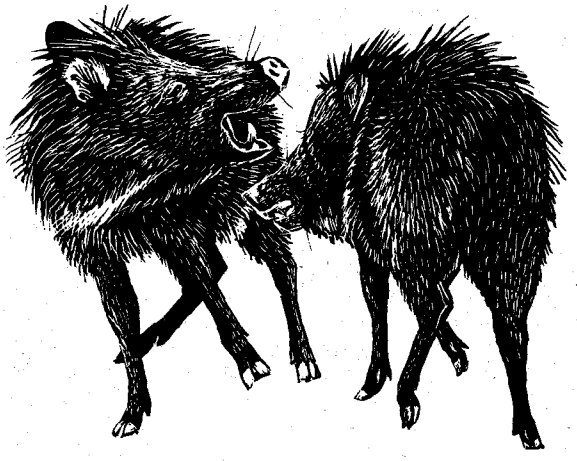

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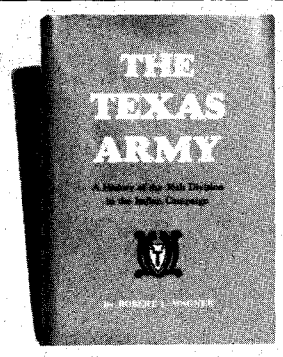

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These are immortal names in American military history—due in great part to the men who became known as "T-Patchers." The invasion of Italy in 1943 was one of the more important compromises between conflicting British and American strategies in World War II, and the 36th Infantry Division—The Texas Army—was fated to play a crucial role in the agony of The Boot. The disastrous Rapido River crossing of January 1944, which very nearly shattered the Division and which ultimately resulted in a Congressional investigation, was the low point of the campaign. Fortunately, no comparable misuse of troops was to follow, and under the able direction of the man who had led them so long, Maj. Gen. Fred L. Walker, The Texas Army executed the breakthrough at Velletri in June, delivering Rome into Allied hands.

The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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The five men arose earlier than usual and rode to Ash Spring where the Rail N had a horse camp, and where at that time they had a man stationed. He told them that two men had ridden up, waked him, and asked where they could find a camping place with good grass. He told them to go two miles up the road, turn to the left, and on the slope of the hogback they'd find a good spot.

Their pursuers found that the brothers had camped there, but had left very early that morning. They assumed that the Hall boys did not follow the road; when they met the mail carrier who worked between Duncan and Solomonville they asked if he had seen two horsemen, and he replied that he had not.

That night Bill Trailer rode into Pine Cienaga about nine and found a big dance in progress. He became very drunk and boasted of having overtaken and killed the Hall boys. To his surprise those in whom he confided did not approve the act; they were horrified at the brutality. When Trailer began to sober up he retracted his story and stated that they surely knew it couldn't be true because nobody could have ridden the distance covered by the time he arrived at the dance.

People were further incensed when they learned that Trailer had told of Bob Hall's having kneeled at the site selected for the murder and begged for his and his brother's lives.

UNDER the direction of John Parks, Sr., a posse was organized at Solomonville, and a search for the bodies began. For days the men hunted without finding anything (and at intervals during the succeeding years people sought the victims' bodies or sign indicating that they had been killed). Their wives arrived, stayed in the Parks home, and rode in search of proof of their husband's deaths.

About a year after their disappearance the carcass of the dun horse was found, miles from where it was suspected the men had been killed. Then John Parks, Jr. and Skeet Witt, in order to test the possibility of the time element as related by Trailer, made the same ride, and they did it in forty-five minutes less than he claimed to have done. Trailer and Nixon were arrested and held in jail at Solomonville for over a year. Two of the five men had left the country; and Sam Hatch, the fifth and reportedly a witness to the killing, disappeared.

During one of Jim Parks' terms as deputy sheriff he learned of Hatch's being in Texas and made a trip to bring him back. Hatch had married and had two children. He told the deputy that he had refused to be a party to the murder, and was willing to return voluntarily to Arizona to testify against the guilty men. He asked time to attend to a business matter and Parks agreed. But when he went for the man, Hatch had disappeared and his wife said that her family had advised him not to risk the accusation the two suspects might make regarding his participation in the crime. Because they had no witnesses and no bodies, the officers released Trailer and Nixon.

The people of the community, of course, had no evidence other than the self-incrimination of a drunken boaster, a knowledge of his character, and circumstantial evidence, but they regarded the two men as guilty and treated them accordingly. After his year in jail, various misfortunes occurred to Nixon. He left the country, a broken and penniless man. Bill Trailer was killed by a sixteen-year-old boy at the mouth of the Blue. The boy pled self-defense and was acquitted. Most people of the country agreed with Jennie Parks Ringgold that though these occurrences might have been coincidental they could also pass as retribution.

Five years after the tragedy of the Hall boys' deaths, John Parks, while hunting horses far off any trail, noticed a tree one side of which was blackened by fire. Camping so far from water or a trail seemed unusual. He thought of the disappearance of the Hall brothers and rode down to investigate. A very large fire, much greater than one needed for cooking, had been built there. Parks dug and found mute evidence of crime—tracks from boots, rivets from Levis, pieces of saddles, and burned leather. He looked for bones, but found none. He did discover a drinking cup, and a rifle from which part of the stock had been burned. Parks stowed these things on his saddle and continued to scout. In a canyon, not far distant, he found a human skull. It might have been dragged or carried there by an animal.

And Bert Judia, on a similar errand, one day found an old rusty six-shooter. John Parks gave him the rifle, and Bert kept both weapons for years. But the most convincing evidence found was a spur, picked up near the tree, bearing the Hall brand. All these things were identified by Tom Hall as the property of his brothers.

Justly or not, overwhelming public opinion fastened the guilt upon the big ranchers whom people openly accused of instigating not only the Hall killings, but of others who had disappeared. And for once in history, the same people absolved the Apaches from complicity in that crime.

Joe McCoy Scouts Texas

(Continued from page 33)

less for cattle, except in winter. . . .

"West of the Red River country several chains of detached lakes exist. Many of these lakes were never known to dry up, it is said, and they afford water for thousands of cattle that drift out upon the plains in summer from the Texas frontier, and for large numbers of sheep coming in from New Mexico, both returning to the broken country and the lower prairie as winter approaches."

The grasses of the Panhandle and the presence of the loco weed there were commented upon as was the amount of cedar found in the cañons of the upper Red and the value of mesquite to the first white settlers who used it for fencing and fuel. The investment necessary to start a cattle ranch, itemized from harness to sacks of salt, and the projected increase of a herd based on the estimated

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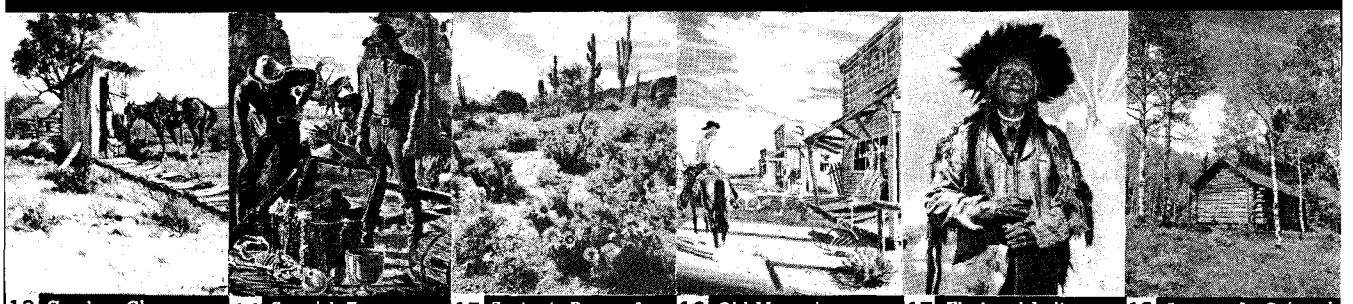

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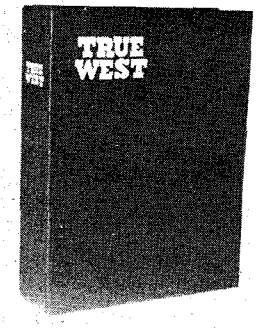

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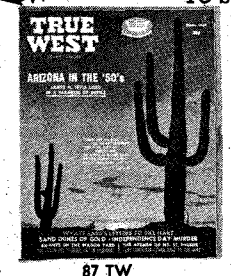

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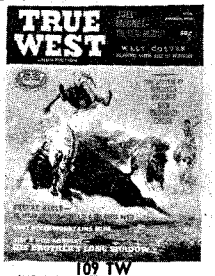

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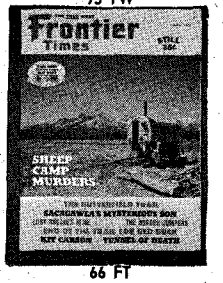

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abilities of young and old bulls are noted in the statistical information.

Much of the history of livestock growing in the Panhandle came from McCoy's talks with the ranchers he found occupying the land—a great number of them squatters on the public domain. A description of line camps and the cost of holding a herd before starting the drive to Kansas are other topics covered. Of course, one must always keep in mind that McCoy had been in on much of this business since 1867 and probably was a keener observer than some of his fellow federal employees because of his intimacy with the cattle trade.

What McCoy did for the 10th census, despite his chills and fever, his runaway mules, and the uncertain Texas winter, has provided invaluable insight into the cattle trade and the ranching industry. There was little of romance in McCoy's Texas stay and none of that kind of material particularly suited to the silver screen. McCoy did not ride to Tascosa for the same reasons Matt Dillon sometimes does. He met no gunslingers in his travels—or if he did he didn't mention them. In fact, he traveled a great many miles without meeting much of anybody. Rand McNally's 1883 map of Texas identifies only ten settlements of any kind in the twenty-six Panhandle counties north of the South Fork of the Red River.

During 1881 the Cherokee Nation hired him to systematize the collection of tax on cattle grazed on its land by white ranchers, and for a brief time in 1893 he was an inspector for the Treasury Department in the Pacific Northwest, charged with ferreting out opium smuggled in from China. But Joe McCoy made Wichita, Kansas his permanent home and always came back there until 1914. He died in Kansas City a year later but he is buried in a Wichita cemetery.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 45)

refilled the hole he had made and rushed into town to notify the "Law."

As Judge Van Eaton, Chief Townsend, and I, with our guide, reached the sidewalk outside, we met Claude Rinshaw, a young policeman, and Finis Sharp, a partner in Sharp & Speers Rexall Drug. The Chief asked Rinshaw to go with us, and Sharp decided to go also. We loaded up into Model "T" Fords and headed out south on the road to Hominy. The road there ran parallel with and on the east side of the railroad. About a mile from town and almost opposite the Frank Watson ranch home, which was west of the railroad, our guide had us stop and then led us on foot to a grove of trees in a pasture about two hundred yards from the road. Before us was a mound of dirt some four feet long.

Since a shovel was about as necessary a tool for cars in those days as the jack and tire pump, we had two army shovels such as were carried in packs in World War I, and we started digging with a lot of kidding about how we would divide up the loot from some bank robbery or the cache of some bootlegger's corn. But the

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young man who had discovered the grave was deadly serious and insisted we would find a body.

I HAPPENED to be doing the digging when my shovel hit a box. I scraped away some dirt with my hands and found a heavy piece of cardboard and upon tearing a hole in it, discovered it was lying on screen wire which was nailed to a wooden box three feet long and two feet wide. What caused all of us to become really concerned was what we could see through the hole I had torn in the cardboard cover. Inside, wrapped in a white sheet like an Egyptian mummy, was an object about two feet long.

We all knew we had found the body of an infant and we went to work to get the box out of the hole, being careful not to let any dirt or mud get through the screen nailed over the box. By the time we had carefully raised the box from its resting place, we were all plenty wet and muddy from the continuing rain. We had already decided who the mother of the baby was and also who had done the burying.

With the box out of the hole and the cardboard and screen covering removed, Chief Townsend took his pocket knife and slit the sheet covering the body, and there lay a little white long-haired dog that we all recognized as having belonged to the wife of Jack Geary, an old-time boom town gambler. As we stood around the grave, all wet and muddy, someone started to laugh, and Chief Townsend said, "Ain't that a hell of a note!" He kicked the box back into the hole and we headed for town.

A few days later we heard that Mrs. Geary was complaining bitterly about how her dog's grave had been desecrated, but I don't believe she ever learned the truth. I am the only living member of the desecrating party.

THE FIRST PONY, MONTANA

By D. Buckley Wright

YEARS BEFORE the present post office of Pony, located in Montana's Madison County, was established, there was a post office by that name in Fergus County. In fact, the discontinuance of this first Pony post office is something of a legend among old-timers of central Montana.

The Fergus County post office was named after "Pony" McPartland, who as late as 1882 was still going strong as justice of the peace at Maiden, a position to which he was appointed the year before, shortly after the discovery of gold in Maiden Gulch.

In the early days McPartland had established a trading post to serve the residents of the surrounding area. When a post office became necessary it was located inside the store, with McPartland running it more as a convenience to his customers than for any financial gain. In fact, it was probably a nuisance as the commission received from the sale of postage stamps would not amount to more than $5.00 or $6.00 a year.

While Pony McPartland performed the role of postmaster, he did not set himself above his fellow man even though he was the only federal official in a radius of many square miles. Neither did he consider himself beholden to the United States government for his job.

One day a stranger rode up to the store, got off his horse and tied it to the hitching post. McPartland, sitting on an overturned nail keg in front of the store, greeted the stranger with traditional western hospitality, inviting him to sit a spell. The newcomer ignored the invitation, however, and full of business and bluster inquired as to the whereabouts of the post office. "Right there," said McPartland, pointing to an empty five- gallon coal oil can, with the top cut out, that stood on the counter inside the door.

About this time a neighborhood rancher rode up. Dismounting, and dropping his horse's bridle reins, he nodded a greeting to McPartland and the stranger and made straight for the oil can post office, helping himself to the contents.

Outside an ominous silence prevailed, broken only by the rancher inside, going through the mail. Muttering to himself, but loud enough to be heard through the open door, he gave a rundown of the community.

"Jim's got a letter here from his wife back East. It's a wonder he wouldn't go on back to her and quit that Piegan he's taken up with."

"George's got a letter from his folks in Texas; guess he's still sendin' them money now an ag'in."

"Well, I'll be—Kelly's got him a letter here from his lawyer in Helena. Wonder what kind of devilment he got hisself into this time?"

The rancher thumbed through the letters showing a thorough knowledge of the private affairs of each addressee. Not only did he speculate about the contents of each letter, he took the time to read each postal card. When he had finished he mounted his horse and rode away. Neither McPartland nor the stranger knew if he had found any mail for himself, or if he had taken any mail for his neighbors. It was customary in those days for whoever went to the post office to pick up the mail for anyone along his homeward route (this being done without saying anything about it to the postmaster). Of course, Pony McPartland knew this and said nothing.

LATER McPartland told what happened. "This here stranger kept swelling up an' a-swelling up till he looked like he was a-goin' to bust." And Pony must have been doing some swelling of his own from the conversation that followed.

"I am a United States post office inspector," sputtered the red-faced stranger "and I want to know if this is the way you always conduct the business of the United States post office."

McPartland glared at the stranger in silence. Then he got up from his seat on the overturned nail keg, and without a word lifted the United States post office from the counter inside the door, and marched to the creek that flowed a few yards in front of the store.

"Yes, this," he said, "is the way I con-

(Continued on page 72)

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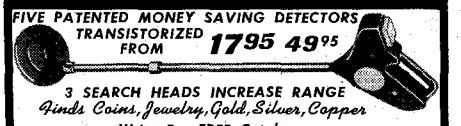

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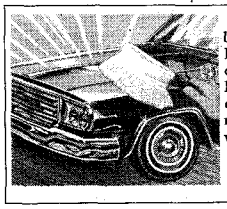

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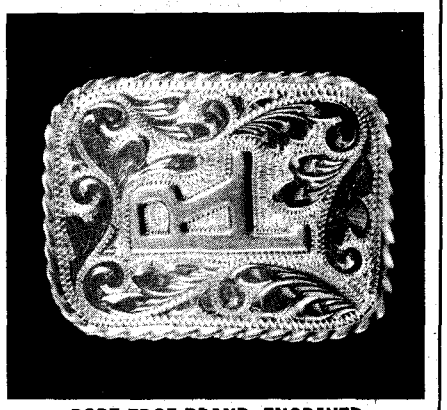

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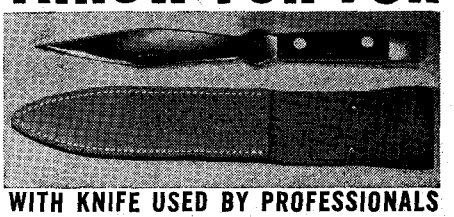

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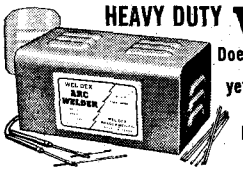

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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 69)

duct the business of the United States post office, and if you do not like the way that I conduct the business of the United States post office, you and the United States post office can both go to hell."

So saying, McPartland dropped the can, caught it on the toe of his boot, and kicked it across the creek, scattering the contents to the four winds.

And that is why the post office of Pony, Montana is located in Madison County instead of Fergus County, as that was the end of Pony McPartland's post office.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 18)

moved from his father's home in Lexington, Missouri to Deerfield, Missouri. His eldest son William settled in California. His son, Dr. Charles, established the C. V. Mosby Medical Book Company. He settled in St. Louis and had one son.

James Mosby, my grandfather, was born in Kentucky October 1, 1830. He married Sarah Isabelle Rice January 7, 1861. James died February 27, 1900. Sarah died in 1910. Both are buried at Columbus, Missouri.

Sarah G. Mosby married Elijah Rogers June 27, 1844. (This is the only family marriage recorded in Lexington, Missouri.) Sarah died before her father wrote his will in 1855. She had daughters Sarah K., and Elizabeth M. Sarah married a man named Ardin before 1866.

Robert H. Mosby located near Maryview and had two girls and one boy. Fannie, the eldest, married a Hansen and had a boy and a girl. Anna married a Bradford and had one girl who died young. (The above two girls lived and died in Kansas City, Missouri.) Richard (Dick) had two sons.

William Mosby, Jr. died November 1865. He evidently never married.

Mary F. Mosby married Walker S. Flournoy. (There is indication that she lived in Johnson County, Missouri.) Judging from her father's will, she must have been a widow in 1855.—Ethel (Mosby) McClarney, 608 South Thompson, Vinita, Oklahoma 74301

Truly Western

(Continued from page 36)

ville. They were originally painted rusty red.—Harold W. Stanbridge, R. D. 5, Titusville, Pennsylvania 16354

★ ★ ★

I am an old-timer eighty-eight years old, and remember quite a few things from my younger days. I grew up on a farm back in Minnesota and remember having to turn the crank on the old seed grain cleaner every spring, which was a duplicate of what you call a hand grain thresher. We called it a fanning mill. It was just to take out the chaff and foul seeds that the threshing machine left in so that we would have clean seed grain. The neighbors came for miles around to use it.

Also, I remember using an old scale, like the one you picture, to weigh out grain that we would sell every once in a while. If I remember right, they weren't too accurate on small amounts. And then on the horseshoe, I used to shoe a crippled horse for a neighbor that couldn't walk the two miles to town on the graveled road. It took a crooked shoe built up on one side. He got along in good shape on the farm and lived a long useful life.

You missed it by not telling that the three pieces in the picture with the clubfoot horseshoe are ox shoes, one and a half set, for one foot, as the ox is cloven-footed. I shod a lot of them in the woods, logging in the winter time.—B. L. Crane, 1221 Centerville Avenue, Belleville, Illinois 62221

★ ★ ★

Three of the four items identified as horseshoes are in fact oxen shoes. I'll bet you got a heap of mail letting you know about this.

I'll still bet that more wagons were moved across this great land of ours by cows than horses.—Bill Thornton, 1698 South Kingston Street, Aurora, Colorado 80010

★ ★ ★

You list a fanning mill as a grain thresher. I have turned the handle of a fanning mill many times. I was to a farm sale this past Saturday and one similar to the one in the picture sold for $10.00. —Roy T. Daily, P. O. Box 115, Greensburg, Ohio 44232

★ ★ ★

The few Texans we have here are sur a dumb, backward, sorry lot. One famil that just moved in live on sowbelly an cornbread—and their fifteen-year-old bo is in the third grade.

In your June issue of TRUE WES' you show a picture of what you call threshing machine. How come Texans ar so backward? The machine pictured i what is called a fanning mill and wa used to clean the straw and chaff fror already threshed grain, so it wouldn' plug up the drill or seeder.

Don't let it happen again.—Troy Cup rey, Box 54, Brewster, Wisconsin 98812

★ ★ ★

In your June issue, page 36, you hav a photo of a fanning mill which you lis as a hand threshing machine. Nearl every farm had one for cleaning seed fo planting.

On page 36 you also refer to the wood en maul and glut as very rare. No, the are still used. The maul is for drivin wooden stakes or posts and if no iro bands are available, they are wrappe with wire. The glut also was wrappe with wire and used mostly for opening crack with an iron wedge.

Your fence gauge, page 36, also coul be the base block of a wooden hinge. Bu usually the draw rod hole is but one inch

On page 38, your horseshoes for de formed hoofs are not horse shoes but o shoes.

Also, on page 38, your iron pan wa filled with water and used for quick cool ing of the red hot wagon tire. Afte taking the tire out of the shrinker it wa put around the wooden felloes and quick ly immersed in cold water to set the tir tight on the wheel. This was commo practice in every blacksmith shop. The never, never soaked felloes in water t tighten except in an emergency. Let's ge the records straight before it is too late —G. W. Renner, P. O. Box 339, William Lake, B. C.

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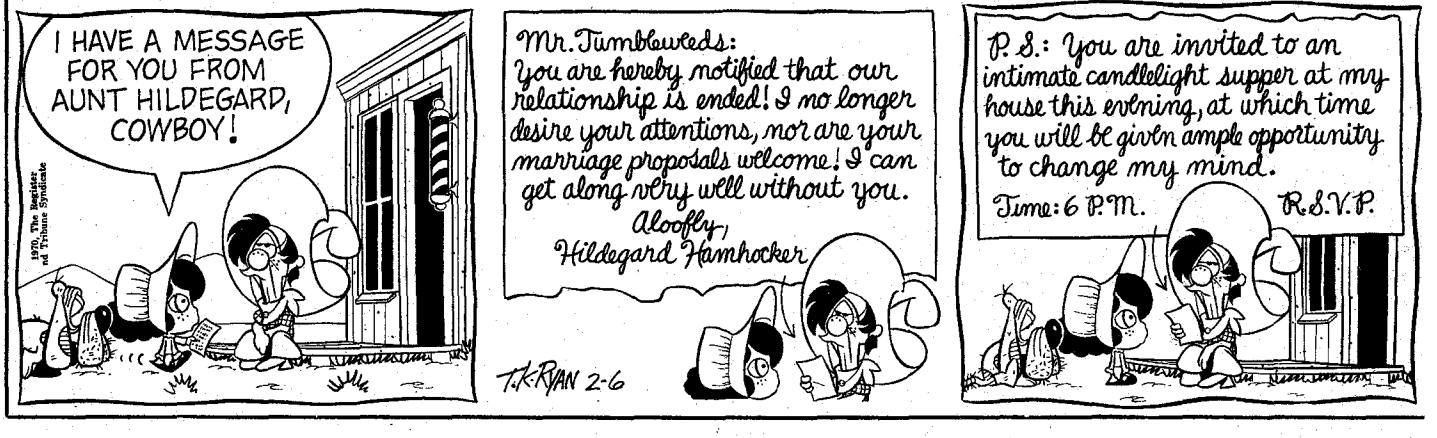

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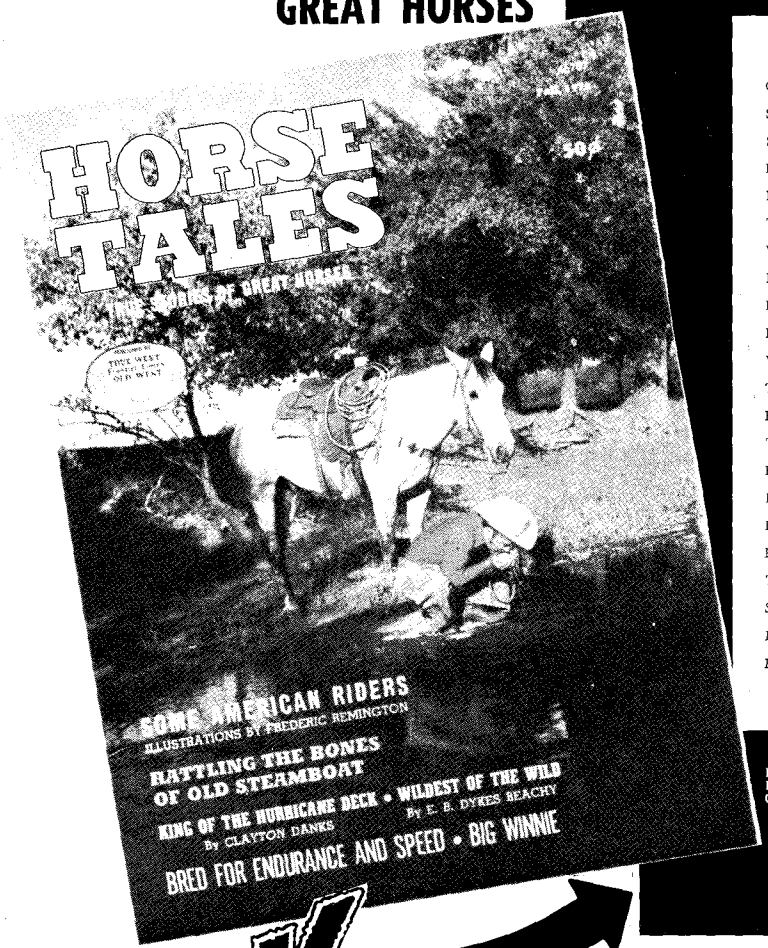

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TRUE STORIES OF GREAT HORSES

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VOL. 1, NO. 2
FALL, 1972

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